

SPECIAL HOLIDAY NUMBER

The Quiver

August
1925

1/-
net



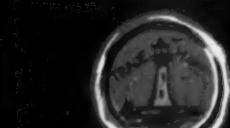
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WODLEY

Attention!
Here comes the

Hartley's



JAMS
MARMALADE
and
TABLE
JELLIES



W.O. Hartley

This preserve is
made from fresh
fruit and finest sugar
and is guaranteed
perfectly pure
W.O. Hartley



Baby's Food Must Build for the Future



YOU stand at the cross roads when you decide on Baby's Food. Yours the responsibility. Given the right start Baby will tread the healthy paths of steady normal progress—happy in himself—a constant pride to you.

Choose the road to sturdy strength and alert contentment. Of all the roads available the 'Allenburys' Way is best for both of you. Doctors advise it. Many many thousands of parents who have gone before add their recommendation. It is the safe way! The sure way! The progressive way! As Baby develops so the 'Allenburys' System of Infant

Feeding is adjusted to his needs. Thus: Milk Food No. 1 from birth to three months—No. 2 from three to six months—Malted Food No. 3 from six months onwards.

The 'Allenburys' Way provides a food ideal to the digestive powers of Baby for each step of the journey. Even the most delicate can assimilate it easily.

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If you have to make this vital decision for Baby's future write for the 'Allenburys' Book 'Infant Feeding and Management.' You will find its 120 pages a regular compendium of useful and practical information as well as a straightforward explanation of the 'Allenburys' System of Feeding. With the book we will also forward a ½ lb. tin of Food if you mention Baby's age and this paper.

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37 Lombard Street
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'Allenburys'
Progressive System of Infant Feeding



have you an old umbrella?



*Thrown away, but still all right,
Soon be as good as new—
With a soldering iron and a little Fluxite
In the hands of the man who knew.*

HALF the pots and pans thrown away would be fit for years' more service, with a little judicious soldering. Ask any dustman or tinker. And ask any man who knows anything about soldering what your first need is. He will answer "FLUXITE" —because it simplifies soldering."

ALL MECHANICS WILL HAVE

FLUXITE

BECAUSE IT

SIMPLIFIES SOLDERING

All Hardware and Ironmongery Stores sell Fluxite in tins, price 8d., 1/4 and 2/8. BUY A TIN TO-DAY.

Ask your Ironmonger or Hardware Dealer to show you the neat little

FLUXITE SOLDERING SET

It is perfectly simple to use and will last for years in constant use. It contains a special "small space" Soldering Iron with non-heating metal handle, a Pocket Blow-Lamp, Fluxite, Solder, etc., and full instructions. Price 7/6. Write to us should you be unable to obtain it.

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HARDENING TOOLS AND CASE HARDENING
ASK FOR LEAFLET ON IMPROVED METHODS.

Things THAT ENDURE No. 1.

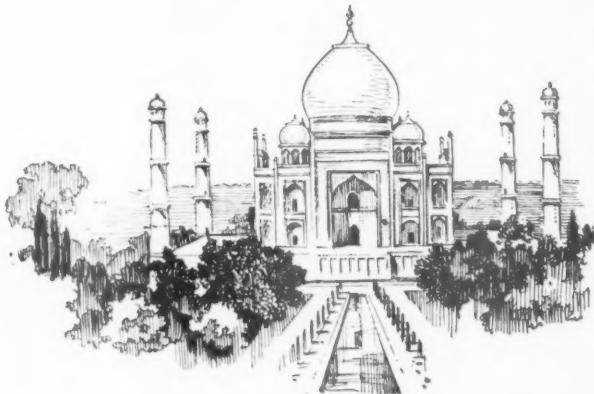
The lofty pinnacles of the Taj Mahal are symbolical of the fine quality which has made

PLAYER'S

Navy Cut Cigarettes famous. Like watchful guardians they stand secure, the same to-day as yesterday — to-morrow still unchanged.

For over 40 years PLAYER'S Navy Cut Cigarettes have maintained without variation the original high standard set for them.

TAJ MAHAL
A famous mausoleum erected at Agra, India, by Shah Jehan for his favourite wife, and a superb example of historic oriental architecture.



It must be Players

P. 1183



Samples and descriptive booklet free on receipt of one stamp. Particulars of a unique and interesting "Progress Book" will also be sent you.
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'Always Happy & Contented'

A baby can be either a sheer joy or a constant anxiety to mother, and it is the feeding that makes all the difference. Mrs. Jackson, of Wembley—one of the happy mothers—writes:—

"Peggy is 14 months old and weighs 26 lbs. Her health is splendid and she is always very happy and contented."

The whole secret of the success of the Mellin's Food way of infant feeding is its nearness to nature.

Mellin's Food

when prepared as directed, provides all that is necessary for developing strong and robust bodies with plenty of bone and muscle.

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Need a
Tonic

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SUNNYDAYS!

When you "can't do anything right" and every day is an "off-form" day, put your nerves on a course of CEPHOS, the Physicians' Remedy for HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, NEURITIS, RHEUMATISM, etc., and the world's finest tonic for jaded nerves.

There's life in every dose. GET SOME TO-DAY. All chemists and stores, in powder and tablet form, 1/3 and 3/-.

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The Regd.
Physicians Remedy

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HACKNEY ROAD, BETHNAL GREEN, E.2,
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CARPET SOAP
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Plate Powder
Sold everywhere 6d 1/- 2/- 4/-

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The gentle beam of a Price's Night Light is a real guardian to your little ones—saving them from the dark fears and horrors of the night. Children whose sleep is guarded by Price's Night Lights never suffer from nerves.

PRICE'S PATENT CANDLE CO. LTD., BATTERSEA, LONDON, S.W. 12

You can make Prime Beer at home
from a 9d. bottle of
**MASON'S
Extract of Herbs**

and it only costs
6d. per gallon

GOOD! IT'S MASON'S.

NEWELL & MASON LTD.,
NOTTINGHAM.



FOR WEMBLEY FEET

WHEN THEY ACHE, BURN, SMART,
SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER,
PERSPIRE, AND FORM
CORMS OR CALLOUSES.

All you need is a highly **medicated** and **oxygenated** footbath prepared by adding **Reudel Bath Saltrates** to plain water. Refreshing, soothing, healing, and antiseptic, its wonderful effects upon sore, tired muscles, aching bones, irritated nerves and sensitive skin make you feel like dancing with joy, and quickly render walking a real pleasure again. Money back in full, immediately, and without a question, if you are dissatisfied. Millions of packets have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. Sale is increasing daily. *This means something*, and must convince even the most sceptical of its real merit. In convenient sizes and at very low prices from chemists everywhere. Ask them to tell you about **Reudel Bath Saltrates**.

THE ORIGINAL—THE YELLOW PACKET **REUDEL BATH SALTRATES** MORE THAN A BATH SALT

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Grey?*
HINDES

HAIR TINT

tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired—brown, dark-brown, light-brown or black. It is permanent and washable, has no grease, and does not burn the hair. It is used by over a million people. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Of all Chemists, Stores and Hairdressers. 2/6 or direct.—
HINDES, Ltd., 1, Tabernacle Street, City, London.



IF PUSSY HAS HER MILK—
will you not see that the little ones at

THE INFANTS HOSPITAL

have theirs? £28 pays our milk bill for a month; £1 for a day;
5/- will pay for one infant in milk for a week.

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WASH AWAY FAT AND YEARS OF AGE



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The new discovery. Results quick and amazing—nothing internal to take. Reduce any part of body desired without affecting other parts. No dieting or exercising. Be as slim as you wish. Acts like magic in reducing double chin, abdomen, ungainly ankles, unbecoming wrists, arms and shoulders, large busts or any superfluous fat on body. Sold direct to you by mail, post paid, on a money-back guarantee. Price 2/- a cake or three cakes for 4/-; one to three cakes usually accomplish the purpose. Send postal or money order to-day. Surprising results.

LA-MAR LABORATORIES LTD.,
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WONDER-WORKER

(Patented) for PILLS, HEMORRHOIDS, and all RECTAL TROUBLES. Analgesic, antiflatus. Instant relief, sooth-ing and comforting. NO DOCTORS. NO MEDICINES. Lasts a life time. Price 7d.

To be inserted in the rectum during sleep. No discomfort or inconvenience. The rectal wall, being soft and thin, no man would be without it. Every box contains the best of the world's, or director of Wonder-Worker Co., Coventry House, South Place, London, E.C.2, with complete instructions in plain wrappers, post free on receipt of Post Office Order for 7d. Money returned if dissatisfied. Booklet free.



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HELPS NERVE-SHOCKED CHILD TO WALK AND TALK AGAIN

£5

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"MY son age four years has derived great benefit from Phosferine. Last November he was in perfect health, but owing to a shock he was unable to walk or talk, as according to the best opinion he was suffering from Chorea, and was given medicine, which he did not improve on, in fact he was getting worse. I was recommended to try Phosferine, and after the first week he showed signs of improvement, and now after taking four 1/3 bottles of Phosferine, he is quite well again." (19, Mary Street, Canning Town, E. 16th April, 1925.)

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Debility
Indigestion
Sleeplessness
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Maternity Weakness
Weak Digestion
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Faintness
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Anæmia

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Malaria
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From Chemists. Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size

*"The only sauce
I dare give
father"*



If your food fails to tempt you in the hot weather, let Burma spur up your appetite. This thick, fruity relish makes an irresistible appeal to the palate. Always inviting with cold meat, fish, etc.

Of all Grocers.

Burma Sauce

Made by
**WHITE, COTTELL & CO., London,
Birmingham and Cardiff.**

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use **LESS QUANTITY**, it being
much stronger than **ORDINARY COFFEE**.



WOOD BROS. MATERNITY WEAR.

(As supplied to Royalty and Society.)

TAILORED TO MEASURE.

Wood Bros. Ltd. have specialised in Maternity Wear for over 21 years, and understand the importance of the correct hang and cut of the particular kind of garments they tailor. By means of their self-adjusting MAITURNUS Band (Regd.), fitted into every waistband, incomes and normal movements are unhampered. Write for catalogue of designs to Manufacturers. Skirts from **14/-**, Coat Frocks from **52/-**. Costumes from **63/-**. Accompliment Sets from **14/-**. Maternity Suits from **12/-**. Complete Lavettes from **5/-**. Maternity Coats from **8/-**. Wood Bros. also supply everything for Baby from Birth. Special Catalogue on request.

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WOOD BROS. LTD. Maternity Wear Specialists
17 St. Mary's Street, Manchester.

The
"Cromer,"
from **63/-**

(The Original Inventors of Maternity Wear.) 1913

IF BACK ACHES ACT QUICKLY!

A SPECIALIST'S ADVICE.

Backache, that excruciating, agonizing pain in the small of the back which almost drives one crazy, and often makes the slightest movement torture, is almost invariably due to the failure of the kidneys to do their work properly. The first thing that happens when the kidneys begin to fail is the deposit of uric acid crystals, which usually first make their presence felt in the nerve sheaths in the big muscles of the back and hips.

Whenever the condition occurs, there are two things to be done: first, dissolve out the uric acid crystals, and second, restore the natural tone and vigour of the kidneys, so that the uric acid which continually forms in the body is filtered from the blood and flushed out of the system in a natural manner instead of being permitted to collect and crystallize as described above.

Formerly, to accomplish these two objects it was necessary to take expensive courses of treatment at famous springs, but an eminent scientist has recently discovered that the same result may be secured at slight expense by drinking, three or four times a day, a glass of water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of refined *Alkia Saltrates*. These saltrates, which in their refined form enable you to reproduce the curative and medicinal properties of the most famous springs, and are obtainable of any chemist, will, in a few days, not only remove all uric acid from the blood, thus causing backache, rheumatism and lumbago to disappear, but they will also at the same time entirely restore the kidneys to normal activity and perfect health, thus guaranteeing freedom from future attacks.

SPECIAL NOTE.—We are informed by Saltrates, Ltd. (Dept. A.186.L), Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1, who prepare a very high grade of *Alkia Saltrates*, that they are willing, as an advertising offer, to supply anyone interested in the product with a regular 1s. 9d. size packet free if applicant cares to send sixpence for the postage, packing, etc.

**FOR MOTORING
WIND, RAIN
OR SHINE**
WEAR A
"Windermere"
Veil
Retailled
Everywhere
SAMPLE VEIL 1/2^d POST FREE
H.W. LAKE LTD.,
8 & 7, Q. REDHOSS ST., LONDON, E.C.1.

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Tales of the Long Bow

G. K. CHESTERTON

"A rumble and chortle of big laughter and small roll through these pages."—*Morning Post*. "A merry entertainment . . . a book of nonsense-prose that should add to the gaiety of holiday resorts."—*Daily News*. 7s. 6d. net.

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"A very able and interesting novel—perhaps Miss Kaye-Smith's best, anyhow, as good as her best."—ROSE MACAULAY, in the *Daily News*. 7s. 6d. net.

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California in the days of the Gold Rush is the setting of these exciting adventures, into which is woven a strong love interest. "Altogether admirable, a very gripping yarn."—*Daily Graphic*. 7s. 6d. net.

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Flavoured with Ripe Fruit Juices. The family and visitors, children and adults, all delight in CHIVERS' JELLIES—they are delicious, wholesome and refreshing.

CHIVERS & SONS, LTD.
The Orchard Factory, Histon, Cambridge.

Now your firegrate's empty

You can perhaps see such cracks and holes in the firebrick, dangerous, because that is how flames reach the wood on tests behind. This can be easily remedied by filling all fractures with "PURIMACHOS" Plastic Fire Cement—used just like putty. It sets hard in a few hours, and does not soil the hands.

Ask for a sample at your local Hardware Merchant. Informative leaflets post free. "How to Use Plastic Fire Cement" 3/- each. A money-back guarantee.

PURIMACHOS LTD., 70 St. Philip's, BRISTOL.



ARE YOU LOOKING FOR QUICK EASY METHOD OF KILLING COCKROACHES?

BLATTIS has cleared Homes, from the Palace to the Cottage, and will clear yours. Guaranteed.

Tins, 1/4, 2/6, 4/6 post free,
HOWARTH'S, Sole Makers,
473 Crewe Moor, Sheffield, or
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RHEUMATISM CURED

"THANKS TO URACE I AM A NEW WOMAN."

Bolton, Lancs.
Dear Sir—I was nearly a cripple with Limbache (the terrible disease) tried everything, but lost all faith in medicine until I gave Urace Tablets a trial. Thanks to Urace, I am now a new woman.

If only I could make other sufferers see that they have done me. I am never without Urace Tablets now.—Yours faithfully,

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TABLETS
CURE RHEUMATISM

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1/- 3/-
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Round
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with
KENYON'S
Poli-Cloth
MADE IN
LANCASHIRE



There is a use for
a "Poli Cloth" in every
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to-day. It will take the drudgery
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No. 100—Invalid Carriage, as illus-
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Medium size . . . £6 15 0
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Invalid Carriage, without
Canopy. Handler, Bow
String, Rubber-tired
Wheels
Small £4 2 G
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*With ease he moves about the court.
He thinks the game is jolly,
For Beecham's keep him fit—to deal
With "Smash" or "Lob" or "Volley."*



It's to your Advantage

to have a sound digestion. Good digestion implies health and happiness, strength and fitness, and most of what is meant by the words—Fulness of Life.

Beecham's Pills are a splendid aid towards keeping the digestion thoroughly efficient. They prevent and relieve biliousness, sick headache, indigestion and constipation, ailments arising from a disordered digestion. They promote healthy, hearty appetite, and make you feel fit and well. You will be well advised

to take

Beecham's Pills

The QUIVER

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"Luvisca" (REGISTERED)

for Ladies' Pyjamas and Dainty Lingerie is unequalled. "LUVISCA" looks like silk, is more durable than silk, and is much cheaper than silk. All leading drapers sell "LUVISCA" (7s.-gns. watered, latest novelties, and colourings at the most reduced prices). Striped designs, 3s. per yard; Plain designs, 2s. 6d. per yard; Self-Coloured Check Effects, 3s. 6d. per yard. Also "LUVISCA" Blouses and Pyjamas ready-to-wear in newest stripes and designs. Ask your Draper to show you the newest patterns.

If any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" please write to the Manufacturers, COURTAULDS, Ltd., (Dept. 83), 10 Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you the name of the nearest retailer selling a new ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET giving particulars.

The Editor's Announcement Page

Some Really Notable Articles

My September number will stand out for its really fine articles. "Historic Middle-Aged Romances" is a fascinating article by Marjorie Bowen : "Fog—The Curse of the Sea," will interest all who at this season make holiday on the coast ; "What Should we Do with our Daughters ?" by a Father of Five, will appeal to parents ; "Modest Means and Marriage Settlements" is a Legal Article for those about to marry, and the parents of such ; "Is Nature Cruel ?" by H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S., deals with a subject that has puzzled many kind souls ; whilst "The Traitor Within," by Olive Mary Salter, reveals the sinister doings of an "unseen little demon" who causes so much mischief in the world of humanity.

The articles are really good—and so, too,
are the stories.

The Editor

DELICIOUS
MAZAWATTEE
TEA

"Furity in the Packet."



MAZAWATTEE
A BLEND SPECIALLY FLAVOURED WITH TEA
FROM THE SWEET-SCENTED ISLAND
CEYLON
THE MOST LUSCIOUS TEA IN THE WORLD

GENUINE ONLY
INSPECTED
PACKETS
OF TIME.

SOLD IN SEALED PACKETS
AND TINS BY ALL GROCERS

DON'T LOOK OLD!

But restores your grey and faded hair to its natural colour with

LOCKYER'S Sulphur HAIR RESTORER.

In quantity of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2d. Sold Everywhere.

It always gives the hair a soft, smooth, and恢复the natural colour. It cleanses the skin and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the Great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., is Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post, or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes skin eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritation, pimples, disfiguring blemishes, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which is the skin's own natural oil, easily absorbed, non-oily, non-greasy. For 4 years it has been the remedy for

Eruptions	Pimples	Roughness	Eczema	Biotches
Redness	Rashes	Acne	Scurf	Spots

Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., Ltd., Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles of 2d and 2s. It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.



KLEENOFF
10d.
Per Large Tin

CLEANS GREASE
FROM YOUR GAS STOVE

KLEENOFF COOKER
CLEANING JELLY

will remove with ease grease from
your Cooker. It is recommended
by the principal Gas Companies
and leading Stores. Ask your Iron-
monger, Greaser, or Gas Company
for it. If they do not stock send
ed, for TRIAL SAMPLE, post
free from

*The KLEENOFF Co. (Dept. S.),
33, St. Mary-at-Hill, London, E.C.3.*



Take the Baker's advice—

EAT plenty of good, nourishing bread. But let it be HOVIS because HOVIS contains full nourishment for the body.

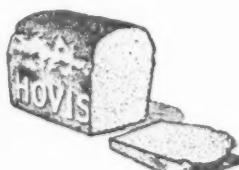
HōVIS

(Trade Mark)

is made only from wheat, like white bread, but with this important difference: it contains added quantities of the vital 'germ' which constitutes its most nourishing and vitalising part.

Your Baker Bakes it.

HOVIS LTD., MACCLESFIELD.



Cash's WOVEN NAMES

are suitable either for marking the Daintiest Lingerie or the heavier outer garments. Easily affixed in a few seconds, and will outlast the wear of the garments.

Robert Cecil	Style No. 11
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Prices. White Ground.

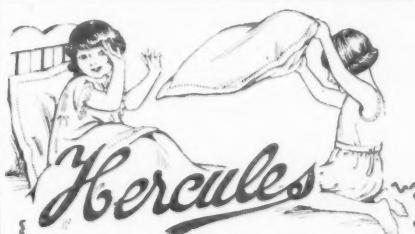
12 Doz. (144 Names)	5/-
6 Doz. (72 Names)	3/9
3 Doz. (36 Names)	2/9

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CASH'S



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have the strength required to resist the rough-and-tumble time which the kiddies give them in the morning—the hard-wearing qualities that win through—this, in spite of their fine soft texture.

As good as Hercules Overalls.

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"Mother and
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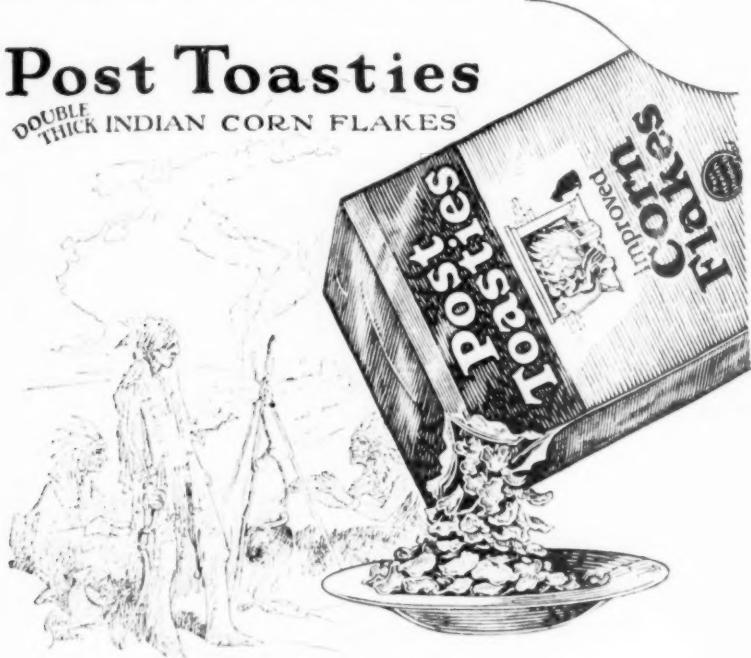
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Post Toasties

DOUBLE THICK INDIAN CORN FLAKES



INDIAN CORN . . . FOOD O' THE STALWART

The Quiver

Perspective

Holidays are necessary, not merely for the relaxation of mind and body, but that one may, in strange and quiet scenes, get a better perspective of life. In the rush and tear of modern life little ills are magnified, petty ambitions tend to submerge the soul. It needs the quiet and leisure of a restful holiday to restore the inner sight, to put away the petty and selfish trifles and to bring out the real values of life.

Don't let your holidays descend into a mad rush of sight-seeing or pleasure—make a place for the quiet time, and let the soul come into its own.



HOLIDAYTIDE
Church Parade at Scarborough.

Photo: Photachrom

Our Bazaar

By
MARY WILTSHERE

LIEUTENANT KEITH STACK-OWEN, R.N., lighted another cigarette and heaved a sigh of complete boredom. He had inspected, lolling in his aunt's pony-tub, reins slack in his hand, every variety of feminine underwear in the window of the big draper's shop, whether his relatives had vanished, and wondered with an internal chuckle whether Aunt Emelline and Aunt Mary Louisa would be fitting themselves out with the transparent opened-up "slumber-robés" of which one half of the window gave a choice selection: or the equally transparent and opened-up "cami-knickers" which appeared in the other half. What a lark it would be to buy some of that stuff and give it as his contribution to this mission sale-of-work thing for which they had gone in to select suitable trifles. He would follow them in and offer to do so.

He hauled himself out of the seat with a grunt, whistled a passing boy to hold the pony—though that quadruped had not the smallest intention of doing anything more exciting than taking his afternoon nap—and strolled into the big stores.

He was of greater height than the majority of men—a rather splendid specimen altogether—and he could see over the heads at the "ladies' and children's underwear," down through the glass doors to the "art needlework and fancy," and catch a glimpse of his relatives. Aunt Emelline, in trailing black satin with lace frills meandering here, there, and everywhere; a broad-brimmed black lace hat tied under her chin with a bow of ribbon; and Aunt Mary Louisa, the boss of the pair, in serge plain and practical, a hard straw hat secured under a knob of hair behind with a substantial elastic band. And Thomasine, of course; but then Thomasine was always around doing something somewhere.

He lounged into the department and pulled up beside them. "I thought you might be glad of some assistance, aunts," he said. "You seem to be having quite a job."

"It is so difficult," Aunt Emelline fluttered, "to make one's decision amongst so many attractive things. Sister Mary Louisa, do you think if we buy these brush-and-comb bags with the design stamped on them for embroidering, so clear and pretty, in pink or blue—"

"Yes," said Aunt Mary Louisa; it was necessary to pull Aunt Emelline up at times.

"I mean, do you think we could finish them, we have only a month—I mean you and Thomasine; I am afraid I could not see."

"I'll finish them," said Thomasine.

Lieut. Stack-Owen gave a nod. That was just like Thomasine. She wasn't a bad little soul, and he was going to marry her some day or other, when he felt like settling down, though he didn't feel like it yet.

"Thank you, my dear," said Aunt Emelline. "Sister Mary Louisa, how many do you think we should take? And would it be better to have those with butterflies and flowers, or those with flowers alone?" She picked up first one and then another. "And I can't quite remember whether we said red wool or green, of the double Berlin—"

"We will take a dozen bags," said Aunt Mary Louisa. "That is settled; the bags, wool for tea-cosies, wool and canvas for kettle-holders; toilet tidies, mats, cushion covers; have you any small fancy things that we could sell cheaply?"—this to the assistant. "You see, Sister Emelline, we must have some pretty things that the evening people can afford to buy as well as plain ones."

"We have these little egg-cosies, madam, sixpence three-farthings each," said the assistant.

Lieutenant Stack-Owen straightened himself suddenly and took a look at her; hitherto he had vaguely known that there was a young person who served. The voice attracted his attention first, full and sweet and clear; the face that he found went with it determined him suddenly to take a hand

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in this deal; a pair of reddish hazel eyes, flecked with queer little green and brown lights, like a peat stream; a complexion of roses and gold-dust—the lieutenant was growing poetical—and a mass of red hair, burnished and gleaming till it seemed that every separate thread of it was alive and dancing.

He edged a little nearer the counter.

Aunt Emelline picked up the egg-cosy, a white cloth abomination in the shape of a hen's head, with a red cloth comb. She admired it extremely; it was so appropriate.

"You see," the sweet voice continued, "there is very little work in it; you just outline the feather marking in cotton with long straight stitches."

"Oh, yes, yes, I see." Aunt Emelline was quite excited. "I really believe I could see to do that myself," she said happily. "And what coloured cotton would you recommend? There are white fowls, aren't there? And speckled ones?"

"I don't think white would show up well, madam. Wouldn't you like red to match the comb? Or black?"

"Black is a little dull," objected Aunt Emelline perplexedly; "and fowls would not be red, would they?"

Lieutenant Stack-Owen caught the reddish-hazel eyes and exchanged a silent laugh with them.

"I'll get you the cottons, madam, and then you can try them on the cosy and see which you like best."

She lifted down the box of cottons, and the lieutenant's eyes took appreciative measure of her figure.

"How much are they?" asked Aunt Mary Louisa. Thomasine was collecting jumper silk in the background.

"Twopence a skein, madam: one and elevenpence ha'penny a dozen."

Aunt Emelline debated worriedly and aloud, deciding at length on a deep golden brown. It did not go very well with the red comb, but she knew some of their hens were that colour.

Then arose the question of quantity.

"I don't think I shall want more than four skeins for the twelve egg-cosies," Aunt Emelline announced.

"But then unless you take the dozen skeins you don't get the ha'penny reduction," said Aunt Mary Louisa.

Aunt Emelline looked more bewildered than ever. "I am afraid I couldn't do enough egg-cosies to use twelve skeins," she said forlornly, and the lieutenant exchanged

another silent chuckle with the girl behind the counter.

"If you will make up the dozen with pale pink and pale blue, I will use them for the brush-and-comb bags," put in Thomasine; she had finished her tour of jumper silk, gathered in girdle cords and beads, and returned to her family.

"Isn't there something I can give, or make, or help in some way?" asked the Lieutenant gaily. He thought after all he wouldn't say anything about the ladies' underwear; it was rather a shame to laugh at the poor old dears; besides, he would rather buy things at this counter, anyway.

Thomasine shot a curious look at him, but he was intent on the fancy goods.

"Aunties," he said, "have you any other departments to go to? Because I'm going to buy some things here, if this young lady will help me to choose them, and I needn't keep you waiting while I do it; I'll bring all the things out to the pony-tub together."

Aunt Mary Louisa wanted hair-cord muslin and flowered prints. She made little children's frocks with most delicate stitchery, bending over them with a serious, wistful face, this precise elderly spinster. Aunt Emelline held a hurried confab with her and then turned to the pretty counter-lady, quite nervous and excited; it was so seldom she did anything on her own initiative.

"My dear," she said, "I have asked my sister, and she quite agrees with me: we have known you so long, and you have been so kind and understanding about our things, and I wondered if your employer could spare you—of course, we would see him about it—if you would come out and help us price and sell the articles. You see, we have never had the sale of work in our garden before; we did not like to say no when we were asked this year, but it is rather a responsibility for us, and it would be so great a help if we could have someone to direct us who knew what to charge and how to manage." The delicate old face was flushed; a position in the limelight was no joy to Aunt Emelline.

"By Jove!" said the lieutenant, "what a good idea!"

Red hair departed slightly from her conventional counter manner.

"I should be very pleased, Miss Stack-Owen," she said warmly. "If you can arrange it with Mr. Bartlett, I shall be very glad to help you in any way I can. I like village bazaars."

"Then we will see you again to arrange

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about it," said Aunt Emelline gratefully. "It is more than kind of you, my dear. We shall be coming into Minchingborough again soon, and we must not take up any more of your time this morning. We shall be most grateful."

She fluttered away after Aunt Mary Louisa, turning, however, to call "Keith, my dear boy."

"Keith, my dear boy," had other business. "I'm not coming yet," he announced determinedly, turning to table centres and embroidered cushions. "You go on and do what you've got to do."

Aunt Emelline departed obediently. She belonged to the type which always did as its male belongings told it; besides, it was *very* kind of dear Keith; and he was so well off he could spend quite lavishly without minding it. Elsie Mitchelson was such a nice girl, and had such good taste, she would choose beautiful things for him; and their own means since the war were so reduced that they could not buy expensive things even for the church. What they would do without Thomasine's contribution to the household! she did not know; she was afraid—Sister Mary Louisa had said so too—that it was not right to allow the dear child to devote herself to them so completely. Still, dear Keith would make everything right for Thomasine one day; at which point the old lady was pulled up by the cotton dress material department.

Thomasine herself made a little pause; those two, one each side of the counter, made a circle of vivid gaiety and youth which she would have liked to join; she thought Keith might have asked her to help choose too, and she followed Aunt Emelline, feeling a little sore and resentful. She was only twenty-four, and she liked to laugh and chatter as well as anybody; and although she wasn't beautiful like Elsie Mitchelson, she knew quite well that her mouse-like air, and the demure garments she affected, had a quaint charm of their own. Still, Keith didn't seem to think so.

Keith, left to his own devices, turned to the girl with a laugh. "You really are the most patient soul alive," he said, his eyes dancing. "If you have any idea after all that, what they've bought and what they haven't—"

Red-hair chuckled, too. "All the same," she answered him, "I'd never mind how long they took, or what they did, for they are so kind. Did you say you wanted to see some fancy goods for their sale, sir?"

Lieutenant Stack-Owen opened his eyes a little; however, she clearly had no intention either of wasting her time or of discussing one customer with another. There was no law against talking to customers while she served them, though; and he proceeded to buy several pounds' worth of useless embroideries, after a leisurely inspection, and laid the foundations of a promising flirtation.

This leave seemed as if it might be more tolerable than he first thought. He must spend a considerable portion of it with the aunts. He wasn't such an ungrateful cur as to forget all the love and care they had lavished on him from the time they had taken charge of him; the motherless baby of the brother so many years younger than themselves. Of course, they had been paid a certain amount for his maintenance, by his father first, and then by trustees until he came of age; but the mothering they had given him could never be paid for.

Thomasine had had just the same affection, though she was only the child of a distant cousin, and the money which was hers now in comfortable abundance did not come to her until she was seventeen.

Therefore, when they seemed to want him so, no fellow who wasn't an utter outsider could fail to give them as much time as possible, especially as this was his first long leave since the war.

The opening week had passed heavily enough. Thomasine, who on previous homecomings had run round and waited on him like a small slave, now seemed always to have something to do; some people had called, but nobody he much cared about; and his friends about the village were either gone—killed or otherwise knocked out—or else seemed to be too busy to have any time for an old crony. The aunts seemed worried over this garden fête thing, and today, to crown all, they had asked him if he would drive them into Minchingborough, and he had had to crumple his long legs into a governess-car and shove along a pony like a stuffed horsehair tank. They used to drive a decent brougham: what on earth were they using this thing for?

He strode out to the hated vehicle with his mind made up on one point—he was not going to get into the abomination again. Thomasine could drive the tank back, and he would make for the nearest motor showroom and see if he couldn't hire a little two-seater or a bicycle and side-car for a month or two. Failing that, he'd walk. It

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was only three miles from Minchinborough to Stoke Gudgeon, and he was hanged if he couldn't move as fast as that pony.

Gewisham's, he found to his satisfaction, could supply a motor-bicycle and side-car, so he sailed home in comfort, and gave the road surface in the neighbourhood a considerable amount of friction in the next week or two. He took each of the aunts for a run, not much to their enjoyment; toolled Thomasine round on various errands, and then had the brilliant idea that they should ask Miss Mitchelson if she could come out once or twice in the evenings, see their preparations, and give them the benefit of her advice and experience. He had ascertained that the aunts had known the girl for years, and thought highly of her. She was the daughter of a farmer near Minchinborough, who, through no fault of his own, had fallen on evil days, and been thankful for a post as working bailiff; and she was engaged to a young market gardener in the vicinity, as industrious, as capable, and as thoroughly "nice" as she was herself.

"So," as the lieutenant put it, "if one did have the girl out here a bit this month and made some fuss of her, she's not the sort to take advantage of it, and she could be thundering useful. I can fetch her backwards and forwards in this bus I've hired, and we can give her a decent present when the show's over to make up for her time."

The aunts beamed; it was such a good idea of dear Keith's, and so kind of him to take such an interest in their little sale. Thomasine folded her quiet lips a little closer together, but kept herself, as usual, in the background; though as the plan progressed she grew quieter than ever.

The lieutenant was enjoying himself immensely. He brought Miss Mitchelson out about twice a week; she proved astonishingly helpful, suggested side-shows, and small dialogues and concerts as a means of making extra sixpences and shillings, and he threw himself into their organization vigorously.

This was being a jolly leave.

He wouldn't go away at all until the show was over; the aunts really couldn't spare him before, and he would have plenty of time for other visits and his business in town afterwards. He was stage managing three one-act plays by various gilded amateurs (with some very pretty girls among them) and two concerts. That took the afternoons, for time was so short there had to be rehearsals practically every day. Then

it was only civil to take Miss Mitchelson for spins in the evenings, either after a visit to the club—there was quite a decent club in Minchinborough—or following the "sewing chatter," as he termed it. The girl was making herself so useful, one must do something for her in return, and she seemed to enjoy the rides.

She was a jolly sort of girl, and, being engaged, there was no fear of her misunderstanding his friendship; they could be as chummy and affectionate as they (or he) pleased. She had offered her market gardener to help in platform work, scene setting, stall carpentry, and any other jobs requiring beefy muscles—decent sort of chap and very good-natured, though hardly, he thought, good enough for the girl. She certainly was a corking specimen, smart as they make 'em—he didn't know when he had got such fun out of talking to a girl—and cute, too; he had mentioned in a roundabout, casual sort of way that he hadn't said anything about the rides at home, except just bringing her in and out, and she had tumbled to the idea like the sport she was. He felt thoroughly affectionate towards her, and he didn't see why he shouldn't show it when they were by themselves, though the girl didn't seem to encourage that sort of feeling much. Her manner to the aunts, too, was exactly right—deferential and charming; friendly and gay, though with no hint of familiarity with Thomasine.

The thought occurred to him when he had been home considerably over a month—three days before the sale, to be precise—that he had not seen much of Thomasine. Still, he didn't know that it much mattered. He was going to marry Thomasine some day, as everybody knew, so he would have plenty of time for her later. Thomasine was a good little soul, but a trifle dull, not a ha'porth of dash or sparkle. He had had some vague idea on his homeward voyage of "settling down" during this long leave, but at close quarters it didn't appeal to him much. He would rather run round with Elsie, and Elsie showed no objection. These girls who were out in the world on their own were a jolly sight more interesting than the sheltered kind. The sheltered kind were the most sensible sort to marry, especially for a man who would be away as much as he was bound to be; but there was no hurry about marriage yet awhile.

Still he didn't want the kiddie to feel neglected; he was awfully fond of her really. He thought he would send her some



"Those two, one each side of the counter, made a circle of vivid gaiety and youth which Thomasine would have liked to join"—p. 909

Drawn by
J. Deacon Mills

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flowers for Thursday, or have a bouquet handed up to her on the platform; she was doing some recitation thing at the evening concert, and a bouquet would please her. He hadn't known that she went in for that sort of thing, and she had not been keen on doing it; but both Elsie, and the one-act play people, had begged, and badgered, and implored, until she had given way.

And he must have a talk with her about the aunts, too. They ought to have a car, and a decent man to look after things; it was absurd to go on like this. Both he and Thomasine had as much as they needed, and there were practically no other relatives; what on earth were they economizing for?

The great day dawned. Mr. Bartlett had proved more than obliging over Elsie; she was released from business duties not only on the day itself, but on the day before it also, and had spent a fully occupied session with Thomasine.

Lieutenant Stack-Owen was not feeling so elated. The two girls seemed to have entered on a companionship which left him out in the cold; and once or twice, when he had caught her by herself and had essayed a footing of affectionate friendliness, Elsie had administered something remarkably like a snub. He wandered round the house and garden, inspecting the final preparations, and unconsciously dropping into the mood of home-loving which had held him many times when his thoughts had turned Englandwards from other parts of the globe.

It was a dear place, old and grey and homely; not big, or smart; just home. And the garden—how often, watching, sleepless and strained, over a grey waste of waters, had he not pictured its expanse of lawn, with the big rockery and the old sundial; the clump of pampas grass in the far corner, white against the green of the meadow, the long border, with its phlox and Michaelmas daisies and sweet alyssum all a-hum with bees; the utter quietness and peace that brooded over everything, and somehow suggested Thomasine.

The lawn was dotted with stalls now, in various stages of completion: plain needle-work, with Aunt Mary Louisa dropping things; fancy needlework, and Aunt Emeline distractedly fluttering and putting everything in the wrong place; sweets and confectionery; vegetables and dairy produce; competitions and side shows of various kinds; they'd make the lawn in a beastly mess, he reflected; he should be rather glad when they had all cleared out.

He turned back to the hall where the concerts and the one-act play were to take place. They had got that ready the previous night, he, and a housemaid, and a nondescript boy, who seemed to be all the outside helps the aunts kept now. Having nothing better than that, of course Thomasine and Aunt Mary Louisa must be always pottering about; but why couldn't they keep a man as they used to? It couldn't be want of money; they would have mentioned it in their letters if they had had any losses; and besides, they lived on the fat of the land; they certainly weren't cutting down expenses in the kitchen; why elsewhere? It never occurred to him to connect Thomasine's unbecomingly heated face, her reddened hands, at dinner every night, with the perfectly cooked and served dishes he was eating; nor did his somewhat impervious mind divine the fierce hurt pride that made the girl determined that this leave should be, so far as material comforts were concerned, as perfect as any efforts of hers could make it. She had very much looked forward to the leave. The aunts' financial troubles had worried her inexperience badly; they had refused to allow dear Keith to be told; the dear boy had enough to think about; but she had made up her mind to unburden herself to him when he came home. Moreover, certain tendernesses of speech and manner during his few hurried leaves in the war; certain phrases in his letters since which clearly indicated an outlook towards a joint future, had set her feet dancing along an old road. She had beamed with pride over his decorations and his "mentions in dispatches"; had worshipped him as a combination of King Alfred, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Galahad; and now that she found him merely an ordinary good-fellow sort of human, with a roving eye for a pretty face, she went to the other extreme and decided that he was unworthy even of the slightest token of friendship; and as for going to him for help or sympathy, she would as soon pour out her troubles to the garden boy.

All that long, hot day, as she sped hither and thither upon her multifarious duties, she was aware of his crisp, fair head hovering in the vicinity of Elsie's red one; was aware of curious glances following the pair from aristocratic and otherwise saleswomen and customers; was aware of glances, amused as well as curious, from Elsie's market gardener, Harry Drewsent by name, who had placed himself unreservedly at the disposal of the Miss Stack-Owens and Miss Lelant.

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and proved almost as useful as Elsie herself.

She wouldn't have minded so much if she had thought that Keith was seriously in love with Elsie; it would have been a bad match for him, even had Elsie seemed to favour his advances, which, in spite of the motor-bicycle and side-car, she did not think was the case. But he was not in love with Elsie, not as Thomasine understood love; he was simply fooling round, lowering himself and making things most conspicuous and uncomfortable for the girl; "as if he were an errand boy on early closing day," Thomasine told herself disgustedly, "if nothing worse than that." She was the product of the aunts' upbringing, and gentlemen, in those ladies' day, did not associate with shop girls for any good reason.

She didn't know whether she felt most angry or hurt. Her head ached and she wanted to cry; and she must go on counting change for Aunt Emeline, who could never get it right; wrapping parcels for Aunt Mary Louisa, who always creased everything; and smiling with engaging and money-luring friendliness on all and sundry; knowing all the time that she was hot and untidy; that her best frock did not suit her; and she looked a frumpy little dowd by the side of Elsie, whose severely plain black set off her glorious colouring in more vivid relief than ever.

"Thomasine, I'm going to take Miss Mitchelson to have some tea," said Keith's voice in her ear. He had been round and round the stall all the afternoon, getting in her way, and she said "All right" snappily. She heard Elsie protesting that she was not thirsty, that Miss Stack-Owen and Miss Lelant had not been to tea yet; he swept the girl away unheeding; and Thomasine Lelant, scowling at the unoffending fripperies by which she was surrounded, felt she would like to have burnt the lot.

Keith found a secluded spot behind some trees, well away from the tea-tent in the meadow; foraged for sustenance; and then dropped on the rustic seat by his self-imposed charge's side with a sigh of satisfaction, promising himself a pleasant half-hour. They talked airy nothings for ten minutes, then the lieutenant, mindful of a sailor's privileges, stretched an arm along the back of the seat. He felt the girl stiffen slightly; noted the movement as one of expectancy, and, bending forward, implanted a fervent kiss on her satin-smooth skin, following it immediately, so desirable

was this covering of a human soul, by another.

The movement had not been one of expectancy. Elsie sprang to her feet, sending the contents of her cup flooding down his immaculate flannels, and confronted him, scarlet with anger.

"How dare you!" she stormed, choking with rage. "It's not enough that you follow me round and make me ridiculous, and badger me into coming here and sitting with you, when you knew I couldn't make a fuss about it, you must treat me this way when you've got me here. You can take this back"—banging her cup and saucer down on the seat beside him—"I'm going!"

"Save us!" said the lieutenant, still smiling. "What a fuss! D'you want me to believe you've never been kissed before, and that you didn't mean me to do it then?"

Elsie dived into a hand-bag and fished out some small change. "There's the shilling for my tea," she thrust at him. "I'm not going to have you saying you've paid for my food, or anything else to do with me; and you just keep out of my way for the rest of the day. I'd had as much of your impertinence as I could stand before, and this passes the limit."

"You haven't minded it much, anyway," said the lieutenant sulkily.

"Minded it! I suppose you think you've been doing me an honour taking me out for rides when you weren't likely to meet your friends, and keeping quiet about it at home. You rich men never think that a girl in a shop who has to get her own living may be just as proud of her position and her friends as you; that she hasn't any wish to be in your circle, and that she's just as alive to the insult you offer her in treating her as you do as you are yourself."

"Well, you didn't seem upset much by the insult anyway," the lieutenant sneered.

"Perhaps you'd like to know why I put up with it," she rapped out at him. "I did it so that Harry and I should get to know some of the swell people round here. I was glad to help the Miss Stack-Owens apart from that, but that counted as well; and I saw that first afternoon that they would fall in with everything you wanted, and when you began to talk to me in that sly, flirting way, as if you kept a harem and wanted me to join it, I guessed if I played up you'd manage to get me over here more; and if I spoke my mind out as I'd like to have done, you'd stop me coming altogether; and Miss Lelant—no, I'm not going to talk

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to you about Miss Lelant, you're not worth it. I knew what an advantage it would be to my Harry to get mixed up with all these people, and it has been; he's got a good many fresh customers; and I'd just made up my mind I'd make all the use of you I could, and I'd have no more scruples than you had. It's done what I wanted for him, and I've finished."

She stamped her way down the little path, turning at the bend to fling a parting shot over her shoulder :

"Next time you start out to play Prince Charming and Don Juan combined with a girl you think you needn't treat decently because she isn't of your class, you'd better make sure the girl hasn't got there first."

She was gone. Left alone, hands in the pockets of his tea-soaked trousers, the lieutenant stared at the abandoned crockery and relieved his feelings. The little wretch! The double-dyed little minx! He ached to box her ears. To have led him on like that, and then made him make such a silly fool of himself—she had done that all right; he was under no illusions about it—simply that her confounded market gardener should get orders from the aunts' and Thomasine's friends! And to exaggerate his attitude like that! Talking about a harem, such rot! He wondered, with a sudden spurt of irritated anxiety, whether Thomasine looked at the episode like that; shouldn't wonder, women were fools enough for anything.

What was the time? Just after five? He supposed he'd better go and change his beastly trousers. That darned play was due on again at half-past, and then there was the concert at seven, and that finished it, thank goodness. Let him once get clear of this show, the rest of his leave would find him in London.

It was a disgruntled and surly young man who stage-managed the 5.30 performance of the play. He offended the leading lady, and, had the date been of a century earlier, would probably have had on his hands a duel with the leading gentleman.

The play was over, he must get things ready for the concert. He condemned everything heartily; two bewildered maids and the garden boy tumbled over each other in their efforts to carry out his instructions; and to add fuel to the fire of his wrath, appeared a dark, capable young man, whom he recognized as the confounded market gardener, and who, with the darned impertinence of these lower class fellows, beastly Socialists every one of them,

calmly announced that Miss Lelant was busy clearing up the stalls and couldn't see to any preparations for the concert, as she had to dress for her recitation after she had finished out of doors, so he had offered to come and do it for her; would Mr. Stack-Owen tell him where the curtains and various stage properties had to be stored, and then he could get on.

As if Thomasine couldn't have come in herself! This fellow—he could tell by the very look on his face—had seen Elsie, and, of course, they had had a good laugh together. What would it have mattered if Thomasine had missed her recitation? There would be plenty without her, and it wouldn't be much of a show that she would give.

The room filled. He sat fuming through the pianoforte duet, the violin solos, the soprano songs, the baritone songs, the comic songs, the men's glee, and the Russian dancing which no Russian would have recognized. Then the announcement was made, "Dickens' monologue: Betsy Trotwood, Miss Lelant," and he frowned more blackly than ever. Thomasine was a good little soul; he did not think he had ever felt so warmly affectionate towards her as he did to night; but what on earth possessed her to attempt a thing like that? She'd make a perfect hash of it.

A bonneted figure appeared on the platform, a sharp elderly voice said, "Go away, no boys here; go away." Lieutenant Stack-Owen stood back against the wall and stared. That voice, that manner—they were Betsy Trotwood; but was he drunk or dreaming? Was this Thomasine? Or some professional they had got down as a surprise? The monologue continued: the scene with the Murdstones, and the audience rocked with laughter; the loss of property: they waited, tense; the death of her unacknowledged husband: the lieutenant winced at the pathos in the voice which said, "He was a fine-looking man when I married him six and thirty years ago, and he was sadly changed. God forgive us all." The final scene with Uriah Heep: the bonnet vanished, and the audience broke into a storm of applause. Carried away against his will the lieutenant joined in. Amid the shouts of "encore" he heard a man say near him, "Pity that girl can't go on at the halls; I've never heard anything better even at the Coliseum. The way she's put the thing together, apart from the way she does it, it's great." He glared savagely. How dared



"'Since you don't want in the least to marry me,' said
Thomasine, 'it's hardly necessary to discuss it, is it?'" —p. 918

Drawn by
J. D. Watt Mills

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they hint at his Thomasine becoming a music-hall actress! He wished to goodness he could tell her not to come on again; it seemed so out of place for Thomasine; but he was too late to get at her, for someone unseen announced "Nancy" from behind the platform, and a shawled figure stepped out on it, turning a white and tortured face towards the room.

"I am chained to my old life; I come back to this home I have raised for myself." The lieutenant forgot the listening, watching crowd, the voice dominated him.

The girl dropped, listless and exhausted, into a chair, sprang up to greet an imagined Bill Sikes, recoiled in terror from his look with an air so real that the lieutenant looked for a second figure on the stage.

"Spare me for the love of Heaven! Think of all I have given up for you. . . . Bill, Bill, for God's dear sake—"

The lieutenant felt his eyes smarting. He was a devout Dickensian himself; but well as he knew the scene, he felt that anguished pleading must win some response; clenched his hands as the slight figure swayed and sank to its knees; caught his breath as it tried to rise, hands upheld to Heaven, with a white handkerchief, emblem of a lost and forsaken hope, clasped in them; and then shuddered with actual nausea as it sank on the ground for the last time, misshapen, and doubled up, and cruelly still.

There was a window close to him; without thinking what he was doing, he pushed it up and crawled out. Dimly he became aware that the room behind him was vociferously again demanding "encore" in tones that split the skies; that someone appeared and said Miss Lelant thanked them very much, but she was really too tired to appear a third time; but he was too utterly topsy-turvy to take much notice. He walked aimlessly up the garden; it was eight o'clock and twilight—the soft golden twilight of early September; everything seemed drenched in sweetness. He remembered once hearing Thomasine say she loved the small scented flowers far more than the big showy ones, and had put the remark down as all of a piece with her unexciting demureness. A nice little girl, he had thought her with kindly patronage, and she would make him a very good wife.

And now this!

Thomasine, the somewhat dull, possessed of this extraordinary ability, this tickling humour; Thomasine, the placidly sweet-

tempered, evincing this fire and passion; Thomasine, the retiring, the inconspicuous, becoming a star, a pivot, a mark for all eyes. His brain reeled.

He did not know that the girl herself, in the little makeshift green-room, was shivering and crying, being sustained with volatile and smelling salts; that she had never in all her life given a similar performance, and possibly never would again; being roused thereto by a childishly vindictive desire to show the world (meaning Keith Stack-Owen's section of it) that other people could do things beside Elsie Mitchellson. She was feeling ashamed of herself now for being so professional and intense. The aunts wouldn't like it, and, still worse, she would have to be about with Keith, clearing the hall, after the people had gone. She wished she could go to bed; instead of which she must go out and talk to people, listen to a froth of small talk anent the success of the sale, and support the aunts, who, nearly dropping with fatigue, were trying to remember the names of chance-met acquaintances, or of people "seen at church," and in their gently cordial good-nights were allotting families of healthy children to maiden ladies and inquiring for chronic ailments of strapping young tennis players of twenty.

One ordeal, however, she was spared: she did not see Keith again that night. He wandered about, oblivious of the fact that he was wanted indoors, up and down garden, meadow and footpath, trying to sort out his chaotic feelings and find out what he had better do, until the clock on the village church struck 2 a.m., and sheer weariness compelled him to go indoors to bed, where he tossed and turned till nearly six, and then dropped into a fidgety, worried sleep that lasted till the breakfast bell rang.

He bathed and shaved, and scrambled into some clothes with all possible speed, for lateness for meals was a thing the aunts did not permit, even to him; but it was half-past nine when he descended, and saw from the bend in the stairs, through the open morning-room door, the ladies of the household talking rather gravely, their meal over.

"No, my dear," he heard Aunt Mary Louisa say, her voice firm, though her face worked, "when we thought you were helping to keep up your future home it was a different matter; though even that, I am afraid, was not right of us; but now that

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you tell us that that dearest hope of ours is without foundation"—Aunt Emelline's handkerchief went to her eyes—"we must make different arrangements. We cannot live on your charity, dear child; it would be very wrong."

The lieutenant stood stock still. What was he hearing? What else had Thomasine done that he did not know of? Was this the reason of the changes in the household?

"But, auntie"—Thomasine's voice was tearful—"why not? What does it matter, so long as we have our home together, whose money it is, or who pays for it? Even if Keith and I are not going to be married, that makes no difference."

Not going to be married! Before the lieutenant's eyes came a vision of leaves with no Thomasine! Of voyages with no letters from her; of growing old, his days in the Service done, without her, and knew on the instant, with absolute certainty, with a storm of fierce longing, what he wanted and what he had better do. He ran down the remaining stairs and in the room.

"Aunt, I couldn't help hearing. What has Thomasine been paying, and why is it necessary? What has happened to your money?"

The aunts looked uncomfortable. "We decided not to trouble you with our private worries," Aunt Emelline murmured, "and we promised Thomasine—"

"That you wouldn't tell me what she has done? But why? And I've heard enough to guess; why mayn't I know?"

Aunt Mary Louisa came to a decision.

"There is nothing to be gained by mystery," she said. "Our income, Keith, Sister Emelline's and mine, was largely derived from Russian Government bonds, which, since this rabble of anarchists and atheists have murdered their ruler"—Aunt Mary Louisa held emphatic opinions on the subject of the Russian Revolution—"have not paid their just interest. It was not, of course, to be expected from such people; but your Aunt Emelline and I would have been very poor indeed; we would have been obliged to leave our old home where our father and our grandfather had lived before us, if it had not been for the generosity and unselfishness of this dear child."

Thomasine made a gesture of entreaty; Keith stood looking at the three of them, his handsome face downcast and troubled. "But, aunt," he said at last, "why couldn't you have told me before? I'm a great deal better off than Thomasine, and I'd more

than gladly have shared with her, or made up the difference myself."

"I know, my dear boy. But a man has his profession to think of, and it is a great drawback to him to be hampered by the care of elderly relatives; that we decided to say nothing until you came home. Thomasine, too, urgently desired that you should not know of her action; and as we thought and hoped that you and she would be married soon, we let things remain as they were. But now—"

Keith met Thomasine's eyes full. His own were glowing, but the girl winced and turned away. She had passed a night about as restful as his, and she was white and headachy. Keith Stack-Owen was having understanding pressed upon him in a flood; he saw it all—the brave, silent pride, rooted and grown through generations of honest, unselfish lives, that would keep their troubles dignifiedly to themselves. He had no doubt that, had not Thomasine come to the rescue, there would have been as vaguely excellent a reason presented to him for leaving the old home as for doing away with the carriage and the manservant. And the girl herself—back into his mind come Elsie's words of yesterday afternoon, "I'm not going to talk to you about Miss Lelant, you're not worth it." She was quite right, he was not; but he was better worth it than he had been twenty-four hours ago. What must he have seemed like to Thomasine—she who had worked and paid, and economized, and given up every gaiety of her youth to keep his home together—to let her run round after him, wait on him, do everything for him, and be rewarded by a careless approbation and a few minutes of his company when he could find nothing more interesting to do. He knew now the passion and pride that she kept so carefully hidden, and he turned hot and cold at the thought of what he had done. But he was going to have the situation cleared up now without loss of time.

"Aunts," he said, "would you mind leaving me alone with Thomasine?" And when the little ladies had fluttered away, with wondering excitement written large all over them, "Thomasine," he continued, his hands on her shoulders, his face grave, "why did you say we weren't going to be married? No, put that teapot down; my breakfast can wait. Why did you? Was it because of Elsie Mitchelson, or because you don't love me, or both?"

Thomasine faced him unflinchingly.

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"Since you don't want in the least to marry me, it's hardly necessary to discuss it, is it?"

"But I do," he said convincingly. The girl gave a little disbelieving shrug. "Oh, I know I haven't acted like it. That girl yesterday set me down just where I belong, and every word she said was true. I'll tell you some time; I can see it now. I've fooled with her and fooled with you, and—I'd best speak the plain truth—I should probably have fooled with a dozen more if—if—I hadn't found out that I didn't want to fool any more; that I want you, just you, always and for ever. Thomasine," his grip on her shoulders tightened urgently, "have I found it out too late?"

The grey eyes were lowered, but otherwise there was no sign of yielding. "I don't understand a 'wanting' like that, one woman one hour, another the next."

"You wouldn't. It's a feeling men have that women like you can't understand, and thank God for it. But as for Elsie Mitchellson, it wasn't even a wanting, just what I said, folly and nothing more; and I knew it, too, all the time, really. Oh, I can't explain; why does a fellow do these things? Is it too much to forgive, Thomasine?" His voice shook. "There'll never be anything of the kind again. I know better now."

He felt her **glove** way suddenly under his hands, and would have held her to him, but—

"No," she said. "Wait a minute."

She put one hand up across her eyes, and the lieutenant heard a little sob that hurt him like a whiplash. Then she began to speak hurriedly and stumblingly.

"You did hurt me," she confessed. "You had been so brave and fine through the war, and I thought when you came home we should be—like you seemed to want in your letters—and I'd never have anything to worry or trouble over again; it would be all right about the aunts and everything.

And then—it was so *petty*, what you were doing; and you didn't seem to want me any more. It did hurt, badly."

He ventured to slip a hand down from her shoulder to her waist.

"And now you think you want me again." Keith's arm tightened suddenly in violent protest. "I'm not proud enough to pretend any longer. I *want* you to want me. But, Keith, I must be sure you do, that it isn't just a mood, and because of this money business, and last night. You go to the Mediterranean after this leave? Well, when you come home again, if you are certain you are still of the same mind—because although I love you better than all the world besides"—the lieutenant slipped his other hand down so that she stood in the circle of his arms—"I would rather never see you again than feel you had tied yourself to me and then repented of it. So, until then, we will think no more about it"—her voice gained in firmness, perhaps she felt that, after all, the arms about her were very steady—"and you are absolutely free to decide which way you choose."

The lieutenant spoke as soberly as she. "It's for you to make conditions," he said. "but I go to the Mediterranean an engaged man, as far as my side of it's concerned; and I shan't change." Then he altered his tone suddenly, and caught her close, kissing her again and again, for either by accident or design, her head had rested an instant against his shoulder, and he threw conditions and waiting times to the winds. "I'm going as an engaged man," he repeated again, in the intervals of doing other things, "and I'm going into Minchington this afternoon to buy the ring you're going to wear to show it. Oh, home and you, Thomasine, dear heart—"

"And before breakfast, too," said Thomasine.

But she had given him one little fugitive, fleeting kiss, and the lieutenant was content.





Two in a Tent

*A Holiday Article
By
Dora Jay-Owen*

This article describes the delights of picnicking with a motor-caravan—this will be venturesome enough for some: for more democratic holiday-makers there is an article on page 947 on the joys of a walking tour.

CHANGE of occupation constitutes the very essence of rest, and the greater the contrast to the "workaday" round the more complete will be the recuperative value of the holiday.

Hotel life seems to offer unrivalled attractions to those seldom free from household drudgery. It may be a delightful novelty for the tired housewife to sit down to meals in which she herself has taken no part either in ordering or in cooking. But to those of us whose senses are never deaf to the call of the open air, the hotel holds but few attractions, for it may resemble too closely the routine of one's own orderly home life with well-served meals, domestic service and regular hours.

Freedom

The greatest boon a holiday can confer in our workaday world is the opportunity of freedom to follow one's inclinations untrammelled by convention and unrestricted by compulsion.

Visitors to an hotel must conform, within reason, to regular meal hours; and one feels constrained to dress for dinner—or, at any rate, to appear at table neatly groomed and clothed in civilized habiliments! To take a furnished house at the seaside gives more freedom in this respect, but it seems scarcely fair on the housewife, for such an arrangement means for her the familiar routine inseparable from the domestic cares of a household.

Solving the Problem

For the true Nature lover no holiday is comparable with that to be enjoyed in a horse-drawn caravan; but within the limits of a meagre fortnight this ideal method of getting about is too slow, and it is better to seek a substitute. This article tells how two people solved the problem to their own satisfaction.

After due consideration we decided on a motoring-camping expedition, a "go-as-you-please" and "stop-where-the-spirit-moves-

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"you" sort of holiday. It was a reckless decision for the summer of 1924; but Fortune favoured us with some of the few fine hot days in a cold wet summer.

The "Travelling Circus" Starts

The weather, though sunny, had a look of uncertainty the day we set off on our old car. Its rear seat had been removed, and the interior completely stacked with camping equipment. For weeks in advance we had been adding to the collection of "things which might come in useful"; so that when we finally moved off we were rather in the position of poor Harris in "Three Men in a Boat," and much of our superfluous kit had perforce to be discarded. Even after drastic curtailment a protuberance of tent poles and miscellany of cooking utensils (ill-concealed under a mackintosh cover) lent to our equipage the air of a travelling circus. And the dog, recumbent upon this mountain of equipment, gave just the finishing touch to the illusion.

In this exalted position Rover was quite happy until, later in the day, the wind rose in squalls that tore at the moorings of the cover and billowed beneath it with quite

solitude a deux, not from mere convention, but from free choice. We set off on our little tour, therefore, with the most vivid expectation of what such a holiday as we had planned ought to yield in the way of pure enjoyment. And the experiment more than fulfilled expectation.



Indifferent weather conditions marred our first day on the road, and we were glad on reaching Cheddar at 7 p.m. to seek the refuge of a comfortable hotel. This shameless admission will probably excite amazement and scorn in some more hardened campaigner to whose notice these lines may chance to fall. Let me hasten, then, to confess ourselves the most dilettante of amateur campers; and previously it had been made clear to the more hardy member of the partnership that if weather conditions were unfavourable one of us at least would *not* sleep under canvas.

I fell asleep the first night of our holiday dreaming of pleasant-going country seen through a blur of rain and intermittent floods of vivid sunshine. Our way had run through Evesham, Cheltenham, Painswick,

Stroud and Bath, the stretch of country seen from a high ridge between Cheltenham and Painswick being exceptionally beautiful.

The following morning gave us welcome sunshine, and after exploring the wonderful stalactite caves at Cheddar we went on to Wells and Glastonbury. At both these quiet, historic towns we soaked ourselves in the romance of a bygone age.

If it had not been for the arrival of a fleet of motor char-à-bancs in the market square I do not think we could have torn ourselves away from Wells that day. But it was Saturday, and soon the charm of the place was invaded in a manner most distressing to those who cherish the peace and dignity of such places, and we were glad to push on to Glastonbury.

What a marvellous ruin is the abbey there. I had heard it said casually, "Oh, not much



Fourteenth-century house at Dunster, in the garden of which we camped

alarming violence; then Rover quietly but firmly insisted upon occupying the front seat of the car with his master and mistress.

It is essential for the success of a holiday of this sort that the party consists of only two, and these two must share tastes, thoughts and pursuits in common. Luckily we ourselves belong to that seemingly rare order of people who, after several years of matrimony, still prefer on holiday the



Beautiful Dunster, Somerset

to see; just a tumble-down wall or so and a few broken arches." But surely it is easy for anyone possessed of a spark of imagination to vision this ruin as it must once have stood. And the colossal magnitude of such a mental reconstruction staggers the imagination and stirs the soul. The whole environment of this noble ruin seems still to be impregnated with the subtle atmosphere once diffused by the saintly lives of those old fathers of the church who struggled in a dark age to keep alight a spark of Christianity.



Rain!

We had hoped to reach Dunster that night, but though bright and sunny all day, the rain fell heavily again in the evening. Dusk fell while we were still some miles from Dunster, and we decided to stay the night at a tiny hamlet we came to, and seek shelter at the village inn. We were agreeably surprised to meet with such clean, comfortable quarters in so haphazard a manner, till we learnt that "mine host" catered in the season for the Quantaok hunt people.

We left our friendly little hostel early next morning. The day was fine and bright, and beyond the village we caught the first intoxicating glimpse of the sea. Then for a time our road meandered inland, till at

length the sight of a fine castle rising from a wooded hillside gave us a fitting introduction to Dunster, one of the most picturesque villages of England.

It was Sunday, and the bells were ringing, "Come all to church, good people." We obeyed the summons, and went to service in a fine old parish church, the dominating feature of which was a magnificent rood screen.

An Experiment

Had the seashore offered attractions equal to those of the village and the surrounding country we should have been tempted to spend the remainder of our short holiday at Dunster. But a walk on the common land alongside a flat stony beach showed us that we had not yet reached an ideal camping ground, which, to please our taste, must combine rural beauty with seashore delights.

We were still prospecting for a spot to pitch our tent for the night when we came across a party of friends, who insisted on taking us back to lunch at a fourteenth-century house wherein they were staying as paying guests. The people of the house invited us to pitch our tent in their garden and take meals with the other visitors at the house. Well as they looked after us, we found this arrangement scarcely satisfactory. Indeed, it was neither one thing



The cove above which our tent was pitched

nor the other, as I soon discovered when attempting to change for dinner in a seven-foot square tent in which were two camp beds!

We visited Minehead, but decided it was not the sort of place we had "come forth to see"; its bricks and mortar repelled us, and after admiring the natural beauties of the bay we passed on to Porlock Weir, and lingered there to drink cider at the Anchor Inn. Porlock with its setting of hills and the clustering flowers round its pretty white cottages is a delightful little haven, but the seashore itself attracted us as little as did the shore at Dunster.

Fellow-campers

While waiting for the opening of railway gates at a level crossing the evening before we left Dunster we were interested to see two fellow motor campers. These two girls ran their car into a field near by, and impressed us by the businesslike way they set about the pitching of their tent and the preparations for an evening meal.

Next morning when we passed the field the birds had flown, and no trace of their camp was left; but later in the day we

passed them on the road, whilst they were feeding the radiator of their car from a rushing mountain torrent. I wonder if those two wayfarers felt for us the comradeship we silently flung to them?

Our journey this day led us a pilgrimage of most formidable hills, which, however, afforded magnificent views over the desolate undulating reaches of Exmoor; so pure the air and exhilarating the prospect that it was but the lack of water in the vicinity deterred us from pitching our tent there and then.

A Cove in Devon

Now, though the plan of an itinerary for our camping holiday had been vague, we had always kept in mind the remembrance of a little Devonshire cove which fulfilled all the requirements of a camper's paradise.

It was eight years since we had visited this spot, and we approached it with fear and trembling lest in those years it should have become "popular."

Our first shock was to find that a fine old country house in the vicinity had been converted into an hotel; but it was a consolation to find that the park was still intact as

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a private golf course, and that our little "dream cove" was still unspoilt by bricks and mortar; and most pleasing of all to hear that the char-à-banc field had found it impossible to desecrate this spot, the lanes hereabout being too narrow for such juggernauts. We soon discovered, however, that we could no longer hope to be "monarch of all we surveyed," as we had been in this spot eight years ago, for the visitors from the neighbouring seaside resort had, alas! discovered its charms, too, and came out to our cove in numbers to picnic.

However, in spite of minor disappointments, our luck was in. The difficulty of finding a suitable pitch was in this instance ridiculously easy of solution. Only one field overhung the little cove, and on seeking out its farmer owner we found him quite prepared to suffer the presence of a tent thereon.

Harmless Bullocks !

True, a dozen or so young bullocks disported themselves in this field. But the farmer assured us they were quite harmless, and he was in any case, he told us, removing the beasts to fresh pasturage in two days' time.

After a substantial meal at a neighbouring cottage we set to work to pitch our camp. The illustration at the head of this article will give some idea of the perfection of our Arcadian retreat.

Our field stood high above a sandy-floored, rock-girt cove. Wooded hills rose behind and to the left, and our tent door faced the open sea.

In a tree-shaded gorge below our field a little lane meandered down to the seashore, keeping company with a mountain torrent which ran down in little cascades to the sea. Night and day the murmur of that mountain stream made for us that soft music so soothing to the nerves.

It did not take us long to get the tent erected and the beds assembled; and we then began to prepare our evening meal over a brazier in the open air. Our luck seemed incredibly good. Here was our little camp pitched in an ideal Arcadian retreat, and a heat wave had set in—the only hot spell of that dismal summer 1924.

There was, however, one fly in the ointment, i.e. *those bullocks*. They showed an enormous amount of interest in all our movements; and as they crowded round our tent they were accompanied by hordes of



Cooking the evening meal

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flies. They didn't like our dog, and they weren't sure that they liked us.

Anyway, we afforded the beasts two days' gratuitous entertainment!

Sharing with the Sheep

On previous occasions out caravanning we have shared a field with sheep and also with pigs, but I never met anything to equal these bullocks for sheer curiosity and amazing appetites. If a teacloth or bathing cos-



An alfresco shave—minus a mirror!

tume had been spread on the hedge to dry, we should turn sooner or later and see the tail end of it vanishing down a bullock's throat.

The digestive powers of farmyard animals would seem to be prodigious. We had previously found pigs useful scavengers, and they had seemed to thrive on brazil-nut shells and butter paper (at least, it never came to our knowledge that the ones we fed in this manner expired with strange internal maladies). But pigs are apparently dainty feeders compared with bullocks.

In addition to their chewing propensities, these bullocks were possessed with a consuming desire to *lick*. They licked our

car and they licked the canvas of our tent; they licked anything and everything within reach. I was not enamoured of the idea of being wakened in the night by a bullock licking my face, so we attempted to erect a barrier round the tent with clothes lines and stakes. However, a really healthy bullock will make light of a barrier of this sort. So for the first two days the cry of, "C——! *Bullocks!*" was as poignant and persistent as ever poor old Betsy Trotwood's plaint of, "*Janet! Donkeys!*"

Taking all in all we were not sorry to see the farmer ride up on a fat cob on the evening of the second day. He chatted with us while we cooked our supper, and then his dog rounded up the bullocks, and they were driven off to other pastures.

Henceforth for the remainder of our holiday we enjoyed serene and perfect privacy, wherein we could eat and sleep and take sun baths, and find respite from all the irksome restrictions of civilization.

Some mornings one or other of us would sleep undisturbed till 10. Other mornings 6 o'clock might see pyjama-clad forms on a deserted seashore. However hot the day to follow, a wood fire gives welcome warmth for breakfast. And those who have eaten breakfast cooked in the open after a sea bathe know the real joy of a good appetite.

Close to Nature

It is the utter freedom and novelty of such a holiday that constitutes its charm. It brings one so close to Nature, and opens the door into a life far removed from the artificialities of our modern existence.

Aroused from sleep one night by the rattle of a nightjar, I looked out of the open door of the tent and found our little domain wrapt in the light of a full moon. I went out into the dew-wet field and looked awhile at the darkling pines against a blue sky—the shimmer of light on peaceful waters. I tried to recall all the beautiful things the poets have sung of the wonder and peace of moonlight, and went back to my canvas bed feeling less a creature of clay for the vision vouchsafed.

There is actual serenity in the fact of being drawn so close to Nature. Early morning the bunnies would lop about our door, and chaffinches, amazingly fearless, hop into the tent itself in search of crumbs.

A pair of yellow wagtails were feeding a brood in the ferns by the streamside below, and delighted us continually with their slick beauty and odd, swift little manœuvres.

A THREE-YEAR-OLD

In the adjoining wood was a kestrel's nest, and our field, which abounded in shrews, was the bird's happy hunting-ground. I often watched him hawking as I lay abed, and many were the victims captured by his cruel swoop.

As I have mentioned before, we are but fine-weather dilettante campers, and we did not make a bugbear of the preparation of meals. Should we happen to feel disinclined for cooking we used to get aboard our old car and run into the neighbouring seaside resort, shamelessly to take advantage of a restaurant there which catered for breakfast, lunch and dinner. But many of our meals were, nevertheless, prepared and cooked in the open air at a wood fire. A meal that lingers above others in the mind was that of freshly caught trout fried in deep butter, followed by a dessert of fresh raspberries and Devonshire cream—verily a feast for the gods when taken in the cool of the evening at the end of a perfect day.

Halcyon Days—and Rainy Nights

For ten days the weather held good. Halcyon days of basking and bathing and enjoying to the full the delights of countryside and seashore alike. But two days before we were due to start our homeward journey the weather broke up. Rain fell heavily in the night, and proved to us the rain-worthiness of our tent. We were not daunted by a wet morning, but breakfasted in the tent with the aid of a spirit stove, and afterwards set out clad in oilskins and armed with trowels to fill baskets of ferns to take home. We were glad, however, to resort to the car later in the morning and take lunch at a restaurant, while the proprietress kindly dried our outer garments.

The rain continued to fall all day, so we

abandoned the tent that night to take refuge at the hotel near-by, which still preserves all the pleasant features of a country house.

It seemed queer to be sleeping in sheets once more, and though a hot bath may not be as tonic as a dip in the briny, one decided it was a luxury not to be despised, after all.



There are few more disagreeable occupations than striking camp in a downpour of rain. So we were pleased indeed to find the sun shining once more next morning. After breakfast we strolled down to our field, and set to work so leisurely that it was lunch time before we had the car loaded with our equipment, and had "tidied up" until there was but a burnt patch on the grass to show where we had so recently camped.

Having made a late start, we kept on travelling until it was nearly dark, and, deciding not to pitch our tent that night, we were lucky once again in striking a delightful little inn in a haphazard way at a village just beyond Bristol.

A Bee-line for Home

The following day we made a "bee line" for home, taking the main road from Bristol to Gloucester. This proved to be the most excellent surface of any road we travelled upon, but not by any means as interesting a route as the leisurely detour we took on our way down to Devon.

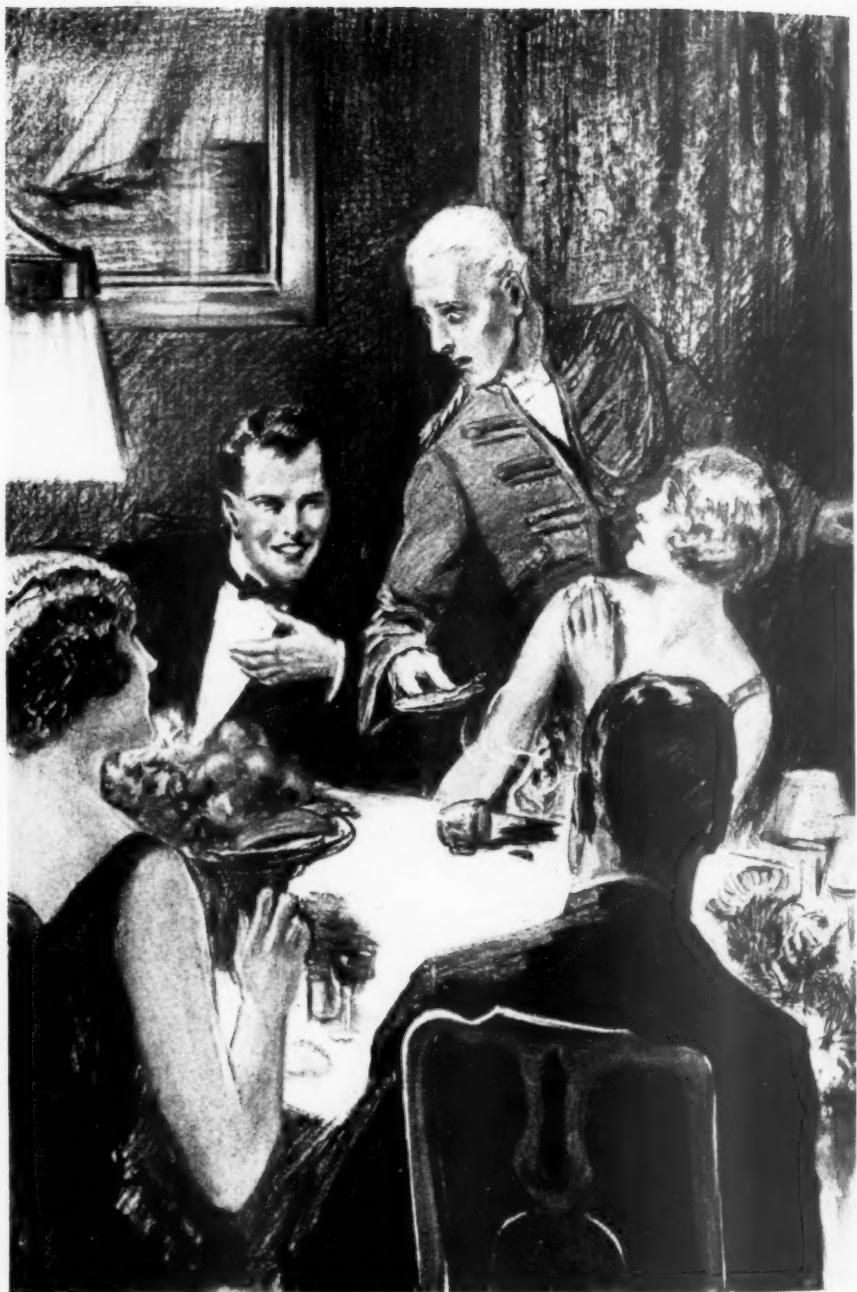
We arrived home the same afternoon after one of the most delightful holidays of a lifetime, and its outstanding charm lay in the fact that we had for once in a way, in this weary world of routine and compulsion, realized for a blissful space the childish dream of doing just exactly what we liked from hour to hour and from day to day free from all restraint.



A Three-Year-Old

*By
Agnes M.
Miall*

"Goo' morning, weather's very near to-day."
Oh baby wisdom! "Close," you meant to say.
You three-foot mimic, copying platitudes
That someone uttered, all folks' ways and moods.
You talk with every waving finger of your hands,
Your little sandalled feet make words one understands.
In you, within your knitted suit of gold,
Re-lives some great comedian of old.



"By a careless movement he jogged the elbow of a footman leaning over Biddy's shoulder, and sent a trickle of coffee spinning over her grand new frock"—p. 930

(Drawn by P. B. Hickey)

THE EAR-RING

by
Brenda E. Spender

IT was a singular and unhappy thing that the first serious quarrel which ever took place between Sub-Lieutenant Edward Wentworth, R.N., and Bridget, his wife, more suitably known as Biddy, arose from the glorious fact that the celebrated and sought-after Mrs. Mark P. Stacey had included them—unimportant and junior young people as they were—among her guests at her famous dinner party to meet the Fourth Lord of the Admiralty.

"Mrs. Mark P. has jolly well taken a fancy to you, old girl," said Sub-Lieutenant Ted, on shore for the day and strolling along the Weyport Parade towards Biddy's lodgings, thinking how awfully pretty she was when she got excited over anything, as she was over this invitation. "I don't think she's seen quite enough of me to acquire a taste for my society."

"It is the sort of thing that grows on you, I admit. . . . Oh, Ted, aren't we lucky! There are a dozen people we know who would give anything to be asked to this show. It really might possibly be a help to you . . . if we're both on our best behaviour and make a good impression."

The lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't see how . . . still, I suppose having a very pretty wife never did a fellow in the Service any harm."

Biddy squeezed his arm.

"But the prettiest wife needs a new frock sometimes. Do you think . . . is it just possible, now, we could be scraping together enough pennies for me to run up to town and get a new rig-out for it?"

Of course, every sensible man will agree that women, with the extraordinary and exaggerated importance they attach to the newness of their gowns, quite apart from their warmth, comfort and other attractions, are a little difficult at times, and will sympathize with the sudden bleakness of the young man's expression. If they were also aware of the fact that a tiresome new Service regulation, demanding a considerable

outlay on something likely to be worn perhaps five times a year, had only that morning been made known to the distinctly unenthusiastic officers of H.M.S. *Gladioli*, they might even be able to forgive him for frightening the smiles from Biddy's eyes by the grimness of his reply.

"Jolly well impossible, I should say." He told her about the new regulation, and told her harshly because he hated denying his pretty Biddy anything, hated to think that she scraped in shabby rooms on shore and lunched on sardines and cocoa, while he was feeding on the fat of the land afloat.

Partly from disappointment, partly because she was so sorry for him, and so hurt because he sounded cross, the tears stood in Biddy's blue eyes.

"Why, we've been married four years, Ted, and what with one thing and another your pay seems to be less now even than it was then."

That hurt his pride.

"I suppose you are beginning to be sorry that you were so silly as to marry a man who can't make his pile. I'd better leave the Service and try something else—I'm hanged if I know what though!"

They were at Biddy's lodgings then, and before she answered she looked round at the shabby rooms where she had sat so often, since the *Gladioli* had been stationed at Weyport, freshening up her clothes to make a good appearance on nothing, sewing such loving and longing thoughts of him and such anxious thoughts about him into her work, and her heart swelled at the injustice of his words. For a moment, had they known it, they were in danger of saying those bitter things which nothing—not tears and not kisses—ever quite silences in the heart; and then she looked at him, saw how little lines of worry were beginning to carve themselves in his young forehead and round his mouth, and the divine unselfishness of a woman who loves arose in her and swept away every angry thought.

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"If you leave the Navy—why, I'll leave you! Didn't I just take you because you were in the Service, and if you can't be a sailor, the next best thing is to marry one."

In a moment she was in his arms, the danger was over, smiles and tears were mingled in her Irish eyes.

"Bid, I'm so sorry about the frock, dear," her husband whispered.

"And if I'm as pretty as a certain flattering man tells me I'll cut them all out in my old black. Sure it wouldn't be fair if the same girl had the looks and the money . . . and himself."

So the quarrel to the last degree was averted, and in the young husband's heart no abiding impression was left save that his Biddy was not only the prettiest and cleverest girl in the world, but the sweetest and most understanding; in Biddy's nothing but an added sympathy with Ted's financial worries, and a strong disinclination to tell him that she needed anything ever again.

But it is one thing to make up your mind to suffer in silence, and quite another to persuade yourself that you are really not suffering at all. Next day, when H.M.S. *Gladioli* was at sea at torpedo practice, and all the naval wives of Weyport had nobody to expect and prepare for, she took out the black evening gown which she was now doomed to wear at Mrs. Mark P. Stacey's most celebrated, most exclusive, most desirable dinner party to meet the Fourth Lord of the Admiralty—that must never be forgotten—and shuddered when she looked at it. It didn't really deserve to be shuddered at, and it was not so very old, as some people's frocks go—that's a matter of taste—but, as Biddy said herself, it was terribly well known in Weyport society. It was one of those simple modern frocks which the best-intentioned woman cannot furnish up; the tucker and the fichu and the new trimming, which saved so much heart burning in the past, offered no assistance to Biddy Wentworth. She had no jewellery that she could part with left, and her people in Limerick were sufficiently hard up at all times with one thing and another without helping with her finery. She could only look carefully to details of gloves and shoes and stockings, and, two days before the great night, treat herself to the extravagance of a visit to the best local hairdresser, so that her little, sleek golden head at its best might carry off the deficiencies of her lower woman.

Sometimes it really does look as though everything and everybody was in conspiracy

to push one into a certain course of action. If Biddy hadn't chosen Perkin's shop instead of Patterson's because, though a shade more expensive, it was supposed to be the better, and if she hadn't been shown into one certain curtained cubicle of many, she never would have seen the ear-ring lying just behind the iron leg of the porcelain basin into which Messrs. Perkin's young lady assistant was just about to turn on a gush of hot water. And if Messrs. Perkin's young lady assistant hadn't at that instant been rather peremptorily called away, departing with a frightened "excuse me, ma'am," she would certainly have pointed it out to her instead of, at great risk of displacing the clean white cloths in which her shoulders were draped, picking it up herself. And if Messrs. Perkin's young lady assistant hadn't stayed away a perfectly unconscionable time, kept to hear a scolding from her employer, who knew well enough—Weyport knew everything about everybody in the naval set—that young Mrs. Edward Wentworth was a very unimportant and hard-up member of the "sardine and cocoa brigade," Biddy would have given it to her at once, and this story would never have been written.

As it was she sat there, slightly amused and excited, with the ear-ring in her hand, while the light from the big seaward window streaming down on it made the little diamonds set round a big ruby flash in the sunshine, and wondered if it were worth much, and whose it was, and whether—she held it up to her ear and looked at her pretty face in the glass—it would really suit her to wear ear-rings if Ted would let her. Then she fell to wondering how she would return it, and whether if she returned it through him, Mr. Perkin, who was being unconscionably rude scolding his assistant down there at the bottom of the oil-clothed stairs, and leaving her so long posed before the basin with dishevelled locks, would get a reward.

"That he shan't," she said to herself in one of her funny little flaming rages which always came and went in a moment; "I'll have the reward myself first." And she laughed at the idea, and then suddenly saw not a ruby and diamond ear-ring in her hand, but a tiny, tiny vision of herself sailing into Mrs. Mark P. Stacey's dining-room and meeting the Fourth Lord—who must never be forgotten in this history—clad anew and gloriously, for the occasion, from top to toe. And the Fourth Lord took her in to

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dinner—which on the face of it was impossible—and asked her to point out her husband—which was unlikely—and took a fancy to him straight away—which was not so remarkable in the circumstances, for Lieutenant Ted was very good to look upon—and said at once there was a glorious shore job at the Admiralty going, and did she think that Ted would care to take it at a thousand a year—which was simply a fairy-tale idea altogether.

Just then Messrs. Perkin's assistant came back, rather red-faced and very apologetic, but she saw no ear-ring. Somehow or other it had hidden itself in the inside pocket of Biddy's handbag just a moment before, perhaps just at the moment when the Fourth Lord began to take such a sudden but altogether well-merited fancy to Sub-Lieutenant Edward Wentworth and his pretty wife.

As though being a transgressor, and knowing it, was not bad enough, it has been decreed for the transgressor's sake that his way shall be hard, and Biddy's lot was no happier than any other's. Luckily, as she thought, Ted was not at home next day, so she rushed up to town by the first train and sought out the complacent little jeweller to whom already, at one crisis or another of her married life, she had sold every trinket she possessed which was not made by association too dear to be parted with in any necessity.

"You have the pair, I take it?" he asked.

"No . . . unfortunately . . . one of them is after being lost, or I wouldn't be selling this one," said Biddy, stumbling on to the truth in sheer fright.

"That's a pity. As a matter of fact, it's a pretty trinket, but the stones are not first class, and as it is only one of a pair I can only give you what the stones are worth for it."

In the end he gave her about half the sum she had counted on in her least optimistic moments. Generally Biddy Wentworth, in common with most of her countrywomen, was a good saleswoman and loved bargaining for its own sake, as one does any game at which one excels; but on this occasion she found herself extraordinarily weak and easily "set down." She had at the back of her mind a frightened feeling, as though she dreaded that someone would overhear her if she talked too much, and she didn't want them to. She came out of the jeweller's with red cheeks and a mind divided between annoyance at her bad bargain and relief because the ear-ring, which had made her

unhappy every time she had looked at it, had gone out of her keeping. It was somehow easier to believe that the little pile of bank-notes tucked into her bag was really and truly her own, to be spent just as she liked.

But to spend them just as she liked proved in its turn impossible. She found the ideal frock, tried it on, saw herself in it in the great glass in the famous West End Salon, announced herself "charmed"—she would take it.

"Oh, moddam," the salewoman's voice was contrite, "I am very sorry, I read the label wrongly; it is five guineas more than I said."

Five guineas more, and already its price was the limit of Biddy's capital.

"I must be seeing something else, then," she said, but the ideal dress was not to be forgotten. Nothing quite suitable, nothing that seemed quite worth the ear-ring, was forthcoming. Dress after dress was tried on and criticized. The shop assistant grew cynical and Biddy tired. In the end she went away to catch her train, carrying a dress box containing a creation which had cost her all she could afford, and yet was not quite certainly her frock as the ideal had been.

When she tried it on at home the next night, when she dressed for the great occasion, she was still not quite sure of it, and when Ted came into her room her heart sank because his face didn't suddenly flush and lighten, as she had hoped, at the mere sight of her standing there in her fine feathers.

"That's a new frock surely, Bids, or have you made up out of the two old ones or some piece of cleverness like that?"

"Do you like it?" she asked, because she did not dare to answer him; and when he said carelessly:

"Yes, but I like the black one better, I think," she knew that the evening was spoilt for her already.

But at first at Mrs. Mark P. Stacey's she had a little spell of success and enjoyment. Mrs. Stacey happened—this was what gave her unique importance in the eyes of the naval Weyport—to be the sister of the Fourth Lord of the Admiralty. She was a widow, and having married an American oil king she was fabulously rich; but that was in naval eyes as nothing compared with her intimate relationship with that omnipotent personality. An invitation to this dinner party, large and formal as it was,

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had been a thing which only a favoured and highly placed few had dared to count upon, and the Wentworths were by far the youngest and least important people there. Mrs. Stacey, who was little and stout and perpetually cheerful, admired Mrs. Wentworth as a very good-natured, very plain, elderly woman sometimes does admire a younger and prettier one, and she saw to it that her celebrated brother was presented to her, and really he was almost nice enough to convince Biddy that the day-dream she had dreamed at the hairdresser's, with the ear-ring in her hand, might be likely to come true. Of course, the Fourth Lord could not take anyone quite so unimportant in to dinner; but Mrs. Stacey's nephew, a cheerful boy in one of the submarines, was allotted to her. And Biddy, forgetting all her worries and very nearly losing the little uncomfortable pain in her heart which had first begun at the moment when the ear-ring crept into her handbag, and had never quite stopped since, was beginning to enjoy herself, when the nephew, rather too much at home in his aunt's house, rather too much excited by the whole atmosphere of the evening, by a careless movement jogged the elbow of a footman leaning over Biddy's shoulder, and sent a trickle of coffee spinning down over the shining green and silver of her grand new frock.

Mrs. Stacey was full of consternation, so was the criminal.

"My dear Mrs. Wentworth . . . how terrible—that careless boy . . . directly after dinner we must rush upstairs and see if my maid can sponge the stain out."

Biddy, on the verge of tears, made light of the matter with Spartan courage; but Mrs. Stacey, who, for all her money and all her luxuries, had some idea what a new frock might mean to the wife of young Ted Wentworth, was as good as her word. Directly the ladies left the room she excused herself to her other guests and took Biddy upstairs to her own room, so warm and spacious and comfortable that Biddy looked round and sighed, comparing it with her own tiny lodgings a little enviously.

"I fear that this will not remove," said Mrs. Stacey's French maid, shaking her head over the stains. "I will try, but I fear that the dress is *finis*, done for—I should say, madam. If I might take it off—so."

Biddy, wrapped up in a dressing-gown of pink silk and swansdown, sat in one of the big arm-chairs by the fire to wait the maid's return and the verdict on her frock, and,

kind but plain, little Mrs. Stacey looked at her pretty face and saw the tears in her eyes, and feared that the dress had meant even more to the owner than she had imagined. That, of course, it had, though no one could expect her to guess quite how much.

Biddy was wishing passionately that she had worn the old black one, and put down her ruined gown and her spoilt evening to her own wickedness. It was a more tragic occasion than Mrs. Stacey could possibly have imagined, for Biddy was acknowledging, what she had known in her heart all along, that she had behaved extremely badly and that now she was meeting with a just punishment.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am," said her hostess. "I know how terribly upsetting a thing like this can be. One feels so helpless. It's all done in a moment, and then one is regretting it. It's like losing anything."

"That's true," said Biddy ruefully; "but when you lose a thing it's sometimes more to you than just the price of it—like a dress. It might be something you treasured."

"Have you heard about my ear-ring?" said Mrs. Mark P. Stacey.

For a moment it seemed to Biddy that she was going to faint. Black walls seemed closing in on her. *Have you heard about my ear-ring?* Of course, it could only be one ear-ring, her ear-ring, and her ear-ring was Mrs. Mark P. Stacey's, and she had stolen it! She must have managed to say or signify a negative, for Mrs. Stacey went on explaining, and never noticed that her tearful guest had become a terrified one.

"I must have dropped it in the street, you know. I'd been to Perkin's, and I hoped it was there, but I went back directly I missed it—I missed it as soon as I got home—and they assured me it hadn't been picked up there. I should think they were honest people, wouldn't you?"

"I am quite sure of it," said Biddy so earnestly in her desire to exonerate the fair name of Mr. Perkin and his assistants from all blame, that Mrs. Stacey wondered in the back of her mind what convincing proofs of his integrity the hairdresser could have offered to Mrs. Wentworth.

"I am so glad you feel that . . . if I can't have it myself I would rather some really poor person get it; but it wasn't worth much, I'm afraid."

"But that's a good thing, isn't it?"
"In a way." Mrs. Stacey turned to her



"Mrs. Mark P. Stacey turned and stared at her most astonishing guest bewildered"—p. 932

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

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dressing-table and fidgeted with some of her ivory brushes, setting them straight first this way and then that. "I would rather," she hesitated, "it wasn't the value . . . I would rather have lost the best thing I have got in my jewel-case."

Biddy sat staring, benumbed, cold at the heart, with dread of what she began to know was coming upon her.

"You wouldn't?"
"I would."

Mrs. Stacey had opened a little leather box, she had crossed the room, she was holding her small, soft, rosy, manicured hand, palm upwards, for the other woman to see it, and on it lay an ear-ring—Biddy's ear-ring—diamonds and a ruby. Biddy closed her eyes, and opened them again at once for fear her looks might witness against her.

An impulse to get up and run came over her. If only she could get downstairs among the other guests, away from Mrs. Stacey's inquisition, and never hear anything more about it, she might be saved; but up here in Mrs. Stacey's lovely room horror was pressing down on her. She got up hastily, and the pink silk dressing-gown wrapping round her stayed her flight. She stood at bay, staring down at the little woman in black lace and pearls, and her lovely face was marred with fright and anger.

"You're after knowing who had it," she said. "Why don't you tell me?" She stood waiting for the accusation, and marvel of marvels it never came.

Little Mrs. Stacey sighed.

"I wish I did." She spoke very sadly then. "Indeed, I wish I did. I'd beg them to give it back for pity's sake. No, I'm afraid it's gone for ever."

So she hadn't known, she hadn't been trying to force a confession from guilty lips, she hadn't been acting. What is more, absorbed in her own trouble, the other's agitation had meant nothing more to her than sympathy.

"Why . . . why . . . dear Mrs. Stacey"—Biddy's voice insisted on whispering, but in that quiet carpeted room that was enough—"why do you want it back so terribly?"

"My only child, my boy . . . fought for England in the war . . . he died at Messines.

He bought me those with his first pay . . . he was very young."

A sudden realization of that boy, a millionaire's son, seeing a sort of sacredness in a lieutenant's pay because it came to him from England, because he had offered himself in her cause, contracted Biddy's heart.

The way of transgressors is hard. Biddy knew it, and knew where it had led her, and knew how difficult the rest of it would be to tread. She had got to tell, and if Mrs. Stacey chose she might be sent to prison. What would Ted do then? It would ruin him. He would have to leave the Navy . . . and yet she had got to tell. Nothing in the world could be so bad as telling, and yet it was impossible not to tell. Mrs. Stacey had turned away and was putting the ear-ring back into its case. Biddy addressed herself to the stately coils of her iron-grey hair.

"Mrs. Stacey," she said, "it was myself found your ear-ring. I sold it to a jeweller in London to get the money for the new frock I bought for your party to-night. I only sold it yesterday. I am sure you could be getting it back if you went up to town to-morrow. . . . Mrs. Stacey, you don't know how dreadful it is being poor and asked to lovely parties like this one of yours with no money for clothes. It's dreadful, but it's not so dreadful as buying a frock this way has been."

Mrs. Mark P. Stacey turned and stared at her most astonishing guest, bewildered, and, gradually realizing what she was saying, passed from anger to relief, and relief to pity—and then to understanding.

"You poor dear child," she said, and folded Biddy in two plump, affectionate arms.

"But . . . why . . . why?"
Biddy, true to her type, was crying now and no mistake about it.

"You needn't ever have told me; most people wouldn't have."

"But I had to," said Biddy.
And joyful and pleasant as the friendship between elderly Mrs. Stacey and young Mrs. Wentworth has been these many years, they have never yet arrived at an agreement as to whether it was greater virtue of Biddy to tell than it was wicked of her to sell Mrs. Stacey's ear-ring.





Gipsies in the New Forest

Photo: F. R. Hinkins

The "Travelling" Tribe

By Agnes M. Miall

"Along the road as I take my way,
With a hey and a ho and a nonny O !
And a pretty brown wife whom I love as my
life.
In a cart with an old white mare we go.
We pluck the wood from the back of the fool,
That is sent to be fleeced by the likes o' we.
There are ten commandments for Jacks at
school,
There are none for the lads on the road as
we.
So I rattle along with my jocund song,
And my heart is light, and my lungs are
strong."

THE careless words of the old folk song swing into our minds as the gypsies go by. Actually it is only the least prosperous Romany who packs his worldly goods into a cart when he travels, having no money to buy a caravan. He lacks many of the elementary necessities of life, as we should consider; he is poor as even our slum-dwellers are not poor. But the sun shines on the little cavalcade winding down the forest road, the brown faces

of the children part in smiles as they beg from the "pretty lady," and it seems that all romance, mystery and adventure wrap the wanderers about. To the *kairengro* (house-dweller) there is a strong fairy-tale element about the "travelleis," as the gypsies call themselves, which makes a caravan lure one to the window to gaze as inevitably as a fire engine does in town.

How we love the Romanies—as passers-by, as a picturesque procession! But when they camp near us, the picture changes sharply. Then they are the outcasts who rob hen roosts and spoil fields with their camp fires; the ruffians who frighten women on lonely rambles by their importunate beggings; the snarers of private hares, the stealers of private turnips, which they deftly cut with their pocket-knives into wonderful imitations of white flowers to sell by the roadside.

A figure of romance. A scoundrelly vagrant. As one or other we think of the gypsies who wander the length and breadth



"Where my caravan has rested"

Photo F. S. Haskins

of England all the year round. But surely the one picture is too good, the other too bad, to be true? What of the real gipsy, as he appears not to the *gorgios* who get such fleeting glimpses of him, but to his Romany kin?

To begin with, though they have wandered in England these many centuries, they are anything but English. Gipsies "keep themselves to themselves" so much that the pure race is hardly mingled at all with the blood of their adopted country. The Romany is not even European; those who have studied gipsies so long and sympathetically as to have won their confidence at last all agree about this. The old idea was that "gipsy" was a corruption of Egyptian and that the nomad race originally came from North Africa; but modern researches favour the theory that the Romany tribe came from India, where they were of low caste—were, in fact, wandering pariahs and unbelievers.

If this was their origin, then they have not changed essentially. They are still "travellers" born in the open air, who would stifle under a roof; still outcasts to whom the policeman is a figure of terror, and whose livelihood is so hard to come by that they are not too scrupulous as to the means they use to procure it. And among themselves, in all the wide freemasonry of the road which is hardly suspected by

us, the *gorgios*, they invariably speak the Romany tongue, which students describe as an elder sister of Sanscrit, incorporating also many Persian words. The very word Romany is taken to mean children of Rom or Rama, the great figure in Hindu mythology.

Life in so closely cultivated a country as England is beset with difficulties for the wandering tribe, who often in a whole day's journey have difficulty in finding waste land where they can *hatch their tan*—make a night's stay. For this reason, though they are to be seen occasionally all over the country, especially in summer on the roads leading to or from a big fair, they tend to congregate especially in one or two districts which offer wide expanses of unenclosed land such as the New Forest. Its many miles of sun-dappled glades and open commons are always infested with Romany cascades, and a certain heath between the Forest and the sea serves as a more or less permanent encampment for the gipsies of Southern England.

Not that these nomads are ever content to remain even in an open-air centre all the year through. Oh, no! The camp is merely a headquarters where the gipsies know they can turn their steps any time without fear of being molested by the authorities. But always they are coming and going rest-

THE "TRAVELLING" TRIBE

lessly; day by day the number of tents and caravans pitched there ebbs and flows. For gipsies, like all of us, have a livelihood to get, and whatever their line may be it is certain to be one which involves much travelling.

This must be so, if one remembers that they abhor towns and town jobs. In the country, unless one has land to cultivate—a thing unknown among the Romany tribe—trade is so small in each place that a constant moving on is necessary. So the gipsy is tramp, beggar, or house-to-house pedlar of pottery, baskets he has woven from withies, clothes pegs he has whittled from branches of wayside trees. Again, he may be the proprietor of a travelling show, a dealer in horses or a keeper of the Aunt Sally stall—and in all these capacities his living is made by journeying from one fair and racecourse to another. Such wandering wage-earners may deny (to *gorgios*) that they are gipsies or can *rakker Romany* (speak Romany); but almost always they are of the "travelling" tribe. Dickens has inimitably described many Romany types, though apparently quite unaware of their gipsy origin, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

One man who made a close study of the gipsies has asserted that every travelling scissors-grinder is a pure or half-caste Romany and can speak the language if he will. Other gipsies sometimes pay their way by acting as professional rat-catchers.

A livelihood to a Romany, however, implies far less than even to the most destitute of *gorgios* in some dirty back street. The gipsy shows his Oriental origin in many ways, but in none more so than in the very little, materially speaking, which he asks of life.

The Romany, who has no religion, carries out Christ's commands to his disciples to journey forth without making provision for their needs far more closely than any Christian. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the true Romany subsists simply by loafing and stealing. His record isn't always clear of the latter indictment, certainly, but the outcast who has been persecuted or avoided by society for centuries (laws were passed against gipsies as long ago as the reign of Henry VIII) seldom has much respect for society's code. Yet the Romany does work very hard for trivial sums which our own poor would despise.



A typical
New Forest scene

Photo :
F. R. Hinkling

THE QUIVER

For him they suffice, for he has no standard of comfort, according to our ideas, and the nomad is untroubled by certain responsibilities. As the folk song says:

"I pay no taxes, am charged no rent,
With a hey, with a ho and a nonny O,
As I ramble along with my little old tent,
That is home to my life and me, hey ho!"

Food, too, is not the problem it is with us, for no one is less fastidious than the gipsy or cleverer in getting his meals from spinney and hedgerow.

"I was born in the open air," said a gipsy to Leland, "and put me down anywhere, in the fields and woods, I can always support myself. We had cocks' heads for dinner today and there's nothing better than a hedgehog."

Hedgehog, indeed, is a typical gipsy dish, and the photograph opposite shows it being skinned and dressed for a meal. Its flesh is so much prized by the nomad that an old Romany woman, with more glimmerings of religion in her than most of her race, once dreamt of heaven, and her conception of it was a large garden full of fine fat hedgehogs!

As for comfort, what would we *gorgios* think of living in a home-made tent all the winter through and not owning a single chair, bedstead or cooking range? Actually the tent life of the gypsies, as it is seen in the permanent Hampshire camp or along the wayside when they are travelling, must be very little superior in comfort and civiliza-

tion to the wandering existence led by the patriarchs of the Old Testament.

The tents themselves are of a primitive variety that would be despised by up-to-date Boy Scouts, but might well be copied by them for some of their features. Some of the illustrations show their semicircular arched shape, and the caravans of the wealthier members of the tribe have similar semicircular roofs or tilts which lift off to form tents when more space is needed during encampment.

The gipsy makes his own tent, as he provides his own food, largely from the materials with which the New Forest, or whatever his temporary home may be, supplies him. The arched framework is very strongly but simply made of hazel or ash rods bent over and fitted in a ridge-pole, which has holes in it for their reception made by the primitive method of heating a pointed iron in the open fire.

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THE "TRAVELLING" TRIBE

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Elementary lamps, consisting of a cup



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Photo:
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"Where my caravan has rested"

Photo: F. R. Hinkins

of England all the year round. But surely the one picture is too good, the other too bad, to be true? What of the real gipsy, as he appears not to the *gorgios* who get such fleeting glimpses of him, but to his Romany kin?

To begin with, though they have wandered in England these many centuries, they are anything but English. Gipsies "keep themselves to themselves" so much that the pure race is hardly mingled at all with the blood of their adopted country. The Romany is not even European; those who have studied gipsies so long and sympathetically as to have won their confidence at last all agree about this. The old idea was that "gipsy" was a corruption of Egyptian and that the nomad race originally came from North Africa; but modern researches favour the theory that the Romany tribe came from India, where they were of low caste--were, in fact, wandering pariahs and unbelievers.

If this was their origin, then they have not changed essentially. They are still "travellers" born in the open air, who would stifle under a roof; still outcasts to whom the policeman is a figure of terror, and whose livelihood is so hard to come by that they are not too scrupulous as to the means they use to procure it. And among themselves, in all the wide freemasonry of the road which is hardly suspected by

us, the *gorgios*, they invariably speak the Romany tongue, which students describe as an elder sister of Sanscrit, incorporating also many Persian words. The very word Romany is taken to mean children of Rom or Rama, the great figure in Hindu mythology.

Life in so closely cultivated a country as England is beset with difficulties for the wandering tribe, who often in a whole day's journey have difficulty in finding waste land where they can *hatch their tan*--make a night's stay. For this reason, though they are to be seen occasionally all over the country, especially in summer on the roads leading to or from a big fair, they tend to congregate especially in one or two districts which offer wide expanses of unenclosed land such as the New Forest. Its many miles of sun-dappled glades and open commons are always infested with Romany cavalades, and a certain heath between the Forest and the sea serves as a more or less permanent encampment for the gipsies of Southern England.

Not that these nomads are ever content to remain even in an open-air centre all the year through. Oh, no! The camp is merely a headquarters where the gipsies know they can turn their steps any time without fear of being molested by the authorities. But always they are coming and going rest-

THE "TRAVELLING" TRIBE

lessly; day by day the number of tents and caravans pitched there ebbs and flows. For gipsies, like all of us, have a livelihood to get, and whatever their line may be it is certain to be one which involves much travelling.

This must be so, if one remembers that they abhor towns and town jobs. In the country, unless one has land to cultivate—a thing unknown among the Romany tribe—trade is so small in each place that a constant moving on is necessary. So the gipsy is tramp, beggar, or house-to-house pedlar of pottery, baskets he has woven from withies, clothes pegs he has whittled from branches of wayside trees. Again, he may be the proprietor of a travelling show, a dealer in horses or a keeper of the Aunt Sally stall—and in all these capacities his living is made by journeying from one fair and racecourse to another. Such wandering wage-earners may deny (to *gorgios*) that they are gipsies or can *rakker Romany* (speak Romany); but almost always they are of the "travelling" tribe. Dickens has imitatively described many Romany types, though apparently quite unaware of their gipsy origin, in "The Old Curiosity Shop."

One man who made a close study of the gipsies has asserted that every travelling scissors-grinder is a pure or half-caste Romany and can speak the language if he will. Other gipsies sometimes pay their way by acting as professional rat-catchers.

A livelihood to a Romany, however, implies far less than even to the most destitute of *gorgios* in some dirty back street. The gipsy shows his Oriental origin in many ways, but in none more so than in the very little, materially speaking, which he asks of life.

The Romany, who has no religion, carries out Christ's commands to his disciples to journey forth without making provision for their needs far more closely than any Christian. It is quite a mistake to suppose that the true Romany subsists simply by loafing and stealing. His record isn't always clear of the latter indictment, certainly, but the outcast who has been persecuted or avoided by society for centuries (laws were passed against gipsies as long ago as the reign of Henry VIII) seldom has much respect for society's code. Yet the Romany does work very hard for trivial sums which our own poor would despise.



A typical
New Forest scene.

Photo:
F. R. Hinkins

THE QUIVER

For him they suffice, for he has no standard of comfort, according to our ideas, and the nomad is untroubled by certain responsibilities. As the folk song says:

"I pay no taxes, am charged no rent,
With a hey, with a ho and a nonny O,
As I ramble along with my little old tent,
That is home to my life and me, hey ho!"

Food, too, is not the problem it is with us, for no one is less fastidious than the gipsy or cleverer in getting his meals from spinney and hedgerow.

"I was born in the open air," said a gipsy to Leland, "and put me down anywhere, in the fields and woods, I can always support myself. We had cocks' heads for dinner today and there's nothing better than a hedgehog."

Hedgehog, indeed, is a typical gipsy dish, and the photograph opposite shows it being skinned and dressed for a meal. Its flesh is so much prized by the nomad that an old Romany woman, with more glimmerings of religion in her than most of her race, once dreamt of heaven, and her conception of it was a large garden full of fine fat hedgehogs!

As for comfort, what would we *gorgios* think of living in a home-made tent all the winter through and not owning a single chair, bedstead or cooking range? Actually the tent life of the gypsies, as it is seen in the permanent Hampshire camp or along the wayside when they are travelling, must be very little superior in comfort and civiliza-

tion to the wandering existence led by the patriarchs of the Old Testament.

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secrets of their clients, there is little doubt that many Romanies of the true blood have a very real psychic talent, natural to their Oriental temperament and increased by centuries of cultivation. One has only to gaze at a passing gipsy of a good type, and to note the keen and mystical eyes, to respect their unusual insight—if not to believe every word said when you have crossed one of their dark hands with silver.

Sometimes palmistry is the medium of interpretation, but most gipsy women prefer cards. Lucy Lee—Gipsy Lee, as she was called—of the Romany blood royal, told fortunes at the Devil's Dyke for twenty-six years, and by real knowledge or by shrewdness made so much money *dukkerin* that she used to live at Brighton and drive over every day in her own carriage. She taught her particular art of card-reading to an old lady I know, and from many séances with her pupil I can at least declare that many of her prophecies have come true to the letter.

One thing which used to puzzle me was that so many cards in the pack signified the police, so that apparently one's life was one long jumble of bobbies and detectives! But Lucy Lee, who taught those meanings, was a gipsy, to whom the police necessarily represented the prohibitory and obstructive force in life. It is who order



"My donkey, pretty lady"
"Mande's milor rinkeni rawni"

Photo:
F. R. Hawkes

them off private ground, who arrest them for fortune-telling, poaching and other delinquencies. When I realized this, and for police in the cards read a hitch or hostility, I found that the results were remarkably accurate.

Oi no race is it truer than of the Romanies that all men's hands are against them, and that their hands are against all men. The *patteran*, or system of signs, is a noteworthy example of the way they combine for their own protection against the forces of law and order. The song—

"Where my caravan has rested,
Flowers I leave you on the grass"



A Romany
Nursemaid

Photo:
F. R. Hawkes

commemorates in poetical fashion a universal Romany custom. If one caravan of a group moves off first, it indicates the way taken for those following by strewing some sign at cross-roads or

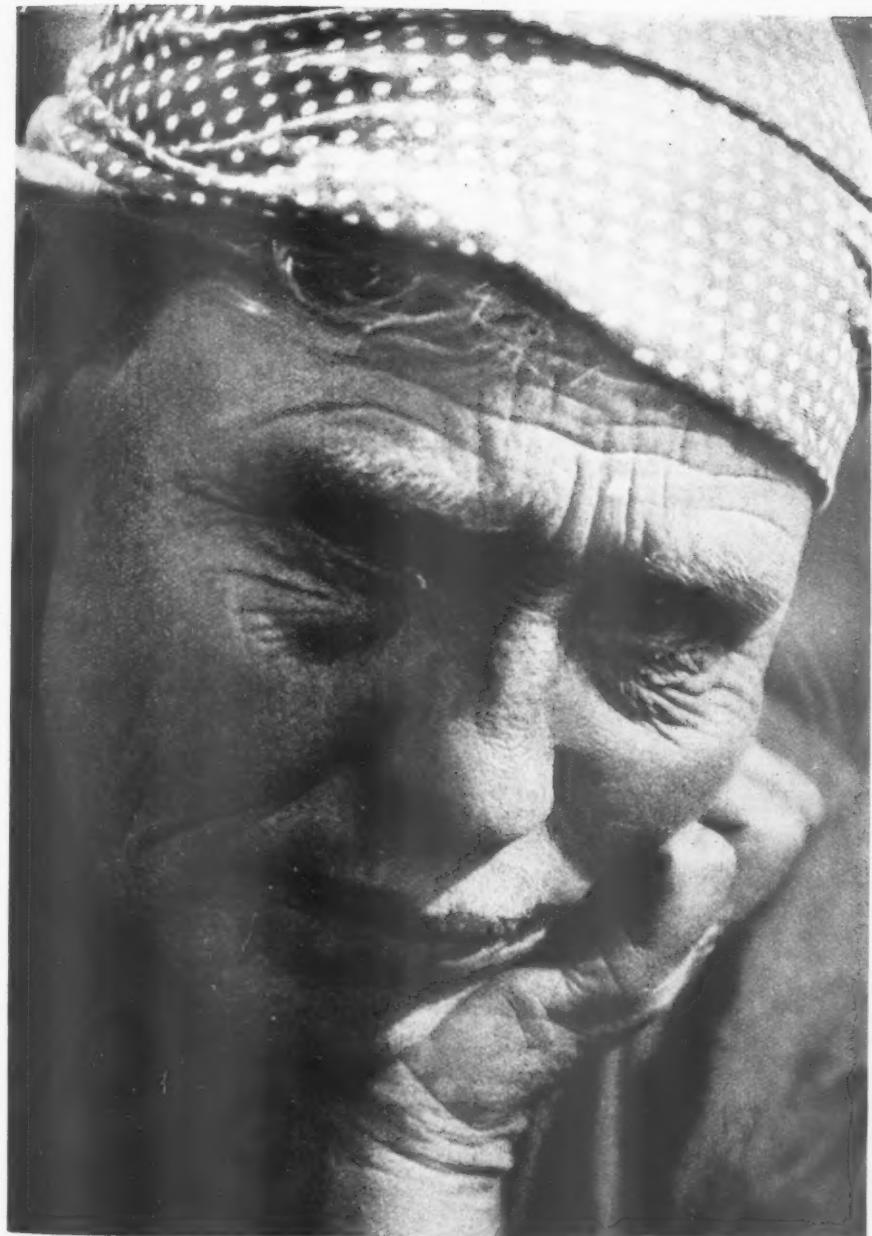


Photo : F. G. Dinkins

The Lines in the Face
A Gipsy Study, from the New Forest.

THE QUIVER

other points of divergence. I'm afraid the gipsy isn't quite romantic enough to go and pick flowers for so prosaic an occasion. His usual plan is to scatter some mark of his trade, such as chips remaining after shaping clothes pegs or the reeds he uses for his baskets. Thus not only can his trail be followed, but those coming after him usually know which of their tribe made it. Other elaborate *patteran* is in use to indicate which houses are good to beggars, which keep fierce dogs, and so on.

It is a fascinating pastime, when one makes holiday in the New Forest, to watch for *patteran* and try to read its language. Waterside reeds flung down in a broad glade far from any stream are there for a purpose; soil quite different from that of the locality, found scattered where roads meet, is the trail of gypsies who have come many miles from a distant fair.

And presently, tracing the *patteran* absorbedly mile after mile, one comes to the night's encampment—a caravan or two gaily

painted in green or yellow, with its door swinging open in the summer air and the humbler tents clustering in lowly fashion about the wheels. The dark, lithe, ear-ringed men are tethering the horses in the bushes round or bringing in heaps of bracken for beds.

From the fire at the camp's heart rises the tempting odour of rabbit stew or fried hedgehog, and dogs, dozing on the grass round, sniff expectantly when the wind blows their way. A little girl, much strung about with beads, minds an active baby, and shouts shrilly in Romany to other children at play. A busy, foreign vagrant group, leading a life that is probably nearer to Nature than any other which exists in the midst of civilization.

The meal is cooked and eaten; the daylight dies in softest pink and purple. The camp grows very quiet, very peaceful. For as the Romany proverb says, as consolation for every hardship, "There is a sweet sleep at the end of a long road."



Early Morning:
A Scene in the New Forest

Photo :
F. R. Hinkins

Grey Lag the Leader

by
H. Mortimer Batten, F.Z.S.

HERE was no sign of danger till the gunshot sounded, when instantly the wild geese rose from the river pasture where they had been feeding. The wise old leader of the flight had judged exactly where the hidden gunner lay—knew that the man had crept down the wood edge to the corner of the big field—but the shot he had taken was a hopelessly long shot, so long that the pellets would have done little more than pepper the cacklers had they reached at all. All this the leader knew, but there was one thing he did not know—that the shot was never intended to harm them.

So, with a heavy “swish-swish-swish,” the wild geese rose, honking softly; then, as they caught the wind, they drew out at once into wedge formation, the leader at the apex, and away they went northwards, steadily mounting. But they had not made three hundred yards when the leader rose vertically, and with a gigantic wrench from the line of travel he turned right about, throwing his fellows into instant confusion, as each and all of them tried to do the same. In a moment they were scattered, wheeling in all directions, and it was then that there followed another gunshot, quickly followed by a third, and again the leader was seen to swerve in his flight. But with a reassuring honk, he carried steadily on, while the hidden sportsman, whose guess that the birds would head upwind when disturbed by the first shot had proved correct, now cursed his luck at not having dropped a single bird.

But as he watched a strange thing happened. The geese, following their leader, began to descend, to plane steadily down, as though intent upon alighting at the north end of the loch. But to the man's surprise they did not get so far, for the leader settled heavily fully fifty yards from the water's edge, and his followers settled with him. The sportsman did not know

what to make of it, but the keeper, at whose instigation the whole movement had been carried into effect, understood. Climbing the hedge into the pasture, he showed his retriever the wild geese, and told him to “go fetch them.”

That dog was fast, and he lost no time. Away over the sodden field he went with a thunder of paws, and the keeper, funnelling his hands, shouted to his employer: “Leader down!”

Not till the dog was quite near the wild geese did they rise—all but one. A time or two the flight circled, looking down with wondering incomprehension at the one which, because he had been the wisest, had become their leader. But even now that leader was wise, for, deprived of the power of flight, he did the only thing left to him to do.

The wounded wing had already stiffened, but, flapping his best, Grey Lag made for the loch, the dog now at his very heels. At the margin it caught him up, but with a mighty effort the old goose rose four feet into the air, the dog's jaws clicked beneath his breast, then, head over heels, the retriever went down the steep banking into the water.

Both men were running up now, but they had a long way to run. They saw the Grey Lag gain the water and set off, paddling and flapping, for the island ninety yards out. Of course, the dog followed, while meantime the remaining geese were still circling overhead, higher and higher, watching their unhappy clansman.

“Did you shoot at two of them, sir?” panted the keeper, as the men joined company in the centre of the field.

“No, only one,” was the breathless reply. “The one in front.”

The keeper scratched his head. “That's queer,” he observed. “I saw a second bird fall out of line and pitch into the rushes on the far side of the island. That's two wounded birds in the water.”

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"With a mighty effort the old goose
rose four feet into the air"—p. 941

When they got up, the old leader had safely gained the great patch of rushes far out from the shore, and could not be seen, though the retriever was vigorously quarreling the island. Then, as they watched, the goose rose from almost under the dog's paws on the far side of the patch, and made a flapping dash for the water, alighting several feet out. The dog followed immediately, and there ensued another swimming contest, the goose just able to keep ahead by dint of desperate flappings and paddlings. It was heading away from the two men and straight towards the opposite shore.

"I believe that's the bird I saw pitch," announced the keeper. "Anyway, the dog'll get him when he has to land, if not before."

But the dog never did get that goose, for, having led that faithful beast fully a hundred yards from the island, the goose rose on powerful, irresistible wings, and with a mocking "honk-honk" rapidly climbed into the dull grey of the heavens.

For a moment both men stood speechless at the farcical conclusion of what should have been the crowning glory of the chase, then the keeper spoke.

"Well, I'm blessed!" was his quite unwarranted conclusion. "Did you ever see the like of that before?"

But his employer stood with a puzzled expression. "That bird wasn't scratched," he said presently. "What on earth does it mean?"

It was many seconds before the keeper answered. He was apparently busy with his own thoughts, also he was watching his dog, which, the island now clean outside its line of travel, was swimming straight towards them. It was a long swim for her, and the water was so deadly cold that the man was afraid she might not make it.

"That's my opinion—not even scratched," the keeper said at length. "I saw her leave the flight and come down in the rushes, which the wounded bird was heading for with the dog hard behind. I've seen geese sham lameness to lead you away from their young, but never before at this time of year."

Thereafter the thoughts of the men were diverted, for their dog, feeling that she must retrieve something, had laid hold of a floating mass of sedges fully a hundred yards from shore. Those sedges were anchored to the loch bed, with the result that the retriever, apparently unaware that she was not making headway, swam steadily for several minutes, while the keeper roared and whistled and bellowed, and his companion looked on helplessly. At length the keeper took off his jacket and rolled up his sleeves—force of habit, no doubt, rising

GREY LAG THE LEADER

from the realization that a stiff job was before him.

"What are you going to do?" inquired his employer impotently.

"Do?" shouted the keeper. "I'm going to lose my dog, sir—that's what I'm going to do." And one knew from the tone of his voice that he loved his dog.

Not till the hauser of sedges became entangled with her legs, capsizing her and making her gasp for breath, did the retriever let go her useless load, then on she came, slowly shorewards. But in the end the keeper waded in to his shoulders to pull her out, which, to an unprejudiced onlooker, was a gigantic victory for the wild geese.

"The wounded bird is still on the island, sir," said the keeper regretfully, having emptied his master's flask and strapped his game bag, containing the exhausted dog, over his shoulder. He was, at any rate, true to his job. "I don't like leaving a wounded bird."

"Then," said the other, "since you seem to like cold water, suppose you swim over and nose it out. That's the only way." He turned on his heel. "Come away, mon," he added. "You'll get your death of cold."

But at the keeper's threshold at the north end of the loch his employer asked a final question. "Sandy," he said, "do wild geese mate for life?"

"To the best of my knowledge, they do, sir."

"Hur!" grunted the other, evidently satisfied. "Now get a good stiff dram, and away to your bed!"

H

It was almost dark by then, and as the dim December night descended, with no colour, no light, along the levels of the loch, one might have heard in the heavens above the subdued honk and cackle of wild geese, drawing slowly earthwards towards the reed-covered island. And from the island now and then a clear, clari-ton-like answer came.

Thus, knowing now that the coast was clear, the leader's pack came down to join him, and at the apex of the wedge another had taken his place—she who had fooled the dutiful retriever. He was out on the open water to meet them, and for a time all ducked and splashed, gleeful at the reunion; then, their troubles seemingly for-

gotten, they fed along the grassy margins through the hours of darkness, just as they would have done had man never interfered.

But with the dawn remembrance came. Old Grey Lag, the leader, craned his neck and called his fellows round him; then, head on to the wind, he spread his wide wings—rather, he spread one of them, but the other remained stiffly at his side. Again he honked and rallied and stretched his neck, but—he could not rise, he could not rise. Daylight, cold and cheerless, flitted over the leaden waters. Already the roe-deer were down from the birch wood to drink, already the grey hens were in the fringe of loch-side birches, then, the time overdue, the deputy leader took the lead, and up and away they went—all save the one who sat and watched with wistful incomprehension.

So into the cloudy skies they rose, still calling to him, then south towards those regions which call the grey lags when the frost king is about to unsheathe his sword. Earthbound and alone, he who should have been their leader could only watch them go, knowing that when again dusk fell they would be many leagues away.

But the wild geese are understanding folk, wise in a wondrous wisdom of their own, and not for long was he to remain alone, for the one which had taken his place, the deputy leader, turned and soared as a goose soars only when it leaves the line. The gap closed, and the wedge bore on, straight and true, with steady, masterful strokes, which ate up the miles, till their "honk-honk-honk" was swallowed in the endless space. But the goose which had left the line, soaring awhile as an eagle soars, dropped back to join her mate, to whom the freedom of the heavens was today denied.

A day or two later the keeper, having watched through his glasses, told his employer that there were two wild geese on the loch, one sound, the other disabled.

"Well," said the shooting tenant, "you keep an eye on them. Tell me when you write what happens. Don't disturb them, and don't let any other body disturb them. If the wounded bird can't fly, he and his mate may become resident on the loch and breed there."

Thus, on the day following, the man who had fired the fatal shot returned to his desk and to the world of time-tables and rumbling wheels, but he had, at any rate, one story to tell in his club.

THE QUIVER

III

THE frost came, and for a time the keeper's diary, which he sent weekly to his employer, ran like this:

"December 12th.—Twenty-two degrees of frost last night. Loch covered with thin ice, thickness of a sheet of paper. I saw a big band of coots settle on the water, breaking the ice—a sign of keen weather, I reckon. Hundreds of smaller wild fowl are on the loch. Never saw so many. I reckon the frost is driving them in. Both wild geese about the island."

"December 13th.—Twenty-four degrees to-night. Loch frozen over save about a three-acre patch where the river enters. Geese can still plough through the ice, and both of them been busy cutting channels everywhere, which the coots and water hens and wild duck follow. They are being useful as ice breakers for the smaller birds, which otherwise could not get about except for the steadily narrowing patch where the river flows in."

"December 14th.—Thirty-four degrees! Geese could not break ice to-day. Two swans arrived this evening. Must be six hundred to a thousand birds packed over the two-acre patch where the river enters. Water fairly black with them, and covered with scum of oil and feathers. Geese stick to island."

"December 15th.—Keenest frost yet. Bright sunshine. Not nearly so many birds on the frozen patch, though the geese and swans are still there. Seems most of the coots are gone down river to the tidal waters. Everything migrating south. Found a white owl with its claws clenched on a water hen at the water's edge. Both dead, frozen stiff to the ice."

"December 16th.—Still freezing hard. Sixteen degrees in the porch now. Swans went this morning. Fresh pack of coots arrived mid-day, but went on downstream almost immediately. No grub for them, I suppose. Geese going strong. Two peregrines flew over open water—about an acre—this evening, and tried to flush the wild duck, but duck would not stir. One of the falcons made a dive at a dabchick, which submerged, and wounded goose dashed at falcon like a wild cat. Struck at him with sound wing and drove him off. Some birds, they grey lag!"

"December 17th.—Hard as ever. Grey hens down in hundreds in birches this morning. McLaughlin reports seeing a

pack of foxes in high country. Picked up young roebuck, choked through eating chunk of hardwood. Red deer trailing down into the glens in long strings. Wish you could see them, sir. The two grey lags kept on calling and answering with my tame geese this afternoon. Reckon I'll have to put some grub down for them. Wonder the sound bird doesn't fly off to the sea instead of sticking along with her wounded mate. Seems she's forgotten how to fly."

But the keeper had no way of knowing what hard times these really were for the grey lags, for the grey lag is a ground feeder, and it is against his nature to live on the water as the wild ducks do. Still, the man's heart had softened towards them for their fidelity, and the following afternoon he told his little girl to drive their own domestic geese down to the water's edge and feed them there, so that the two wild geese might join their meal. Being wise in the ways of the wild, the keeper knew well that they would be less afraid of the little girl than of such as him.

So the train of food was left in a line along the eat-ice, and while the little girl sauntered home with her bucket and the tame geese fed, the keeper watched through his glasses. He knew the wounded bird by the set of its injured wing, and when the tame geese had finished what they could, and were marching in sedate procession homewards, the man saw the wounded bird trying to coax its mate to come and finish what remained. But, hungry though she was, it was not for her to accept from the hand of man, so eventually the old gander went up and fed alone.

Here, then, was a strange difference which the keeper entered in his notes—the one which still possessed its natural powers, wild born, wild still, refusing man's aid, while the other, fallen upon hard times, robbed of its native gifts, was prepared to accept from man.

Next day a touching scene took place on that patch of open water, which the wild geese now had almost to themselves. Most of the smaller birds had flown away, and many, many had succumbed to the sword of the frost king. The uninjured bird rose into the air, calling to her mate and circling while she called. He answered, and many times he spread his sound wing, yet the other remained rigid, and he could only stare longingly after her. So she came back, talked to him, encouraged him,

GREY LAG THE LEADER

seemed almost to plead with him, then again she rose with her clear, trumpet-like signal, bidding him mount the heavens with her. But still he, the impotent, the earthbound, could only watch her go. So a dozen times that day she rose and returned, and it was not till the glory of the sunset, when a thousand, thousand gulls whirled and screamed and flashed above the frozen waters, that she went, flying straight and true for the south, and calling, calling, till her voice was lost in the distance.

And so farewell, my best beloved. In this world of ours it cannot be otherwise, and I—deprived of the power of flight, which is to a wild bird more, even more, than the power of sight to any living thing—must remain alone!

IV

It is a strange fact that a wild creature possessing its full powers asks only to live its life in complete independence of man, whereas the shyest of them, falling upon hard times, will sometimes forget its well-founded fear and distrust, and turn to man as an understanding friend. Among our wild birds, there is none shyer than the wild geese, and none which has better cause to regard man with unrelenting suspicion.

Long and cruel was that cold snap. The robin took to entering the village inn and perching on the pump handle. Once, indeed, he perched on the glass of a tipsy reveller, as that worthy was in the act of raising the glass to his lips. And the keeper saw more varieties of wild fowl than he had ever seen before. As for old Grey Lag, he, once the shyest, wariest, ever the



WARWICK REYNOLDS

"The uninjured bird rose into the air, calling to her mate and circling while she called"

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

first to see man and to warn his fellows, now acquired a new understanding. He seemed to consider himself above the tame geese, and would never associate with them, though always he answered their call notes. Each evening the little girl went down to the loch to feed him. At first he would not take the food till she was gone, then he learnt to feed at her feet, and from this it was but one step to feeding from the big galvanized spoon. Then one evening, evidently unsatisfied, he followed her home, and she fed him in the porch. That night he slept on an old sack inside the porch, which was a very wise choice, for it snowed heavily.

So the fear of mankind dwindled, and

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Grey Lag attached himself to the Little homestead. It seemed that a new sense, and one entirely foreign to his nature, was coming into his life—the love of the little girl who fed him. When the time was due for her to return from school, he would squat at the gate waiting for her, and when she came, this solitary bird would cackle and chuckle and follow her to the door. By these quaint, quiet ways he was winning the hearts of them all.

From this it was but one step to following her down the road when the school bell rang, and so to the village, and thus a new order opened. For, while the children were in school, old Grey Lag, once wild as the wind, with all the infinite heavens at his bidding, would stroll about the village, or lie waiting with his head between the iron rails which surrounded the school playground.

He had acquired many friends, for most of the little people came some distance, and carried their midday meal with them, and they were happy for Grey Lag to share it. In the village the unique bird became a bit of a character, and there were many who would not believe that he was once wild and free. He would make way for nothing. If the mail-van or the motor-coach came down when the old goose had settled him-self in the centre of the road, no amount of hooting or whip-cracking would induce him to stir. There he would squat, blind and deaf to all, and such traffic as there was had to manoeuvre round him as best it could.

One evening, after another heavy fall of snow, the keeper's little girl returned home breathless and on the verge of tears. She said that, owing to the softness of the snow, old Grey Lag had given it up and settled himself to sleep for the night in the centre of the road. She had tried to carry him, but he was too heavy, and she was sure the fox would get him. So Sandy laughed down her fears, and set out to bring old Grey Lag home, returning shortly with the bird tucked under his arm. A little while later he said to his wife: "I took a look at his injured wing, and he'll never fly again. Of that I'm sure. The middle joint is healed up quite solid, so I reckon he's here for life."

Yet perhaps old Grey Lag was blessed among his kind. Truly the freedom of the

heavens was never again to be his, but he had learnt man's tenderness, and in the wild, man's heedless cruelty would have moulded all his ways. By that he had fallen, and yet to rise to a new understanding—the love of man's little sons and daughters.

So the days went by, and spring came with its multitudinous piping, whistling hosts high in the heavens, borne on their world-old procession inland from the sea. Even old Grey Lag felt it, for he spread his sound wing, and day after day he stood on a mound honking and trumpeting and watching the skies. Day after day, and sometimes even at night, his clear, bugle-like notes rang forth, and ever he seemed to be searching, ever watching the heavens. Sometimes he saw other wild geese fly overhead, and they would answer him, and how he would flap and crane his neck as they went on, remorselessly on, across the blue. So, with all the dawning of the spring, he, the earthbound, could play no part in that great pageant of nature.

But one day Sandy saw a thing he would not have missed. He heard an answering honk in the heavens, and looking up he saw a great string of grey lags heading north. The old goose on the grassy mound called and craned and called, and as Sandy watched, the goose which led the wild, free band in the heavens turned in its flight, dropped out of line, and began to soar. Then down, slowly down, it came, finally to hit the water with a splash within fifty yards of the island, and thither, hurrying as he had never hurried since the day when the retriever pursued him, old Grey Lag made his way.

"I reckon you were right, sir," Sandy wrote his employer some days later. "His wife has come back, and they are both of them exploring the island. You should have seen the fuss when she arrived. I thought he was going to swallow her! It looks now as though they are going to nest on the island, because they are both carrying about bunches of rushes. It seems to me wonderful that she should have returned after all those months, and I reckon I was right in thinking that wild geese mate for life. Unless I am mistaken, we shall have our resident wild geese after all."

They did, save that those grey lags were not wild. They knew too much for that.



The Charm of a Walking Tour

Some Hints and Suggestions

By
Major J. Gorman

FROM the very first that I came from Ireland I have been plying folk to Walk. The young fellows have begun a kind of fashion to walk, and many of them have got swingeing strong shoes on purpose. It has got as far as several of the young lords; if it hold, it would be a very good thing."

Thus, in 1711, more than two centuries ago, Dean Swift wrote of walking, and many great men before and since his time have praised it and practised it.

The Tramp of Feet

All history resounds, when one thinks of it, with the tramp of feet. Listening, we seem to hear the footfalls of the Israelites, setting forth from Egypt for those forty years in the wilderness—Xenophon's twelve thousand on their mighty march—the legions of Cæsar and Napoleon crossing the Alps—the footsore, weary army of Sir John Moore in the glorious retreat to Corunna—the steady plodding of the Pilgrims, all through the Middle Ages, walking—always walking—to the shrines of their religion.

And to come down to more homely things, the highways and by-ways of England, for those with imagination, are haunted by the spirits of great men, who found their chief happiness in walking—Hazlitt and Lamb, Borrow, and Meredith and Stevenson.

That walking is good for the body is undoubted. It employs almost every muscle, and that more safely and gently than in violent sports; it improves the circulation and calms the nerves.

It must be remembered that Turner would never have become the world-renowned artist he was had he not also been an indefatigable walker. All his earliest good work was done on walking tours. He tramped sometimes from twenty to twenty-five miles in a day, taking lightning sketches which were afterwards worked up, sleeping at small wayside inns and carrying all his possessions in a bundle slung over a stick.

Of course, it is not always possible to compress one's belongings on a walking tour on a walking-stick after Turner's

fashion, but, at the same time, it is of the first importance that one should not be overburdened, and therefore the question of the minimum kit required should be given a great deal of consideration beforehand.

This is only of extreme importance when one is going to *carry* it; if the walking is to be done from some centre in a district, returning "home" at night, we can take more and trouble less.

But a point-to-point walking tour, when all one's equipment has to be carried, is another matter.

In either case, the actual dress for walking is much the same—everything loose, nothing too new, and, above all, an ample supply of pockets.

Dress for Women

For women, a tweed coat and skirt is really the best walking dress, the skirt being quite short and *not* as tight as fashion requires, otherwise gate-and-stile climbing is a difficulty. A felt hat and a woollen jumper, with a waterproof coat or cloak, completes the outfit, with the exception of the all-important shoes and stockings, which we must deal with more fully later.

As regards men's dress, some prefet flannel trousers, some knickerbockers, either being worn with a tweed coat. Any old coat will do, so long as it has plenty of pockets—which you will think are an obsession with me!—and is loose enough to take a sweater underneath, if desired.

If you wear a belt, instead of braces, do not on any account have it too broad or too tight, and do not use it as a means of carrying weights by slinging them to it. An over-tight belt may produce the complaint known as "soldier's heart" by interfering with the digestion and circulation.

Last, but not least, we reach the feet—the most useful and the most abused part of the human body!

Preparations

When one contemplates a walking tour, it is a very good plan to get the feet and legs into training first, so as to give them

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no excuse for letting one down. The following easy exercises are excellent for this purpose.

Stand upright, with the hands on the hips. Then raise yourself well up on to your toes and sink back on to your heels. This will strengthen the calf muscles.

To exercise the muscles which move the thigh joints, raise and lower the knees alternately.

Hopping on the toes, alternately with the right and left foot, increases the flexibility of the ankles and strengthens the feet altogether.

Stand with the feet together, then extend the right foot about twelve inches to the right, rising on the toes at the same time; bring it back and repeat several times before doing the same with the left foot.

Go through all these exercises about a dozen times, but do not tire yourself.

Both as a preparation for walking and to benefit the general health of the feet, give them as much air as possible. In the ordinary way these unfortunate members are "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" all day long and do not get much fresh air even at night! So try walking about barefoot in your room, at any rate, for about fifteen minutes night and morning.

And if, during your walking tours, you get the least opportunity, walk barefoot on grass or sand. Some of the best marchers to be found are Irish soldiers, who are used to running barefoot in childhood.

Still, barefoot-walking is the exception and not the rule, so we must now consider what an ultra-refined writer of the eighteenth century described as "Feet Costumes."

It is true that some Continental armies march with their feet *bare* inside their boots. The Tyrolean mountaineers also have stockings which only extend from the knee to the ankle and do not cover the foot at all. But it certainly would not be wise for the unaccustomed to follow their example.

Do not be tempted to try to walk—in any serious sense of the word—in tennis or rubber-soled shoes.

On the whole, shoes are preferable to boots; they allow the feet to breathe better and they are lighter—a very important point. It is everything not to have too much weight to lift, and two to three pounds should be the maximum.

The leather must be good and the shoes should be *roomy*, especially if a pack is to

be carried. Every time that the weight of a laden walker is thrown on to the foot, it lengthens and broadens quite perceptibly. And, in any case, the feet almost invariably swell after walking any distance.

To obviate this, it is wise to lace the shoes quite tight *when starting*, and loosen them as the foot swells. Or you can wear a boot-sock in the shoe at first and remove it later in the day—or an inner sole cut out of thick blotting-paper serves the same purpose.

Always carry a spare pair of laces; it will save a lot of bad temper to remember this.

The Question of Sore Feet!

Socks and stockings should be neither too thick nor too thin, and they should be free from darns and holes. It is quite as important that they should fit as the shoes; short or over-large socks or stockings are responsible for numberless chafes and blisters. And sore feet can entirely ruin the best walking tour in the world!

Soaking the feet in cold water, in which has been diluted a tablespoonful of tannic acid, is excellent for hardening them beforehand, or salt or alum will serve the same purpose.

Dusting the feet and inside the stockings with talcum powder is good, and at night, if there is any redness or chafing, cover these places with vaseline and boric powder. Excessive perspiration of the feet, a frequent cause of blisters, can be counteracted by bathing in a solution made by diluting an ounce of formalin in two pints of water.

If you have only one pair of shoes or boots for walking with you, and they get soaked, a good way to dry them quickly is to fill them with small pebbles which have been heated in a frying-pan over a fire. Shake the hot stones about in the shoes.

For those walkers who intend to *carry* their whole kit, the rucksack is the most handy means of conveyance. This should be made of waterproof canvas, and it should not weigh more than twelve or sixteen ounces. People are apt to get rucksacks or packs of too heavy a weight, forgetting, apparently, that they will have to carry its contents as well.

The weight of the whole kit should be suited to one's strength and comfort; it is impossible to lay down exact rules, but the whole, for the average person, should not weigh more than about twelve pounds.

THE CHARM OF A WALKING TOUR

The Kit

To go into more detail, a change of underwear and socks or stockings is essential, besides what one requires for the night. A pair of light slippers to wear in the evening should not be forgotten, and some kind of alternative frock or suit is very desirable, since it makes one feel much fresher, after walking, to have a complete change.

The ideal outfit includes all that one wants and nothing that one doesn't want.

The advantage of pockets—to return to them once again—is that all smaller articles can be carried in them, and will be far handier than in the rucksack. A practised walker writes that four pounds' weight of small articles can easily go into the pockets—and it is best to have a system in the matter and allocate everything—knife, map, compass, matches, notebook, pencil and so on—each to its especial niche. This will simplify finding what is wanted on the spur of the moment.

If you wish to be *entirely* self-supporting on your walking tour, a small "Hiking" tent can be bought for about a guinea, large enough for two persons and weighing only two pounds, exclusive of poles, which are not always necessary if you can suspend the tent to a tree.

But, of course, one has to take into consideration when making one's plans, not only the weight of the actual tent, but also that of the sleeping-bags or blankets, which would be necessary for nights spent under canvas.

Where to Walk

You can walk all over the world, in a manner of speaking, although some districts—such as the desert of Sahara or the forests of the Amazon—would be less pleasant than others.

But, although no country is barred to the walker, there is no need to go abroad in order to enjoy this exercise to the full.

England may be overcrowded, but there is still plenty of space for walkers

when once you leave the over-motorized high roads; indeed, in districts not twenty-five miles from London itself you may walk a whole day through woods and over commons and scarcely meet a soul.

We have every variety of scenery in "this realm, this England"—sea-coast, moorland, mountain, lake and river—and, for sheer beauty, there is no need to go to Switzerland or Italy.

Do not, on any account, try to cover too much ground during the first few days of your walk; you will only tire yourself out and get rather discouraged at the start, for walking—like most things—should be progressive in more senses than one.

Remember, also, that if you are making your tour in a much *higher* district than that to which you are accustomed, the air may be rather more rarefied and will tend to tire you a little until you are acclimatized.

Always make a point of having a good breakfast before you start out in the morning; no one can walk in comfort on a cup of tea and a scrap of dry toast.

And do not argue over the day's plans before breakfast; you will be able to settle matters much more amicably after you are warmed and fed!

Of course, the question of meals must be a matter for individual taste, but, personally, I believe in a very light mid-day meal when walking and a good, square, hot meal at night, when one is cleaned-up and feeling comfortably tired and at peace with the world and one's companions.

The right position of the rucksack, before starting on the walk, is very important. It should never hang on one side of the body or too high between the shoulders. The proper place is *midway down* the back, so that the shoulders and hips bear the weight equally, and there should be no straps *across* the chest.

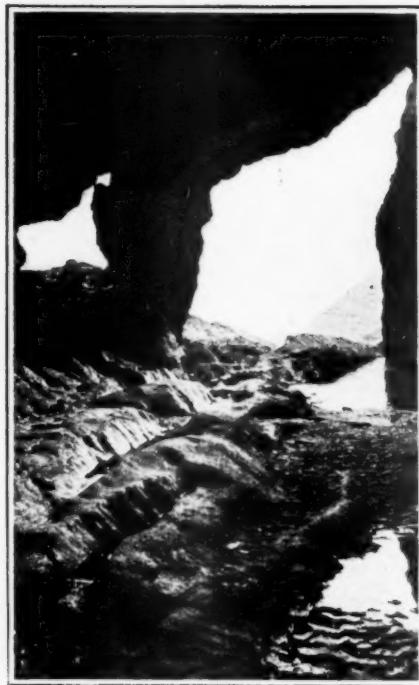
Never try to hurry when you are carrying a weight; a steady, even pace is best, and always slow down in



Suitable walking holiday attire for a woman

Specially photographed for this article.

THE QUIVER



Watermouth Cave,
near Ilfracombe

Photo: *Twiss Bros.*,
Ilfracombe

Devonshire is best seen afoot.

mounting even a slight hill if there is any tendency to catch the breath.

Balance is the important thing in walking; the legs should swing naturally from the haunch and the arms from the shoulder, the left arm with the right leg and vice versa, easily and with no jerky effort.

It is not a bad plan to rest for about ten minutes in every hour when on a long walk, taking off the rucksack and sitting with the feet slightly raised. This relieves the pressure of the blood and helps to prevent them from swelling.

Very often you will find yourself unexpectedly tired on first starting in the morning after you have been walking for a little while. In this case have a good drink, even if you are not particularly thirsty, and you will find that the sense of fatigue goes off wonderfully.

There is no better drink for walkers than tea, and if you carry a pint mug and a little dry tea you can make it at any hour of the day by begging a mugful of boiling water from the nearest cottage.

Tea is wonderfully refreshing used in this manner; the Tommies in France described this ceremony as "drumming up," and never dispensed with the eleven o'clock tea if they could help it.

A good map of the country is essential on a walking tour, and it is the best of companions if you really make a friend of it.

Keep it handy and always try to identify landmarks and their relative positions, by checking them on the map, with the aid of a pocket-compass, which is also a great convenience.

If north is not marked on the map, you can take it for granted that it is *set* north; that is, the top of the map points in that direction.

With map and compass one *ought not* to be in any danger of losing the way by day, although most of us know that it is by no means impossible to do so.

At night it is a different matter, and unless the sky is clear and the North Star visible as a guide it is easy to find oneself literally at a loss.

In these circumstances, try to use other senses than that of sight—and this is where our ears and noses come in. You can very often discover your whereabouts by listening to the sound of a train, for instance, which tells you where the railway runs, by hearing the sound of water running, of dogs barking at a distant farm, of motor horns or hoof-beats, or the musical hum of the wind through telegraph wires, which will guide you infallibly to a main road.

You can hear sounds from a much greater distance if you establish something like a wireless "earth" connexion in the following manner:

Choose a patch of soft ground—which conducts sounds better than hard—and drive your stick into it until it touches a stone. Then put your ear to the top of the stick, and you will be in a position to "listen-in" to advantage.

It is good practice when walking at night-time to try and ascertain how many different sounds you can distinguish. It is wonderful what a number of things are audible, which would go unobserved by day.

Unless you are an accomplished stargazer, do not try to guide yourself by those illusive bodies, except the entirely reliable North Star. The unfixed variety are apt to lead you astray and leave you walking "into the blue."

We have just spoken of the map as a

THE CHARM OF A WALKING TOUR

companion, but probably most people will prefer the human variety as well, although Belloc votes for solitary walks.

To some extent he is right. Far better no other companion than a map or a pipe than the wrong one—and it is very easy to be the wrong person in the right place on a walking tour.

Still, if you can get the right person—someone whom one knows well enough to be silent with, who can be counted upon to be cheerful and patient and not easily upset by small annoyances—two is the ideal number for walking.

Three is essentially *not* "company" on a tour; four is better, since that resolves itself into two twos.

A Jack or Jill of all trades makes the best kind of companion; someone who is more or less interested in everything and is not likely to be bored by anything; someone, if possible, who knows a little about most things—fishing, cooking, boating, photography, and so on, so that you are independent of circumstances; someone, above all, who enjoys all the little things that matter, and has the same kind of sense of humour as yourself.

It is not a bad plan to take it in turns to be the director of movements for the day; in this case, the other, or others, should agree to acquiesce, without comment or argument, with the plans drawn out, as to what roads or footpaths to take, where to stop for meals and so on.

A confirmed "grouser" is an impossible

companion on a walk, and this tendency should be nipped in the bud as far as possible.

Of course, it is difficult, as a rule, to make anyone acknowledge to "grousing"—and it is not always possible to adopt the method which I saw followed in the case of the officers' mess of a very distinguished Irish regiment.

Amongst the regimental plate was a silver elephant with a howdah, from which a small toy fowling-piece protruded. This elephant was always set in front of the greatest grouser in the mess, with the gun pointing towards him. When a cure had been effected and there was no candidate for the honour, the elephant took its place in the centre of the table.

It is much wisest to have an understanding beforehand about the financial side of the tour. Estimate roughly, as far as possible, what it is going to cost, and then, if you wish, the prospective "tourists" can each put a certain amount into a pool, and the financial control can be taken over by one of the party.

There is a very old saying which embodies some good advice as to actual walking, with a financial statement which may be looked upon as encouraging, or the reverse, as you choose to take it, although it is only intended to infer that the walker is a long-lived person!

"If you tread on the ball—
(of the foot is understood)
You'll live to spend all."



Photos: Alfred Vowles, F.R.P.S.

Lynmouth, North Devon

The humble walker is at an advantage here: Devonshire offers such opportunities for a walking holiday.

THE MODERN MAN

by

Philip Guedalla

THIS engaging theme, like his charming sister, the Modern Woman, may be treated in one of two methods. Both methods, it should be said, are equally misleading. But each of them enjoys the widest popularity within its particular circle of admirers. It will be found, moreover, if these circles are added together (or whatever may be the appropriate geometrical process) that they compose within their combined limits the entire human race. The cause, if one pauses to explore it, is amazingly simple; since all the world, however hard it may struggle to conceal the fact, enjoys beyond anything in life a book about itself. If it cannot get a whole book on the subject, an article may suffice; and if editorial exigences preclude an article, then a single paragraph will have to do.

Fiction is only tolerable to the vast majority of our fellow-creatures so long as they can imagine without undue effort that they are themselves the hero who plunges into the swirling torrent and rescues the damp but still blushing bride. (That, by the way, may account for the present unpopularity of that large mass of early novels, in which the hero is suddenly discovered to be wearing a beard; we are all capable of wearing, in imagination, a crown or a sombrero, but not, oh! not a beard.)

A Haunting Theme

Since the first cave-man smeared his *Selbst-porträt* inside a Pyrenean hill or scratched it on a bone, the theme has haunted human minds. Ourselves have been the leading topic ever since we learned to speak; and since Ourselves are always up to date, we have invariably discussed us under the title of the Modern Man or Woman. Accadian thinkers baked it in the soft Tigris clay. Old gentlemen in Memphis shook their wigged heads and asked (in hieroglyphs) what we are coming to. Thoughtful Athenians organized symposia upon the post-war mind: the war in question was the

Persian or perhaps the Peloponnesian War. Romans stood talking gravely in the sunshine below the Capitol about the sad vagaries of the younger generation. Ladies in tall head-dresses lamented above their tapestry the disappearance since the Hundred Years' War of all the grace, the taste, the manners which lent a charm to pre-war life.

The court of Henry VIII saw and observed the dreadful coming of the Modern Man. He was still coming under Queen Elizabeth. Queen Anne ascended the throne, and still he had not arrived. Victoria reigned, and he was still looming in a dim mist of gloomy anticipation. Lord Burleigh shook his head, the Lord Protector quoted Scripture, and Mr. Gladstone ransacked the classics on the same subject. Invariably each generation has talked with increasing gusto about itself. But, with one consent, each called itself the Modern Man. For there is a vague comfort to be found in feeling up to date.

Ourselves

So, with a becoming gesture of respect to the long row of predecessors, one enters proudly into the direct line of human tradition, to talk about Ourselves. There are, as has been written, two distinct methods. Each contradicts the other, and both are equally misleading. But since each contains a few ingredients of truth, it seems wiser to follow both of them.

The first, and most popular, treatment of the theme opens with the statement (made in a hollow voice) that the man of to-day lost his illusions in the war. What his illusions were, or why he had any before he went to France, we are rarely told. But one is left with a moving picture of smiling men toiling happily in the sunlit fields of 1913; fortified by an unswerving faith in the intelligence of their masters and the adequacy

of their wages; believing equally in the high call of patriotism and the obligation to give up their seats in trams to ladies; composing music which really had a tune; writing poems that scanned; painting, when they were painters (and frequently when they were not), pictures of which the subjects were discoverable without prolonged reference to the catalogue. The scene changes; and the same men come trooping back from war without faith, without manners, without metre, without perspective, with nothing beyond a hard-faced determination to get what they can out of life; since life, in four years, has got so much out of them.

Don't Blame the War

The two pictures are extremely popular. They have all the lively charm of contrast, and they enable the artist to predict the worst upon whatever subject engages his particular interest. Proceeding from these simple premises, he can paint the future in gloomy monochrome—the future of art all black, the future of industry all grey, the future of politics all red. But some of us can still remember the world in 1913. A few even can use their eyes in the world to-day.

And it is time that the fallacy that history began with the Great War was definitely checked. It may be natural to find excuses for ourselves. But the war is not a sound one. It affords no reason why young gentlemen who did not go there should paint out of drawing. It does not justify a modern poet in producing a cacophony of serrated prose and calling it verse. The fact that France was invaded ten years ago is really no reason why bad manners should prevail in restaurants. We are (unfortunately) what we are; but the war did not make us so. Most of us, so far as our years permitted, were just as unpleasant in the halcyon years of peace.

But are we quite so bad as, in this view, we are presented? It is so temptingly simple for novelists to paint a facile picture of an emaciated, shell-shocked world, grasping at pleasure, fending for itself, remembering always the inferno through which a few hundred thousand of its members walked.

Even the mellow wisdom of Mr. Galsworthy has come near to succumbing to that temptation. The picture is so easy. But easy pictures are so apt to be untrue.



A recent portrait of
Mr. Philip Guedalla

Photo :
Hoppé

II

The second method demands a different treatment. In this the Modern Man, now tall and handsome, puts far behind him the painted gauds of pre-war frivolity, and, with his eyes opened at last to the deep significance of things, gropes upward to the stars. Scornful of dancing, oblivious of the films, he thinks of little but the League of Nations. How the jiggling figures of 1913 seem to dwindle beside his stern and thoughtful figure. Compared with him, Rodin's *Penseur* is almost light-minded. His mind is busy with world betterment, with organized efficiency and (blessed word) co-ordination. His thoughts are turned (like Mr. Wells') on the future and on possible membership by the Labour Party. He has no time for racing, revues and all the pre-war entanglements. He is, perhaps, a trifle bewildered; but his heart—oh, yes! his heart is in the right place. That, in our second view, is the Modern Man.

III

There is no such person as the Modern Man. It is to be hoped that there never will be.

THE SPELL OF SARNIA

By
Mrs Baillie Reynolds

CHAPTER XVIII

Aymon Throws in His Hand

IN the musty, vault-like chapel Aymon desisted from his futile labours and wiped his forehead. He was the angriest man in Guernsey.

There was a conspiracy afoot—a conspiracy to make a fool of him. And he had actually fallen into the trap!

All this rodomontade about hidden things in unlikely places had been contrived with the sole object of pulling his leg. He laid it all at Miss Vidal's door. If she had not arranged that lying vision in the crystal he would not have come on this fool's errand; for without support he would not have accepted the lines of Colette's doggerel.

. . . Colette was at the bottom of it all. She was Miss Vidal's creature. They were determined that he should go the limit—that he should actually slink into this dirty, dark, barn-like place in the hopes of finding something wonderful—that he should tap away at a perfectly good wall, which had most evidently not been meddled with since first it was erected in the fourteenth century, until he had satisfied himself that his was a fool's errand.

He had gone to work in a businesslike way. From the guide-book he had learned the dimensions of the chapel—then he had measured up, on his uncle's old picture, the distance from either end of the marked loop-hole, also its height from the ground—and had done a sum in proportion. After entering the place and locking himself in, he had taken his measurements carefully. The whole length of the interior is twenty-three feet and the width not more than twelve. There is nothing within but the beaten earth floor—the three narrow windows, which must have given but a poor light at the best of

times, are all blocked up—either because the Government cannot afford to glaze them or perhaps in order to preserve the slight traces of fresco which appear here and there upon the decaying plaster.

Aymon drew upon the wall a square about four times the size of the loophole, and explored its entire extent. Nowhere was there the least trace of the wall having been disturbed. All was as hard as rock—almost as hard as the thirteenth-century mast which his ancestors had fixed as the newel of their stair at Grange des Fées, and which they had most probably filched from some stately foreign ship ground to pieces on the Hanois rocks.

When he had at last satisfied himself that, wherever his uncle's bequest lay hidden, it was not in the wall of S. Apolline, he ground his teeth with futile rage.

How keenly Colette had kept him to the quest—even sending a message to hasten him! Would he, when he emerged, frustrated and furious, find Oriane awaiting him as he had done after his weary day of ineffectual search in Smith Street? If he saw her, could he keep his tongue between his teeth?

As he asked himself this question he heard voices outside—close outside—a light, laughing tone which sounded like Yvonne's—and a harsh, rasping male note—a Guernsey voice.

He had just collected his things, leaving no trace of his activities but a patch of wet plaster and some dust on the floor. The persons talking were so near that he decided to take no risks; but, as he picked up his bag and made towards the north door by which he had entered, he heard the key being inserted in the other one just opposite—the door that opens on the road. He had not a moment for reflection. His one sole chance was in the thick darkness of

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the place—there was no time for flight. Quick as thought he darted to the west corner, between the opening door and the blank wall. The three windows are placed, one at the east and one on either side, quite near the eastern end. They admit only a very little dim twilight; at the west the darkness is profound. This obscurity is increased when the open door sends a ray of light across. All behind the beam is invisible.

Those entering, finding the door locked as usual, would not suppose that anybody could conceivably be there. They would not trouble to search. There is nothing to be seen but the remains of a piscina near the east end, and one or two iron rings driven into the wall in order to tether cows.

With ordinary luck he would remain unnoticed, and might possibly slip through the open door while the visitors' backs were turned.

All these considerations shot through his mind in an instant. Then he heard the voice of the caretaker.

"No, sir; no, miss, there's nothing to see inside. It's a poor place. Seemingly there was pictures painted on the walls once, but that's long ago. Not enough now to be of any interest. Walk in. The floor rises, you will notice, as you approach the east end—same as in St. Peter's-in-the-Wood."

Two persons walked in. They were Quigley and Yvonne.

The girl wore a long motoring coat and a close hat framed her sweet little face. Quigley stood very close to her, with his hand behind her elbow.

"Have you no means of lighting up the place?" he asked contemptuously.

"No, sir, no; but I'll set open the other door. Of a sunshiny day you can see pretty well when your eyes gets used to it; but today is dull you see—very dull."

"It doesn't seem dull to me," murmured the man with his lips close to the girl's ear.

She laughed the little self-conscious laugh of a young girl who does not know quite how far to let a man go—afraid to be too encouraging, afraid to be thought prim.

"Oh," she said, "it's thrilling! That road round Rocquaine Bay—I don't think there can be a more wonderful road anywhere. . . ."

"Pooh! You let me take you to see some of the real wonders of the world—mountains, cataracts—Switzerland, Italy—should you like that, Yvonne?"

The north door was now open, and the light, shining completely through, made Aymon still more invisible where he stood. He was concealing his hands in his sleeves and held a book in a dark binding before his face to prevent its glimmering pale in the dusk.

"Thanks," said Quigley to the caretaker. "We won't keep you. I'll lock up and bring you the key."

"I'll be back in a jiffy," said the man in a relieved tone. "The bus is just coming through, and I've got a parcel to give the driver. Won't be a minute."

He shuffled out, leaving the two standing together. Quigley, gently pressing Yvonne's elbow, propelled her farther eastward, out of the entering shaft of light.

"Not much to see here," Aymon could hear him say. "But sometimes the dusk is more companionable. . . ."

His voice dropped low—lower. The eavesdropper could not hear what he said. He heard her soft, almost reluctant laugh, and half choked with rage. He had heard Yvonne in the hotel holding her own with the best. She was a modern girl—armed for encounters with the world. Why should she be nervous—tongue-tied—before this brute? Could she really care for him?

Quigley was wooing her obviously. What was Madame Blatt about? Surely she knew better than to let the girl go motoring with such a man.

As Aymon so reflected he was moving noiselessly along the wall towards the open north door. The two who stood there with their backs to him were for the moment completely absorbed in one another. To leave them there together was maddening; yet what could he do? That Quigley should know that "the young seigneur" had been wasting his time here at the behest of a gang of old witches was intolerable; and, after all, had Aymon the vaguest right to object to anything Yvonne might do?

Quigley's voice had sunk to a whisper—he was bending down to the girl's head. Suddenly it seemed to the unseen watcher that she leaned towards him. He saw the man's arm go round her, and, having reached the doorway, whisked out almost noiselessly and fled in among the trees. He must have made some noise, for, hiding behind a thick clump of bushes, he saw almost at once the face of Quigley appear at the door, looking out, with the aspect of one to whom the idea of having been seen would be particularly disagreeable.

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The blankness of the landscape, however, completely reassured him. "Nobody there," Aymon heard him say over his shoulder, as he turned back into the little building. "It must be this infernal draught." As he spoke, he closed the door, and Aymon, fuming and raging, hastened homewards with black depression in his soul.

The sight of the patient old woman awaiting him at Grange des Fées made things worse. Curly he explained that his trouble had been for nothing. Most certainly there had been no disturbance of the chapel wall at or near the spot indicated.

He felt too wretched to be sure of being able to keep his temper; and having thus shattered her hopes he marched upstairs into his lofty, raftered bedchamber and bolted himself in.

Yvonne—her profile—daintily, maddeningly pure—seemed to rise from the shadows and confront him. Somehow she must be snatched away from Quigley; but how?

He was helpless, powerless, penniless. What had he to offer, weighed against the temptations of motor tours round the beauty spots of Europe?

Yet—he had the secret of the perfume, and nobody knew that he had the will,

He sat there wrestling with wild thoughts.

Why should he boggle over a little thing like this?

Nobody knew—nobody even suspected the existence of the will. It had not been drawn up by a lawyer. There was little doubt of its being an effective legal instrument, but the old man himself had compiled it.

Even if challenged by the Vidal's he had but to lie consistently. If told "There should be a will" he had but to reply, "There was no will." Tante Michelle would be a valuable corroborator, for she had been present when he took the papers from Thomas's coat, and neither he nor she had then noticed the thin envelope which contained it.

The will was unjust. To suppress it was but to do justice. He laughed sardonically when he remembered Colette's threat that L'oncle Pierre might "walk." Easy enough for them to arrange that if they so chose; and easy enough for him to laugh at their bogies.

What was this slight departure from strict veracity if you compared it with the things people do every day and nobody minds? Look at the way in which husbands and wives betray each other. Look at the dis-

honesty of financiers, of tradesmen, of politicians! If other people stole horses, might he not look over the hedge?

In the profound silence he could hear the long sighing tick of the great grandfather clock below; a sound associated in his mind with all his childhood. He set his lips hard.

His mind strayed back to long blue and golden days on the cliffs—on the sea; to black, furious nights of battling with wind—to the roaring of the mighty billows in Vazon Bay. And then, for no reason at all, he was back in fancy at his dying father's bed-side—hearing his voice struggle through lungs almost closed.

"All gone, I'm afraid; never meant—never expected to leave you a beggar . . . but play the game, my boy—play the game! You're the last Vauxlaurens. Whatever becomes of you, play the game."

The last Vauxlaurens strode to the window. His brows were knit, but all in a moment his mind was clear. He knew what he had to do. The sight of Yvonne and Quigley together that day had been, as it were, the casting vote.

He could not interfere. He had no right, and no chance of ever acquiring such. He had better go back to London and the old routine. Why stay here, to tear his heart out? But first of all he must walk down to Peter Port and hand over the will and the formula to Nicolle.

Nothing could induce him to give it personally to Miss Vidal.

He opened his secret drawer, took out the precious papers, put them in a clean envelope, and, with shoulders squared, went downstairs to make a clean breast to Tante Michelle before proceeding to the final demolition of all his hopes and ambitions.

CHAPTER XIX

Conflict of Intention

NICOLLE sat studying the documents submitted to him with a droll twist upon his expressive mouth.

"This seems to me to be a bit of a dead end," said he thoughtfully. "Kind of stalemate, isn't it—what?"

"Eh?" asked Aymon, puzzled and weary. "I don't understand."

"Well, let me put the situation as I see it. We have here a will; as far as I am able to judge, a quite valid will, though not drawn by a professional. In it your great aunt is explicitly given everything the

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testator dies possessed of, with the sole exception of the prescription, which is willed to be given to Miss Vidal; but one may question whether it can be of the slightest use to her when she gets it. For Miss Dulac has the patents, and Miss Dulac also has—and by the terms of the will I am not sure that she need give up—the papers of directions for the compounding of the perfume. Nor is there anything at all to prevent Miss Dulac from taking a copy of the prescription itself before it passes out of her hands. In fact, I should recommend that a copy be taken, in order that in future no claim can be brought to the effect that the prescription was incomplete or erroneous. The position will then be that you have all that is necessary—the prescription, the instructions and the patents—while Miss Vidal has merely the prescription quite bare."

As the lawyer spoke, Aymon's listlessness had been gradually merging into close attention. His eyes, from being glazed and dull, grew quick and intelligent. Evidently a quite new point of view was being presented to him.

"Is that so?" he muttered, a little breathlessly. "I never thought of that."

"Well, the position is an odd one. We have here apparently what is legally spoken of as a 'conflict of intention.' Where there is difficulty in the interpretation of a will, it is usual to go upon the line of endeavouring to discover what were presumably the intentions of the testator. In this case it is not easy to guess what his intentions actually were. The prescription was seemingly bequeathed to Miss Vidal for the sentimental reason that she was her grandmother's granddaughter. I am doubtful whether he intended her to use it commercially."

"Oh? But why not? Her father, I am told, is an able chemist——"

"That's so. You are right there. But if Dulac meant the girl to put the product on the market, surely he would have remembered to will her the necessary patents? As a fact, Vidal works for Quigley."

"What they will do is quite obvious. They will sell the secret to Quigley."

"If they do, your course is perfectly simple. You must let Quigley know that he will be proceeded against for infringement of patent," chuckled Nicolle. "That would make a very pretty case for the bailiff."

"You tell me seriously that the only thing I need give up is the prescription?"

"It is very certainly the only thing bequeathed to Miss Vidal. Personally I think it likely that the court would decide that she ought also to have the instructions; but even of that I am not by any means sure. As regards the patents, however, the case is very different. I am emphatically of opinion that the bequest of the prescription does not cover them. Patents, you will observe, are not taken out under Guernsey law, but British. The Royal Court would follow English decisions, if there are any in point."

"So that all I am called upon to do is to direct you to send the prescription to Miss Vidal, after I have copied it, as my patents give me a right to do?"

His satisfaction was so manifest that Nicolle glanced at him inquiringly. "Is it your wish to be openly hostile?"

"Hardly that. What I want—what I intend—is to *get in first*. I am no expert; I have next to no capital. I must find a syndicate to run my patent. That will take some time; and I don't want to find myself forestalled."

"If you keep back this paper for a day or two you might raise money by selling your Smith Street premises to Quigley."

Aymon shook his head. "I shall want them myself. Small though the shop is, it ought to be large enough to set up our plant—at least, at first. There is no doubt that Uncle Pierre used it for his manufacture. If I sell that I must buy some other place."

"As regards putting up the money, I expect I could get you the necessary backing, without going out of the island to find it," said Nicolle thoughtfully. "But you must be prepared to fight Quigley. You must remember that he will down you if he can; and he has a hold on a good many more people and affairs than most of us are aware of. I don't want to exaggerate—merely to warn you that if you start to run this thing without him, you will probably find yourself up against him. I suppose you know that Quigley wants to marry Miss Vidal?"

"That is fairly obvious to anyone who sees them together."

The lawyer nodded. "He is quite capable of behaving in the best melodrama style, and driving her and her father out of the island unless he has his way."

"What's the obstacle?" asked Aymon lazily.

"Lack of inclination on the lady's part, so I am told."



"The two who stood there were for the moment completely absorbed in one another"—p. 955

"But surely she knows which side her bread is buttered."

"Ah! There's the point! It is just possible she may know that better than we do. Quigley may not be nearly as prosperous as he appears. He is a bit of a mystery in the island. I am inclined to suppose that he bought Clos des Mûriers as a speculation, and he has spent a great deal on it. A good many people are saying he will never see his money back."

"He has a very large membership. There is always a crowd about there—queer lot, too, or so they seemed to me. As Miss Langlois remarked the other day, they are the kind you see at Monte, or any place where there's a casino."

Nicolle's eye met his own, held it a moment, then was lowered.

"If anything of that kind comes out, the Government will have something to say."

Aymon shrugged his shoulders. "Miss Vidal is prudent," he remarked with a smile.

"There's a good deal of gossip in a place like this; and I have heard from more than one source that Quigley has now

told her roundly that she must make up her mind. It is being said that her decision must be made within the next ten days, so that the engagement may be made public at the fête or gymkhana, or whatever it is, on Whit Monday."

"Well," said Aymon, after a moment's pondering, "that is no concern of ours. What matters to me is that I should have time to make a start. For that reason we will send Miss Vidal nothing but the prescription. The court may order us to add the instructions, in which case, of course, we will have to do so; but I shall have gained time——"

"Will you not hold back the knowledge of having found the thing at all until I have made discreet inquiries as to the possibility of getting you financed?"

"No," was the decided answer. "However discreet your inquiries are, it is ten to one that they reach Quigley, and probably Miss Vidal through him. If it came to her ears, she would know that I must have found the secret prescription; and as I am positive that she is fully aware of its being left to her, she would also know that I was keeping it back. However, you are right about copying it before it goes."

"There are difficulties there, too. As you know, a layman may easily make mistakes in copying a chemist's prescription; and there are obvious objections to our entrusting it to any chemist hereabouts. I suggest taking a photo of it. Have you a camera?"

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"Yes, I brought one with me from London."

"Then bring it here. My lobby has a skylight, and would do well. You can develop your plate yoarself?"

"I always do."

"Then it need pass into no other hands but yours and mine until it reaches Miss Vidal." Nicolle seemed sunk in thought for a minute. Then he said: "If it comes to a question of intention—well, I knew old Dulac fairly well; and I guarantee that he would rather have burnt his secret than have seen it pass into Quigley's hands."

"What! He knew Quigley?"

Quigley appeared in Guernsey about a year before he died. He hated him. I think the re-sale of *Clos des Mûriers* was the last straw. As long as the Torodes held it there seemed somehow the possibility of its coming back to the family. And that reminds me—"

He pulled open a drawer and took out a paper. "You remember our speaking, the other day, of your family portraits up at the chateau? After you left I hunted up the letter which your great-uncle wrote to me on the subject. Care to look at it?"

Aymon took from him with eagerness a letter horribly scrawled upon half a sheet of cheap paper with blue ruled lines.

"DR. NICOLLE.—Hang all foreigners, say I. Yes there was some kind of undertaking given by Torode's father at the time. I thought I had it but do not always remember where I bestow things. Will search and let you know, if I find anything it will be in Sark.—Yrs,

PIERRE DULAC."

"He was evidently not sober when he wrote that. Look at the difference between this writing and that in these exquisitely neat papers of instruction," said Nicolle. "The last word I cannot read. It looks like 'Sark,' but that makes nonsense. Neither Torode's ancestors nor your own had ever anything to do with Sark. He did not write again, and the day before the completion of the sale I went round to try if I could persuade him to make a search. I found him as drunk as a lord, and could get no sense out of him. He died very shortly after—"

Here he broke off his reminiscences to gaze in amazement at Vaxlaurens, who had sprung to his feet and seemed to be suffering from a rush of blood to the head. He was staring at the paper he held with a look of mingled wrath, amusement and excitement which seemed incomprehensible.

"*Sark!*" he spluttered. "Sark, of course! Why, of course! What I mean is, that I know quite well what he means by Sark—I know where to look for the things!"

He dropped the paper and snatched his hat, as if he hardly knew what he was about.

"Let me see"—he passed his hand over his eyes—"the camera! I was to fetch my camera, wasn't I? Oh, help, what an ass I have been! Look out for me back in about an hour's time!"

Before Nicolle could reply he had dashed from the room and the house, and could be seen to snatch his hired bicycle from where it leaned against the wall, to mount and disappear from view, riding as if to catch the boat.

CHAPTER XX

Treasure Trove

ANTE MICHELLE looked up from her cake-mixing in amazement as he burst headlong into the house. He did not enter the kitchen, but she heard him running up to his room as if pursued. After a moment's hesitation she wiped her floury hands and toiled up after him, thinking he must be ill. As she entered she saw the chest open, and Aymon busily throwing the contents upon the floor.

"If ever an idiot lived in Guernsey it is your dutiful nephew," he spluttered. "And I actually had the clue in my hand yesterday before going off on that wild goose chase to the chapel! I *said* that if we had had any sense we should have opened these pictures at the back . . . yet even then I never did it!"

As he spoke he was feeling in his pocket for the adjustable tool he always carried, and fitting a small bradawl to the handle. Then he picked up the three engravings and carried them to the table, where he laid them, glass downwards. The black wooden moulding in which they were encased had a thickness behind the glass of a good half inch; yet the thin strip of wood which backed them was in each of the three flush with the back of the frame, so that no brads could be used to hold it in place. A sheet of thick brown paper neatly pasted over made this omission not very noticeable until one examined more closely. Aymon loosened a corner of the one nearest his hand; it was the town church picture, as it happened. He pulled gently, and the paper, backed by a piece of stout holland, came

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slowly away, bringing with it the thin slice of wood which formed the back.

Under this appeared a piece of yellow oil-silk, just like the envelope in which the will had been enclosed.

"Jove, there *is* something here! Aunt, did he never tell you of his habit of hiding things like this?"

"No. He never told me. But now that I see this, I do remember his saying that these three little prints were more valuable than I had any idea of, and that I was not to get rid of them when he was gone."

"He must have been mad," murmured Aymon as he loosened the package in yellow oil-silk and lifted it out. It contained a thick lawyer's document folded in two, and engrossed on the outside with the name of Georges Dulac.

"Georges!" repeated Tante Michelle. "Georges was my grandfather—my father's father. It looks like the lease of Grange des Fées; but that it cannot be, for Nicolle has it."

Aymon opened the paper; but the obscure Norman-French in which all legal documents in Guernsey are couched baffled him. Within was a half-sheet of ordinary note-paper, which fluttered to the floor. Picking it up he saw that it bore a date fifty years back, and was written in the neat, precise script which had been Pierre's before he started on his downward course.

"This," he wrote, "is the deed of gift by which the seigneur conveyed the manoir of Grange des Fées to my grandfather and his heirs for ever. The previous year he had granted a 99 years' lease; but Georges Dulac saved his life when their boat capsized in the Gouffre, and in gratitude for this he executed a deed of gift. My father never spoke of this to me, and I doubt whether he ever really knew what it was. He had no education. When Torode bought, and asked upon what terms we held, my father produced the lease, and was very angry when Torode pointed out that he was only a tenant. He declared that Grange des Fées was his—his own. His father had told him so. The matter was referred to the lawyer who acted for us. This man's predecessor had had a fire in his office, and had lost records of business done. My father was pressed to say whether he had anything but the lease to show, and he declared that he had not. The lawyer was thereupon forced to conclude that he was mistaken in supposing that his farm belonged to him. After his death I found this deed

at the bottom of a chest, under a lot of worthless papers. I intended to bring it forward when I made a marriage settlement. But Alichette Letissier was not strong enough to hold to me. So now I care no more for it, since son of mine can never inherit."

Aymon read this aloud, his voice shaking with excitement. "Oh, but this is great—this is great for us, my little aunt! I have very little doubt that this old document is genuine! Do you understand? Do you realize that if the court upholds this claim you won't have to turn out of your old home, after all?"

A little choked sigh was his only answer. He broke off, rising hastily from his seat. The old woman had very quietly fainted away.



When Michelle Dulac came back to herself she was lying on the bed and her nephew was sitting beside her, sponging her forehead with cold water and holding lavender salts to her nose.

He was struck by the courage with which she instantly set herself to rally her forces and to grasp the state of affairs.

Soon she began to talk, to search her memory, to recall her father's oft-repeated and obstinate contention that he was owner of the manoir, and the pitying toleration of his children, who all believed him to be mistaken.

"... And to think that Pierre knew... after all! How strange of him never to tell me!"

"No doubt his trouble turned his brain. There are men like that," said Aymon with a sigh. There was a thought floating through his mind to the effect that it just possibly *is* better to have loved and lost, even at the cost of sanity, if one has loved with such completeness, so utterly.

Would that conceivably be his own fate? Or is love nowadays in our crowded lives a mere episode, something to be "got over" and forgotten? He pulled himself together, however, for his whole brain was ringing with the epoch-making discoveries of the past few minutes.

"Are you strong enough to bear more excitement, my dear?" he tenderly inquired. "While you were unconscious I burgled St. Peter-in-the-Wood and also Saint Apolline, and my haul lies there on the table for your inspection; but it would be better to let it lie there for days than that you should be made ill with the shock of it."

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"Help me up—let me see everything. I am quite strong now," said she vivaciously. "It was only the thought that, after all, it may be granted me to die as I was born, in the room next to this one. . . . God is so good. . . . My heart's desire. . . ." Her lips trembled, but she controlled herself surely. Aymon bent over her.

"I am just going downstairs for a glass of brandy for you, then you shall hear all," said he. "Can I trust you to lie still while I am gone?"

She glowed up at him with a wonderful smile. It was to her so glorious to have him to tend her weakness. He was soon back with the very necessary stimulant. (In Guernsey one buys one's wine and spirits duty free.) Then she crept back to her seat by the table, and Aymon showed her what he had found behind St. Peter-in-the-Wood. It was a signed acknowledgment on the part of Jean Torode that the family portraits at Clos des Mûriers were the property of Gérard Vauxlaurens, and that he was prepared to keep them for the present, and to hand them over upon demand.

"That seems quite clear as far as we are concerned; and if that deed of gift is genuine the portraits shall hang here, in Grange des Fées! Torode and Quigley must fight the money question out between them," laughed Aymon. "And now for the final surprise. Look what I found behind St. Apolline!"

He laid before her ten bank-notes, crisp and clean, each of the value of a hundred pounds; and ten more each of the value of fifty. Whether these were profits from the sale of Pierre Dulac's perfume will never be known. He had had no banking account for many years before his death.

"You are a capitalist, my dear," Aymon told *la tante* joyfully. "Here is, I think, money enough to float us if we go carefully. I feel I can hardly believe that it is not fairy gold, which will turn into autumn leaves while I hold it! I must get back to Nicolle as fast as I can leg it, show him these documents, and ask him how we stand. What say you?"

CHAPTER XXI

By the Sea

It was a bewildered Aymon who emerged from Mr. Nicolle's office towards sunset that evening. The dull, drizzly morning had given place to an evening of brilliant light. Castle Cornet glowed scarlet on its rock, and Sark lay purple behind it, as

his bicycle slipped through the streets which intervened between himself and the sea-front.

He felt as though the whole world as he had known it had suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange. Truly, indeed, had Oriane spoken when she said that in Guernsey everything was condensed.

He was bound for the Duke of Normandy. Only the urgency of his own affairs had kept him away until so late. The thought of Yvonne as he had last seen her, standing in the soft gloom of the desecrated chapel with Quigley, had been with him all day, and he felt that something had got to be done about it. In vain he told himself that he hardly knew the girl, had seen her only a few minutes; he knew he had to save her if he could. Who was Quigley that he should be sultan of the island? That he should be allowed to choose where he would? Aymon thought of Nicolle's hint that the man was neither so rich nor so prosperous as was generally believed; and he thought also of the residents up there at Clos des Mûriers—men of a type so doubtful yet so pronounced, who played no tennis, nor croquet, nor anything else in which the ladies took part, but were constantly to be found in the billiard-room or the restaurant. When Manby showed him over the club, his interest in it as his old family place had made him unusually observant, and he had noted one or more doors marked "Private. No Admittance." It seemed to him likely that Nicolle's suspicions were correct, and that there was gambling going on, contrary to the island law.

So far had he reached in thought, when he found himself on the steps of the hotel. Relton was standing there, gracious and distinguished as usual. His news, however, was disappointing. Mr. Quigley, Mr. Gilray, Miss Grant and Miss Langlois had gone off in Mr. Quigley's car, immediately after the conclusion of Miss Langlois' private lessons, to the golf-course at L'Ancrese, with the idea of playing a foursome and not returning to dinner until eight o'clock, as there was no dance that night.

Aymon was bitterly disappointed. He could not wait two hours in Peter Port. Mounting his bicycle in a fume, he set off southward and expended some of his ill-temper in pushing his machine up the cruel ascent of Hauteville.

As soon as he was on level ground he set off to ride furiously, keeping as near the

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coast as the road permits. In him was a thirst for exercise, and instead of making for Grange des Fées, he went on and on, along Forest Road, leaving it presently for the Rue d'Église, and later the Chemin du Roi, and so coming at last to Pleinmont Point.

There one stands at the ultimate limit of land. As one gazes west there is nothing between oneself and America.

In the glory of sunset the whole ocean seemed to flame. A considerable sea was running, with a keen spring wind, and the bursting of the waves filled all the air with mighty sound.

Isle of contrasts! Could this be the same Guernsey which one sees from eastward—the whole face of the country one mass of glass-houses, water-wheels, factories—image of smug, modern commercial prosperity?

Aymon knew this rocky promontory like the palm of his hand. He dismounted, hid his machine behind some brambles, and began to climb a pinnacle of rock whose feet were laved by the long, creaming sea. Its top was a mass of the delicate pinkish purple of the thrift, and overcrept by the prostrate broom, so smothered in golden flowers that it makes a soft thick carpet on which to rest.

There was a niche here in which he had often curled himself up to eat his hunch of gîche and his hard-boiled eggs when he went bird-nesting. He found it as of yore—untouched, sheltered, blossom-cushioned. With his mind full of Yvonne and of the problems of his own future, he sat down to reflect; and being warm, comfortable and weary after a wakeful night, before he was aware he fell asleep.

He was awakened by some sound, not loud, but unaccustomed in that lonely spot, and sat upright with a start.

The sun had dipped under the waves, which now ran like dark steel, silver-flecked under a dull apricot sky. He was warm in his nook, but the twilight had grown chill. The sound he had heard was the purring of a car, and he crept to the edge of the shelf on which he lay and peeped over. It was the Fauntleroy which stood there, and he watched with some interest as Miss Vidal carefully turned it and descended from the driving-seat, looking around as if expecting to meet somebody.

In the cold light she had that misty, elfin look which always aroused his antagonism. She wore a long, dark coat, and black furs were wrapped about her, so that the sharp,

almost V-shaped oval of her small face showed silvery white in the decreasing light.

She waited a moment, whistling softly to herself as she carefully closed the door of the car. Then she strolled towards the sea, and for a moment he thought she was going to discover his bicycle. He lost himself in speculation as to the person whom she was there to meet. Was it Quigley? If so, she would be grievously disappointed, since the gentleman was quite otherwise engaged. Why, how dull he was! Of course, it was Quigley's rival who had "got a date" with her. If he waited a minute or two he would know who this was.

Oriane meanwhile, after pacing to and fro for a while, suddenly turned eastward and moved off to that curious amphitheatre among the rocks where lies the "Chevauchel de St. Michel."

This consists of what looks like the round surface of a huge stone ball sunk into the ground until only the top is visible.

It is surrounded by the very broken remains of a circle, and is known among the islanders as the Devil's cricket-ball; the bat with which he is supposed to have driven it to its present position being the huge standing-stone in a field near les Fontenelles.

There are many legends in connexion with this stone (which in the tourist season is almost entirely hidden by long grass and therefore passes unnoticed). As a child, Aymon had firmly believed that countless treasure lay concealed beneath it. He watched keenly as Oriane's slight figure, looking like a creature of the mist, moved across the grass. She scrambled upon the stone itself, and stood there motionless, as if listening.

At the same moment Aymon heard the sound of a cautious approach. Leaning forward, he saw a figure coming very slowly from the direction of Rocquaine Bay. It was Anne Bougourd. She stopped, staring at the Fauntleroy with a baleful glance, as if she would do it an injury if she could. Then she looked round, peering this way and that, and finally gave a call—the witch's horrible call of:

Qué hou, hou,
Marie Lihou!

It was answered by Oriane with a long clear note. The old woman started as if annoyed, and bending her ear to hear from what direction the sound came, went hurrying off to the circle.

As soon as she turned the corner Aymon



"I don't want to hurt you, mother.
Drop that quietly," he said"—p. 965

Drawn by
Norman Sutcliffe

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slipped down from his perch, and stole as silently as he could up behind her, taking advantage of rocks and bushes, until he was near enough to hear what passed between the two.

Anne went as far as the hesitating outline of the circle which once surrounded the Chevauchel. There she stopped as if some barrier fenced her off.

"Come here," she cried peevishly. "What are you standing all that way off for? I cannot hear what you say!"

She spoke in the patois, and was answered in the same tongue. "We can hear each other quite well like this. You tell me you have a message for me. Speak it and be gone."

Anne shook her fist. "Proud slut!" said she. "You think yourself so powerful, but you will come to ruin! If you will not have Quigley on the fair, honourable terms he offers—then he will have you on his own terms. Mark that! Mark that!"

The girl's clear laugh of scorn sounded confidently through the scented dusk.

"I tell you, Anne, as I have told him, it is of no use to threaten me!"

"He will turn you and your father out to beg your bread!"

"We shall not beg. We can work!"

"Yes, yes! I know all about it! I know what is in your heart! You think this young adventurer is coming to your rescue—this boy that boasts himself a Vauxlaurens! Well, then, I tell you that you are wrong! The boy hates you! He is your enemy—he is against you all the time! He has found the secret that belongs to you, but he is plotting so that you get no good of it! You are thinking that your father will set up as a perfumer and make the wondrous Sarnian Bouquet! I tell you no! Not if Vauxlaurens can prevent it! He was shut up all this afternoon with André Nicolle, and they have found a way to thwart you! Come here! Come here to me—out of that place where you have taken refuge—"

"Come to me, Anne. I am not hindering you—"

The old thing uttered a scream of rage. "Well, you know that I cannot come there. No! No! If you want to hear of the way Vauxlaurens has got the better of you, you must come to me. Come now and listen to reason. Have I not kept my word? I swore that I would meet you alone, that Quigley should not even know where or how I saw you! You say you do not fear me, then come here and let me tell you

what I have seen about you in the dark glass of the future."

"I will not come. You have nothing to tell me. I do not believe that Mr. Quigley sent me any message by you—"

"And you do not believe that I know things—as, for example, that the young Vauxlaurens is head over ears in love with the pretty girl who dances. He has no taste for a thing so pale and cold as you! Oh, what a little fool you are! Having succeeded in weaving a spell for the great man of the island, you think you are irresistible! Can you not be content with him? Mark me, you are not for all tastes! Men like something warmer and more endearing. No other man will ever lose his head and his heart over you as that man has—in other respects so clever, so hard-hearted."

"Anne, if you have nothing more to tell me, you can go."

"Come to me—come here and I will tell you something worth hearing."

"I will not come. I stay where I am until you have gone."

The old creature uttered a snort of rage. "We'll see about that!" She drew a knife from her pocket. "At least, I can put that fine car of yours out of action! I will so slash the tyres that you will have to stay here as long as I wish to keep you!" She brandished the blade in the dim light, and Aymon perceived that she meant what she said. He perceived also that Oriane was moved by the threat. She made no reply, and was visibly hesitating.

"Will you obey the orders of my master and come to me?" screamed the hag. She had worded the question unfortunately. Oriane stiffened.

"If you cut the tyres of my car you will have to pay for new ones," said she defiantly.

"Ah, no, no, dearie! Don't you know that old Anne can always be in two places at once? At this moment I am sitting in my chimney corner, easy to be seen by all passers-by. Who could say that I have been here? Everyone knows you meddle with things you ought to leave alone. They will not take *your* word for it." So saying, and with an evil chuckle, she turned and made for the path, back in the direction where the Fauntleroy had been left.

"You should have brought a witness with you, my fine lady—my clever girl," she whined.

"So I think," replied Aymon, stepping out from the shadow of a big boulder and

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gripping firmly the wrist of the hand that held the knife.

"I don't want to hurt you, mother. Drop that quietly," he said.

CHAPTER XXII

Strife and Peace

ANNE turned towards him a face so dark with evil that he declared he always subsequently found it easy to believe in demoniac possession. He was the one creature in the world who had power to move this old woman to any lack of self-possession. Perhaps it was his complete disregard of her pretended powers, perhaps it was the working of that old, miserable passion which had wrecked her girlhood. She glared up into his face, cool and contemptuous in the gathering shadows, and gasped huskily: "Away, away, Gérard le Seigneur! Lie still in thy grave, thou wretch!"

"Anne Bougourd, let me warn you, don't talk nonsense. You know who I am well enough; but when you want to say injurious things about me, you had better not scream them out at the top of your voice. Come now, it is getting late—time all old ladies were at home. March!" He moved back towards the road, his hand gripping her arm so firmly that she obeyed willy-nilly.

"My knife! My knife!" she panted.

"It is in my pocket. I will call upon you to-morrow some time and bring it with me. Just now it is safer where it is."

She writhed in his grasp with a sudden exertion of what seemed like super-human strength, seeking to plunge a hand in his pocket. He was obliged to use considerable force to hold her.

"Take care," he warned her coolly. "You might get hurt if you try on any tricks with me. A fig for your devil and you! You've no power over me, and you know it."

At his words the aged body seemed to collapse like a pricked balloon. All her weight hung on his arm.

"Neither can you take me in with a child's trick like that," he added. "Come along now, I've no time to waste."

So saying, he marched her away, some considerable distance up the road. Soon she found her tongue and began to curse him.

"Save your breath," he advised her. "No curse will stick to one who wishes you no ill. I wish you none. If I were still

seigneur, I would help you; but I tell you plainly that I would make it my business to see that you behaved yourself. Now, good evening. I am going to watch you out of sight."

Half muttering, half sobbing, she turned away from him and began to stumble away up the road. At a safe distance she turned and shrieked out: "Look to yourself! You think I cannot hurt you, but I can! And never doubt that I will, too!"

He neither moved nor answered, but watched her out of sight. Then he strolled back—most unwillingly—but he had to fetch his bicycle.

Miss Vidal stood beside the Fauntleroy, drawing on her gloves. "You!" she said in a surprised voice. "Why, how came you here?"

"Mooning round," he answered quietly, "among my old haunts. I wanted to go and see the sea-birds nesting, but instead I fell asleep. Hope you'll excuse my interference, but she really had a knife, and looked quite capable of slashing your tyres."

"Thank you very much," she said, her manner betraying evident nervousness, as was natural in view of the probability of his having overheard the entire conversation. "May I have the pleasure of giving you a lift?"

"Thanks, but I have my bicycle here somewhere." He turned off to the bushes where he had left it and wheeled it out into the road. "Are you afraid to go home alone?" he asked.

"Oh, no, thank you." She hesitated a long time as if she badly wanted to say something, but his aloof chilliness was too much for her. "Good-bye," said she; "I am really very grateful to you."

"On the contrary," he replied, going to shut the door of the car when she had got in, "I feel that I owe you an apology. I have been eavesdropping, but I felt uneasy at leaving you in such a solitary place alone with her. I need hardly say that I shall forget all I heard."

She started the engine in a hurry, and her reply was not audible.

He stood looking after her with an uncomfortable consciousness of being somehow in the wrong. She left him with food for thought.

Anne Bougourd was in Quigley's employ; she was, in fact, Quigley's spy. It was he who had been so anxious to lay hands upon the lost documents, and the reason for such anxiety was evident, since the title-deeds of

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Grange-des-Fées, the declaration of Aymon's ownership of the portraits, and the perfume recipe itself, were all things which it was most important that he should possess.

That Anne should have overheard old Colette's prophecy was most unfortunate. Colette Quéripel had no doubt been in the confidence of old Pierre Dulac. There was nothing miraculous in her knowledge. That she should couch it in mystic language was the most natural thing in the world. If only Anne, with her keen intelligence, had not been present when she delivered it, nobody but himself and his aunt would have been the wiser.

He chuckled a bit as he thought how he had outwitted Anne. She was certain that the old chapel must be the meaning of the reference to Apolline. It was almost certain that she did not even know of the existence of the picture, which old Colette had described as she had doubtless formerly seen it—*on the wall* and not in a chest, as he had found it.

He ran over the lines of the doggerel as he rode:

“Between the white hands of the witch

Well, there it was—or there it would be—tomorrow! When Miss Vidal reached home that evening she would find the lawyer's letter, enclosing her legacy. Would Anne know that she had received it? Anne had certainly assistants of some kind, who brought her information; and if Anne knew it, then Quigley would know it too. Riding homewards in the loveliness of the lingering May twilight, he pondered it all.

But the mere fact that it was homewards that he was faring switched off his thought to a more pleasant channel. Grange-des-Fées was his own—the tiny shop in Smith Street was his own. Fifteen hundred pounds would soon be lying to his credit in the bank.

Nicolle was coming the following day to make a will for La Tante, though, as Aymon was her sole relative, there was not much doubt of his succession. Everything was his, and if the perfumery business turned up trumps, and he was able to restore the Old Manoir—as still the islanders sometimes called the Grange—he would be content to let Clos des Mâriers go.

He began to wonder whether Yvonne would ever consent to come and live in such a place as the Grange—and began to fancy what he would do in the way of improvement—and how the portraits would

look hanging in the fine old sitting-room on the first floor.

And then he found that there swam in the foreground of his thought a small, white face—all eyes—set in dark furs, and surrounded by rocks, nightfall, and the sound of the sea.

For the first time he ceased to think of Oriane as arrogant and strong, and saw her small and lonely and frightened.

Ought he to surrender to her his precious patents? Had old Uncle Pierre meant her to have them? He thought of Colette Quéripel in the churchyard, telling him gravely that old Pierre was the kind who might “walk” if his wishes were not observed.

As the memory crossed his mind, he thought him that he ought to go and tell Colette all the news. It was thanks to her that he had made his discovery; and his aunt had probably not dared to visit her, since she was so afraid of saying what her nephew had bidden her keep dark. He turned up the twisting lane, and came out upon the road to which the ancient cottage turned a blind shoulder.

The cottage door was shut, but there was a light within. He stood his bicycle against the wall and knocked.

The door was opened by old Apolline Lepage, who held it firmly while she peeped through a narrow aperture to see who was there.

“It's the young seigneur,” said she in tones of deep gratification, stepping back as she spoke. “Enter, sir—enter always.”

He walked in. The tiny room was very tidy, its earthen floor speckless, the chickens absent. A very small fire burned, beside which another old woman sat, casting something from time to time upon the flame. There was a scent like incense in the air. He looked towards the bed. Colette Quéripel lay there dead. Her face was waxen and beautiful. Half its lines had disappeared. Her tiny hands were folded over the crucifix which once Aymon had seen Oriane hold aloft.

Cap in hand, the young man stood gazing. “I did not know,” he faltered. “When?”

“This morning. In her sleep,” they told him.

“Does my aunt know?”

“Yes. We sent a messenger, and she came this afternoon. She has not been long gone. Does not Colette look beautiful? I hope you do not think us wrong to give

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her the crucifix to hold? You see, Anne is about, and she is very powerful; but she would never prevail against that."

"No," said Aymon quietly, "she would never prevail against that."

Something swelled in his throat. Partly to give himself time for control and partly from a curious feeling of remorse, he knelt down upon a rush hassock which stood beside the bed and covered his face. He was conscious of quite a sharp pang of grief, connected in some way with Miss Vidal. She had been old Colette's pupil. She had, as the old woman told him, learned to practise white magic against Anne's black; but she was not very strong, and now she was left alone. Also he reproached himself quite keenly that Colette had not been told of the success of her Rune. He had found all he wanted, and entirely through her, and he had not given her the intense gratification of letting her know it.

It would have pleased her so.

Like a child begging its father to carry a message, he quite simply asked God to tell her the news; and as he rose from his knees it seemed to him that the flicker of the firelight sketched a smile upon the patient, weary little face, sunk at last into so wonderful a peace.

CHAPTER XXIII

Sea Fog

THE sunshine lay upon Peter Port and upon all the eastern shore of the Norman isle. Before the door of the Duke of Normandy stood the luxurious car, a char-a-banc on a small scale, which Horace

Quigley had lent for the occasion of the picnic. Relton and the head waiter were busy packing in the luncheon, and the members of the party were all assembling, with the exception of the Vidas, father and daughter, who were to be picked up on the way.



"He and Oriane had vanished in the mist which at that moment rolled past in an increasing volume"
—p. 970

Vauxlaurens had cycled down in order to start with the rest, and stood now in talk with Yvonne, whom he had never before seen in what he described to her amusement as "beach kit."

"Well," he defended himself, "if we were in a Swiss hotel I'd call it climbing kit. Anyhow, it's the sort of thing one longs to wear always—something in which you can do as you like, and you don't particularly mind even if you get wet through."

"Clothes," observed she profqundly, "are much more sensible than they used to be."

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"And much prettier," he declared with conviction. "Unless it is the girls who are prettier? I believe myself that that's where the truth lies."

"Can truth lie?" asked Hugh Gilray, *en passant*.

"Oh, you're too clever for this sinful world," said Aymon. "Come, Miss Langlois, sit by me, and then we can talk as much mediocre plain sense as we like, without fireworks."

"Oh, it's perfectly sweet of you, Mr. Vauxlaurens—I'm terribly afraid of Mr. Gilray; he's what he himself would call 'real smart'; but then I have promised to keep the place next me for Mr. Quigley."

"Mr. Quigley be hanged," said Aymon boldly. "Besides, even if he is on one side of you, you have another side, haven't you?"

"Another?" Gilray had returned. "She has about twenty sides. Which are you wearing outside this morning, Yvonne? Your angel side or your little cat side? Your young side, or the one that is centuries old and so wise that it always has me beat?"

"The little cat side is the one you know best, isn't it?" she asked in pretended resentment.

"It's the one I've not seen yet," cut in Aymon swiftly. "So perhaps you had better wear it this morning."

"If you do, turn it towards the Great Panjandrum and oblige yours truly," muttered Gilray. "Wear your claws—all of them—the complete set—"

"How many?" She lifted her hands with the dimpled knuckles. "Who shall decide on how many toes a pussy cat goes?"

"A man of deceit, can best count-effect," quoted Aymon. "So obviously we must refer to Mr. Quigley."

"Oh, fie! What an ugly thing jealousy is!" cried Yvonne, swinging herself up on the step of the car. "It makes even such handsome men as you two look quite plain!"

"That's what we pride ourselves on—our plainness," was Gilray's retort. "As you know me all—a plain blunt man that love my . . . girl."

"Oh! This is news indeed! We didn't know you had one," cried Yvonne.

"One?" was the eloquent comment of Aymon.

"I suppose," admitted Yvonne, standing and gazing down upon them, "that there

are one or two girls in the world, if you come to think of it?"

"We never think of it," averred Gilray. "That way madness lies."

"Oh, then madness does lie, whatever truth may do," jeered Aymon. "Take my advice—chuck quoting Shakespeare, lest the lady deem thee but a dull conversationalist."

"You let me run my own conversation. I can do it without any hints from you, Comrade Vauxlaurens—"

Aymon scaled the steps and followed Yvonne. "You and your conversation can do as you please. I'm going to take my place," he said, and sat down determinedly.

"As you like," laughed Gilray. "If it pleases you to listen to old man Quigley's sprightly chat all the way, by all means do so. Miss Langlois, I book you for the passage from the mainland to Lihou. Play fair now, Vauxlaurens."

"Do you accept this antipodean invitation?" asked Aymon scornfully. "Why, that man has never trod the causeway in his life, while I, the native—"

"Oh, yes, we all know what you did—quarried the stones for the causeway—with your little axe you did it—eh?" asked Gilray good-humouredly.

"Doubtless I would have done had not the Romans or the mediaeval monks saved me the trouble; what I actually did do was to trudge to and fro with a huge net on my shoulders stuffed full of vraich—"

"Vraich? Is that a fish peculiar to these islands?" inquired Yvonne.

Aymon chuckled. "It's a seaweed. What they extract iodine from. You'll smell it right enough when you're over there—"

"Sh-sh! Here comes the boss. All scholars stand," muttered Gilray as Quigley, with Madame Blatt, Manby, Canziane and two other hotel guests who completed the party, appeared in the doorway.

It was three days since the discovery in S.A.R.K.

For two days now Quigley had been in possession of certain facts. First he knew that the Sarnian Bouquet recipe had been found by Vauxlaurens; second, that Grange des Fées was freehold, and that Vauxlaurens was its master; thirdly, that Vauxlaurens would demand restitution of his family portraits; fourthly, that Vauxlaurens had acquired enough capital to enable him to launch his perfume.

The glances of the two men met and crossed like swords.

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Quigley looked heavy and sombre that morning. His manner, however, was perfectly calm and debonair. Talking easily, he made his way to the car, mounted, and then surveyed the company.

"Permit me to arrange my guests," said he suavely; and Gilray with joy saw Vaux-laurens penned in a corner behind Madame Blatt, though his triumph vanished when he found that his own position was no better.

It was Yvonne whom the great man delighted to honour. His homage was obvious; too obvious, Aymon thought.

Yvonne was looking so astonishingly pretty that day—her eyes so soft, her hair so bewitching under her cunning little hat, of no particular shape, but with an irresistible curve, framing her face which always looked to him as though drawn in pastels.

It took very little time for the powerful engines of their car to negotiate the fearsome hairpin bend of road above Trinity Square and to reach the door of that house of magic in Hauteville which turns its dull side to the road, its open, loving face to the sea.

The Vidals were ready, and Aymon thought he sensed a constraint between the great man and his manager, not to speak of his manager's daughter. Oriane wore a knitted suit of horizon blue—just the colour of the uniforms of the French troops. Aymon thought how easily she could melt into the landscape if she so desired. As always, she seemed to him part and parcel of the spirit of Sarnia.

Quigley hardly seemed to notice her. He manoeuvred, however, that she should sit immediately behind himself and Yvonne, with the vapid young Luigi Canziane as her companion.

This appeared in no way to disconcert Miss Vidal. Aymon was able to see that she was conversing with the young Italian far more vivaciously than she had ever done with himself.

Meanwhile, it seemed to him as if some enchantment, some wraith of misfortune, were creeping between his eyes and the sunlight.

"Is there going to be an eclipse?" said he to Mabel Grant, who sat behind him. "The sky looks wishy-washy, just as it does when the sun is eclipsed."

As he spoke they gained the highest point of the road, from which the south of the island becomes visible, and the answer to

his question stared him in the face. The sea fog was rolling in.

There was a loud chorus of exclamations, questions, comments. The phenomenon has been too magnificently described by Victor Hugo in his "*Travailleurs de la Mer*" to need many words.

Over the intense blue of the sea it seemed to be drawn like an aerial coverlet. . . . Above it the sun smiled down—its whole height above the sea level was only about forty feet; but for anything moving on the surface of the water it was absolutely impenetrable.

"Now this is a bit of bad luck," said Quigley. "I wonder what we had better do."

"Is it safe to cross the causeway?" asked Manby.

"What do you say, Vidal?" asked Quigley

"Unless it clears, it is not much use to make the attempt," replied Vidal. "Vaux-laurens, what say you? You are a native."

Aymon shrugged his shoulders.

"It may all roll off, it sometimes does; but, on the other hand, it may grow thicker, and you know this end of the causeway is quite broken away. One steers by the sight of it in the distance. It would be quite possible to get lost and walk in a wrong direction. Of course, if there were any need to get across, I'd try it like a shot. Could find my way all right; but when you were across, what use would it be? There's nothing to see on Lihou; it is the splendid view you go for; and if you couldn't see a thing—?"

There was a good deal of discussion, and then Oriane leaned forward and spoke to Quigley.

"Were we not going to the haunted house for tea?" she asked. "I suggest that we go there now instead. Then, if the fog clears, we might go on to Lihou later."

"But we should have missed the tide?"

"True. I fear we must give Lihou a miss for to-day," said Vidal; "but if Mr. Quigley agrees, I would advise that we go, as Oriane proposes, to the *Maison Visionnée* for lunch, and later, either to Pleinmont Point or to the *Creux des Fées*."

"The haunted house would look weird in this fog!" cried Mabel Grant eagerly.

Many voices cried out that they had never seen the *Creux des Fées*, and, after more talk, their route was changed, and they drove along a grassy, heathery lane, as near as one can come to the curious little

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building made famous by a great man's imagination.

The mist was not cold nor clinging, for there was so little of it above their heads, as they stood at the cliff summit, that the sun permeated it and made it like pearl or opal.

It was, however, thick enough for them not to be able to see the lonely cottage until they were close upon it.

During the war the Government used it as a look-out, and for that purpose removed its red gable roof and roofed it flat. This has completely spoiled its appearance, as also the boarding-over of those two windows which, in the story, glared out like yellow eyes when the smugglers lit a lamp within.

The party surged about it, eagerly examining it, and wondering, as did Victor Hugo before them, what the original purpose could have been of a house built upon the very verge of the cliffs, but perfectly blind on the seaward side.

There was a real thrill in standing upon the flowery cliff edge and hearing beneath you the breaking of a sea that was invisible.

In a complete solitude they unpacked the hampers and sat down to eat. In a way they could hardly have chosen their day better. The mysterious veil thrown over the rugged coast made everything look wild and immeasurable. It was hard to believe that in a few short weeks the cliff where now they sat would be crowded with tourists and the little grassy lanes with char-à-bancs.

Talk, while they ate and drank, was general. Oriane told legends of the coast—the sad love story of the girl who lived in the house called the Varclin, the legend of Gaultier de la Salle, the dishonest bailiff who gave his name to Bailiff's Cross, and many others. To these Aymon added the ghost story connected with St. Pierre-aubois and other legends of haunting.

The density of the vapour changed from one minute to another. At times it seemed

to split, curl up, and be ready to roll away; then it came drifting back, impalpable, implacable.

"Don't get lost," advised Vidal, as the party showed signs of dividing itself and wandering off in couples.

Aymon had been chatting with Madame Blatt, with whom he was on very good terms, when, to his annoyance, he saw Gil-ray and Yvonne pass him, slipping off and speedily becoming invisible.

The next moment he found Miss Vidal close at his other side. "Do you suppose," said she, with a monopolizing air and considerable urgency, "that we could reach the cliff where the nests are? I do want to see the birds; I haven't had a chance this spring."

As she spoke she looked him full in the face, and her eye held a message that was unmistakable, that said, "Help me!"

He perceived then that Quigley stood close behind her, and he guessed that the man wanted a private talk with her and that she was determined to prevent it.

He felt his usual surge of anger against her. Why, forsooth, should she appeal to him to get her out of her scrapes? Had his unexpected appearance the other day at Pleinmont Point given her false ideas? Did she think he had been following her—that his presence there at that moment had been intentional?

It so happened that Madame Blatt had a question she was burning to put to Quigley—a question about terms of membership of the Clos des Mûriers Club—and at the same time that Oriane was making her appeal, she turned to the gentleman and so markedly accosted him that he was perforce obliged to listen for a few minutes....

In the delay so caused Aymon, for no reason that he could give, suddenly changed his mind.

"Let's go and try," said he; and in less time than it takes to write down he and Oriane had vanished in the mist which at that moment rolled past in an increasing volume.

(To be continued)



THINGS THAT MATTER

By Rev. Arthur Pringle

The Dangers of "Shop"

WHOEVER we are, and no matter what our occupation, "shop" is a real danger to us all. It may be the means of our living, the task to which circumstances bind us, day in and day out; or it may be a congenial hobby to which we eagerly devote ourselves. In either case the danger is the same—the danger of becoming parochial and restricted in temper and outlook.

An Age of Specialism

We label this person "broad" and that person "narrow"; but we seldom stop to think what a triumph it is, nowadays, for the average man to achieve even a fair degree of broadness. It is often said that this is an age of specialism; and it is more grimly true than we realize. For it not only applies to certain eminent doctors and scientists and scholars, and other exceptionally placed men; it is one of the tragic necessities of the rank and file. Frederic Harrison used to say that in these days every biologist has to stick to his own microscope; and, biologists or not, this is true of us all. We all have our own job, our own definitely prescribed line, and woe betide us if we fail in concentration or industry.

One Man, One Job

Thoughtful observers of modern industrial conditions, who see the perils of demoralizing monotony, are trying ingenious experiments in "humanization" and variety; but, all said and done, "one man, one job" must describe the lot of the great majority. And, in many cases, *what* a job, what lack of interest and diversity! It is all very well to denounce the prevalent craze for "excitement and pleasure"; but the denouncing would often be more effective if it were more informed and sympathetic. Think of the industrial "microbes" to which so many workers have to "stick" day after day—minute parts of machines and manufactures

of every description—can you wonder that they want to "burst out" in some way or other?

One whimsical instance will drive this home better than a page of dissertation. It concerns a Southern Railway official whose main duty is to clip tickets and answer questions on the departure and destiny of trains. Such a man, of course, stands exposed not only to reasonable inquiries but to inquiries which, to put it mildly, are superfluous. One day this particular official had already, within a few minutes, assured several people that in order to get to Caterham they must change at Purley; and, on the question being repeated for the nth time, he let himself go with the exclamation, "O God, change at Purley!"

Human Nature Cries for Scope

Unless our own circumstances are specially fortunate, we can at least sympathize with that outburst. Human nature cries for scope and variety, and chafes against restriction; but, even though the millennium were to dawn to-morrow, we should still find ourselves faced with this problem of inevitable specialization. For we come back to the fact that, be our "shop" large or small, decorated or bald, congenial or distasteful, our shop it remains. Proficiency, in any line of life, spells concentration; and concentration on one thing means to a large extent the neglect of other things. There is no getting away from that. "Jack of all trades, master of none" holds good all round, even in sport. Seldom, if ever, does a player rise to champion-ship rank who allows himself to be seriously interested in any other game. In our own way and degree, most of us are covered by Ruskin's maxim, "The gift by which we are made narrow is the gift by which we are made great."

Such, then, is the fact; and, unless we find some way of counteracting it, it will easily spoil our lives and may in time become

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fatal. And this even when our work is far from distasteful or monotonous. Indeed, many of the worst cases arise from people finding their shop so congenial that they grow more and more disinclined to come out of it, until, at last, disinclination becomes impossibility.

On every hand there are melancholy examples of this. It was said of a certain actor, whose name a few years ago was on everybody's lips, that he, literally, "died of" a part which he had played over ten thousand times. Constant repetition had worn a groove in his brain, which in the end became so deep as to cause *mono-mania*, the ultra specialism that means fatal obsession with one subject.

The Price of Fame

Another notable case in point, though happily, so far, without any similarly tragic culmination, is furnished by Miss Ethel Smyth in a record of a conversation she once had with Kreisler. "I have visited," said the famous violinist, "almost every town in the world of over 100,000 inhabitants; and, of them all, I know only the railway station, the hotel and the concert hall." Miss Smyth goes on to say, "I exclaimed it was a hideous degrading life—why did he go on with it? He spoke of relations to support, financial crises, and so on; and when I uttered the German equivalent of 'Bosh,' he replied, 'Yes, you are right; one gets into a groove, and can't or won't get out of it.'"

Incidentally this is an interesting sidelight on the price of fame and supremacy; but, what is more to the present point, it is in essence *our* case. Because we are what we are, there are so many things we must go without seeing, so many experiences we must be content to forgo. Meanwhile, the spectre of an impoverishing narrowness stares us in the face. What, then, is to be done about it? For, while it must mean a battle, it is a battle which, with due resource and determination, we can win.

No Shop after Hours

To begin with, there is the simple, yet all-important, rule that, so far as is at all possible, there shall be no shop after hours. When you shut your shop, *leave it*, don't talk it or think it, neither worry about it nor rejoice over it. For hours together, let it be as though it were not. You may call this a counsel of perfection; but, difficult as it often is, it is much more compassable

than most people imagine. Why should a musician be always humming, a preacher always talking of sermons or, worse still, "looking for" them? Must a business man persistently have his mind on prices, or a woman make her ever-constant theme the difficulty of obtaining maids?

Not only is this shop-absorption unhealthy and, in most cases, unnecessary, it is dead against our own immediate interests. Unless we can give our thoughts a rest from their habitual direction and switch them on to a fresh line, our work is bound to suffer. We become stale and *blasé*, and our very concentration defeats its own end. At the very best, however, we are placed, we can cultivate some hobby, some interest that will, as we say, "take our minds off" the things that generally occupy us. A garden, a book, a game, whatever you like, so long as it is, in the real sense, a *diversion*—this is the first line of attack on disabling narrowness; and can anyone honestly complain that it is beyond his resources?

The Compensations of Fantasy

So much of everyday consequence hangs on this that it is worth while going into closer detail; and, in so doing, we shall be helped by a phrase that we owe to psychology, which speaks of *the compensations of fantasy*. In plainer English this seems to mean, bring imagination to the rescue of reality; if your actual circumstances are restricted, take care that your mental range is all the wider. It is a plausible suggestion of Miss Lily McDougall's that some of the immortal things of literature were born of this very principle. "Bunyan, immersed in a cell, wrote of the inner life of a soul as a far journey in open country and full of adventure; Milton, in his later work, enthroned in heaven the Puritanism dethroned on earth; Dante glories in the fixed order and justice of the after-life while political chaos and injustice romp together over his beloved Italy."

And, we may add, what these and other writers have done is being constantly emulated, in their own way, by a great crowd of readers, to whom books are an effective means of escape from the cramping influences of their daily round. Whether we know it or not, we are following a wise instinct when, through our reading, we *take refuge in opposites*. More sensible than those who laugh at them are men and women of drab circumstance and restricted life who "make up for it" by reading of

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splash and colour and romance. Librarians in poorer districts find, I believe, a significant demand for books about "high life" at home and romantic adventure abroad. And why not? Why deny to anyone the discovery that imagination can *project* us here, there, and everywhere, often giving us fine compensation for the things which fortune refuses to put into our hands?

I once discussed this point with a sensitively endowed woman, temperamentally hungry for travel, but denied it because of physical disability. Yet, as she not unwarrantably said, perhaps, after all, by reading and imagination, she had achieved more stimulating journeys, and had more really seen far-distant places, than many actual travellers by whom these same places had been more or less conventionally "done." It is a side of the matter worth reflecting on.

Deliberate Cultivation of Hobbies

In any case, having called reading and imagination to our aid, we shall, if we are wise, still further effect our escape from shop by a quite deliberate cultivation of the pursuits or hobbies to which I have already alluded. I say "deliberate" because, in nine cases out of ten, it is not likely to be done otherwise. We must, as we say, "make ourselves" take an interest in other things. For our minds, no less than our bodies, versatility is one of the great secrets of health. And sometimes the versatility is all the better if it be extreme. This is, presumably, why Lord Brougham counselled students of law to read Dante. What could be farther from their beaten track? How better correct their professional dry-as-dustness? On the same principle, there are Gladstone's "escapes" to Homer and wood-chopping and jam-making, all claiming their share in his amazing vitality.

There ought to be no barrier that blocks this same road to us. The homely essence of it is crushed into a laundrywoman's rejoinder to a district visitor who had expressed her sympathy with patronizing infelicity: "I may have to live *by* my wash-tub; but, thank God, I need not live *in* it." That, one feels, is the final word.

I hope the way I have put it may have

helped to set in its proper perspective one of the chief problems that everyone has to face. The world being as it is, it would seem that the only way to get things done is for each of us to concentrate on his own task. We are, as it were, players in a tremendous drama, in which our particular part must often appear disappointingly small and unimportant. Little wonder if we sometimes want to change our rôle for something more stimulating!

Beyond the Border-line

But we have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that, no matter who we are—even if we are among the happy few who have ample scope and self-expression—a large part of us must remain unused and undiscovered under our present conditions. If justice is to be done to our full possibilities, if we are ever to realize what we *can* do, life must continue into the great future. This problem, like most others worth talking about, takes us beyond the border-line. As things now stand, we are, all of us, unfulfilled prophecies—and who wants to put a full stop there? As William James used to say, it is a gallant and trustworthy feeling that throws upon eternity the responsibility of making good our onesidedness somehow or other. And that "making good" will be all the more sure if, meanwhile, we keep our lives open to the wind and sun of present opportunity.



The Quotation

*I want to know a butcher paints,
A baker rhymes for his pursuit;
Candlestick-maker much acquaints
His soul with song, or, haply mute,
Blows out his brains upon the flute.*

BROWNING.



THE PRAYER

O GOD, Thou art the Father of Him who came that we might have life, and have it abundantly. Yet He also said "Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life." Help us to see that these are two sides of a great truth, and that, in our daily lives, seeming deprivation and lack of opportunity may be the pathway to fullness of life. May we, then, be of good heart, and do with our might whatever our hands find to do.





SCARBOROUGH

A Heat Wave

IT was during the heat wave that visited this country during the early summer.

At first everybody was delighted to see the sun. An unusual visitor was welcomed heartily. After a while, however, as is the case with visitors who prolong their stay, there were some grumblings. People complained of the heat: said they were not used to hot summers. The papers reported an advance of the mercury—and deaths from the heat. The majority of folk put on their lightest garments and toiled painfully through; the minority—the wise ones, of course—abandoned the struggle and sought the sea.

I will admit at once that I was "caught napping." Again and again in these pages I have advocated earlier holidays; again and again I have availed myself of the freshness and sunshine of June, and laughed whilst the world went on toiling. This year, in a moment of folly, I put off my holidays till at later date. June came—and with it regrets!



For a Week-end

However, a half a loaf is better than no bread. On a Friday morning I journeyed to town by the early train—but not to work. I took a light suit-case, a stick and a book—but no umbrella. I told a neighbour—journeying up to town to work—that I was off to the East Coast for the week-end and had left my umbrella behind. He chided me on the omission: whatever the weather to-day, quoth he, one never knows what the morrow may bring, and to leave one's umbrella behind is to invite the rain. I at once admitted the truth of his contention. But I was going to the East Coast; it is demonstrably and notoriously true that the

rainfall on the East Coast is less than anywhere else. If I were making for the Highlands of Scotland, Land's End or the Lake District an umbrella would accompany me though the heavens be as brass: but the East Coast—no.

So I left my umbrella behind—and had no occasion to use it, of course.



The Choice

I chose the East Coast because I was sure it would be bracing. When one has only two or three days a place must be selected with unusual care. The same applies, of course, to a longer holiday, but there are some places which only begin to agree with you after a week, and only begin to do you any good after a fortnight. Clearly they are not the spots to choose for a week-end visit, especially during a heat wave.

Then, too, the place must be accessible; I do not say near, but accessible. And it must have its attractions.

Any point on the East Coast is bracing, and there are a bewildering array of attractive spots. But my choice was for Scarborough. This, it is true, is rather far away for a week-end visit—but it is eminently accessible.



York

In the old days, I am told, nobody made a journey unless they were obliged. A journey was an adventure, an invitation to trouble, a hazardous speculation. To-day it is a mere incident if you go to such a place as Scarborough. The most eventful part of the journey is crossing London, more especially if you go by road. I travelled by bus, and the conductor beguiled the journey by telling me of the road acci-

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dents he personally had witnessed during the past week.

However, we safely arrived at King's Cross. I hadn't looked up the time-table, but found the Flying Scotsman in the station. A friendly guard told me it would be all right for Scarborough, and found me an empty carriage. Thereafter the only incident to note was the summons to lunch, between chapters five and six of my book—and the change at York, for which I was duly thankful, as it enabled me to inspect York Minster. A benevolent old gentleman was showing a party round, and I just had sufficient time to see the crypt before hurrying back to the station to catch the Scarborough train.

York struck me as being a leisurely old city, empty of traffic and full of antiquity, that would well repay a longer visit next time.



The Value of Climate

It was hot at York, but on reaching Scarborough, to my delight a fresh breeze from the sea gave me new life and energy. I try not to let climate influence my judgment of a town too much, but the fact of the matter is, however beautiful a place, I simply cannot enjoy its delights if the climate is such as to render me sleepy all the time. Some people, I know, choose a relaxing climate, as they say they want to rest. To me half the charm of a holiday is to be able to do, to see, to enjoy without effort. So when I found that Scarborough, even during a heat wave, was bracing, I settled down at peace with the world, and prepared to enjoy every moment of the time.

I always re-visit a favourite town after years' absence with a certain amount of misgiving. Places change, or one's ideas change. The superlative becomes the commonplace; what entranced one long ago bores one now. Years ago I had a happy holiday at Scarborough, and there was a certain amount of misgiving in my mind in making another visit. Would it have changed? Should I be disappointed?



A Changed Place

Now Scarborough has changed with the changing years, as I soon found, but I can honestly say that to my more critical eyes it has changed for the better. To my own personal satisfaction, I can say I enjoyed the three days of my stay as I have not enjoyed a holiday for long. It is indeed "to

my own satisfaction" I say this, because as one grows older the stern fact cannot be ignored that one becomes more hard to move, more hard to please. The mere simple joy of living is the perquisite of youth, and, alas, is apt to depart with the increasing years. It is, therefore, always a source of satisfaction to be able to record that one has really enjoyed oneself.

I have noted the fact—and then the horrid doubt invades my mind: was it just merely a matter of climate? To-day, as I write, the sky of London is leaden, and one feels that trade is going down, war-clouds are gathering, and things never will be as good as in the good old days. If one could simply have a breath of Scarborough air would the very streets of London sing for joy?



The Sea, The Harbour, and—

Perhaps climate had something to do with it. But, on the whole, I feel sure that was not all the story. The sea, the harbour, the Spa—and those lovely gardens on the South Bay: I feel sure they were not there on my last visit. How on earth do they get the flowers to grow on those cliffs near the sea?

Scarborough is a beautiful place, and to see that lovely bay shimmering in the sunlight is to know that life is worth living after all.

The sea, the sands, the cliffs, the gardens—



—the Entertainments

Now I am going to be absolutely frank. In theory I like quiet spots, far from the madding crowd. I appreciate solitude—in reason. Bank Holidays leave me cold. But I am going to confess that I never went off to the York-shire moors, nor sought the solitudes of the environs; I enjoyed thoroughly and heartily the entertainments of Scarborough. I went to as many as I could. And each and every one were excellent.

I am inclined to think that people living a quiet life sometimes make a great mistake in choosing too quiet a place for a holiday. I know it is very heterodox to say this: very common and vulgar and all that. But the fact remains that present-day people, especially women, get immersed in the multitude of little things till they lose all perspective. Then they get away to a quiet place for a holiday. The first day they rest—as they should. After that they brood: just brood on their troubles, their

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little problems, their household worries, their servants.

That sort of thing is downright bad. To quiet, secluded people in the country, to mothers of families immersed in the suburbs, to men whose minds are full of "shop" I would recommend a holiday at such a place as Scarborough. And go to the entertainments.

To me the mere sight of three or four thousand people gathered together, without flurry or fuss, listening to decent songs, was an enjoyment. To see the same number of an evening under the hospitable roof of the Spa gardens listening to really fine music was an inspiration. I carry away the recollection of that music and treasure it up in great, heated unmusical London as a source of joy and stay and delight.



Church Life

On Sunday I went to one of the churches. I had no knowledge of the church life of Scarborough and chose one of the churches haphazard. I believe there was a special conference on the following week that drew people to some other church. That may have accounted for the poor attendance at this church on the cliff. That was the one regret I carried away from my week-end at Scarborough: that there were not more people at church. I regretted it not just on abstract grounds, but because the service was really fine: quiet, reverent, worshipful.



The Problem of Country Cooking

ECONOMICAL cooking in these days of expensive coal is a real problem in all country districts where gas and electricity is not available.

It is to meet the needs of such that one or two good oil stoves have been put on the market. These are not the old-fashioned, cumbersome and inefficient stoves of a past generation, but something really up to date and satisfactory.

The stove we have in mind which is increasingly solving the problem of country cooking is the "Bes" wickless oil stove. It is claimed that this stove is fundamentally different from the ordinary stove in that it is wickless. The wick stove burns paraffin; the "Bes" burns vapour—that is, vaporized paraffin.

The sermon, too, was good—too good for such a small congregation.

Here again, however, one must not exaggerate. The congregation seemed small, but the church was a very large and handsome edifice, and such a congregation as was gathered there might have looked more respectable in a smaller place. Still, even Scarborough, evidently, does not know all its blessings. Or is it a firmly established tradition that when one goes for a holiday one does not go to church?



Back to the Heat

On Monday I had a curious experience. I duly caught the early train and came by express to London. On the way the warmth increased. Alighting at King's Cross I was in the midst of the heat wave once more: hot, sweltering London. It does not seem possible that a few hours' journey can make such a difference, but there—it's the climate!

I wish all my readers a joyful holiday: with plenty of sun, good weather, and plenty to occupy the mind. But wherever you go and whatever you may choose I wish you one and all the bracing, health-giving climate that I have had for at least three days and which I hope to enjoy ere long again.

The Editor

The secret of the high efficiency of this stove is in the burner. In place of a wick an asbestos ring is used which generates a clean, smokeless, odourless, intense blue gas flame.

It is possible with this stove to boil or fry with your own pots and pans and roast or bake by the "Bes" removable oven.

Those of my readers who care to have further particulars of this interesting stove can obtain an illustrated folder from Messrs. Melchior, Armstrong and Dessau (London), Ltd., 15 Newman Street, London, W.I.

The modern oil stove has a future, and will be found of increasing use not only, as we have suggested, to people in the country, but by those who find coal and gas too expensive for their purposes.

Old Wicke of Wavening

A Country Story
By
A. Stanley Blicq

THERE was a faint hum of bees from the hedgerows. It had been a dull chorus during the heat of the afternoon. In the cool of the rosy evening there was a musical cadence about it. Old Wicke was weary. Oppressive heat of the day had played havoc on his old body, and he had suffered at times from slight spells of dizziness. He drew his tools to him and walked slowly down from the southern fields, away up on the heights, towards the purple mist of the meadows. He clattered noisily across the cobbled yard to the foreman's office. Big Tom, smiling, a strip of straw clenched between a row of beautiful teeth, awaited him. His short brown hair fell pleasingly over his forehead, he was square of shoulder, brown of face. Very strong, alive, genial.

"Hurry up, young 'un," he said, patting the old man on the back. "W'y, you're the last to get 'is pay."

"Ah know, Ah know, lad." He pushed his wide-brimmed hat off his forehead. "But it wer' hot up yon. Too hot."

"The fact is, you're not as young as you were, Ben."

"Rubbish, rubbish!" He angrily stamped a foot. "Ah'm as gude as mony a lad of forty, even if Ah do be seventy-odd."

"Still, Ben, it's time you took your ease." Tom walked into his office. He was faced with a task that he abhorred. He knew that he was going to mortify the old man beyond all reason. And he could see no loophole. He called Wicke in, told him to sit down. Wicke nervously removed his hat. Locks of silver-white hair fell loosely about a lined forehead. Tom could not face him.

"Listen, Ben," he said kindly. "Mister Peters says things are not paying as they should be. He's not makin' the money 'e was. And because of that 'e is cutting down the staff." He paused, hoping the old man would realize the dire portent of his words; but Ben simply looked up curiously. "And the fact is, Ben, Mister Peters says you'll be better takin' your ease after nex' week."

"But—b-but Ah don't want to tak' ma ease. Ah'm 'ale and a honest worker."

"Sorry, Ben, but them's my orders. I'm *real* sorry. You know that, Ben. I'd never dream of givin' you th' sack."

"But, Tom, Tom lad, you don' mean that Ah've got to go?" He rose, trembling, to his feet. The man before him, with the blood of youth surging hot through his veins, could only nod his head.

"But, lad, Ah've worked, man an' boy, for nigh on sixty yeers on this farm. An' Ah've served them faithful. Ah've worked 'ard and Ah've grown old doing ma duty by them. Maister can't mean it, Tom—he can't mean it."

He stumbled out of the office and walked along the dusty lane in the purple evening. On the hills dying glints of red and gold played on the glory of heather. Light winds rustled through fields of glowing corn. Birds sang a joyful good night chorus in the trees. Waters burbled musically in grey brooks. Wicke shuffled through the dusty lane. In his aged eyes there was a hint of tears. He muttered sadly to himself as he slouched towards the cottage on the edge of the village. "Sixty yeers, man an' boy. Ah've served them faithful—sixty yeers—and now they don't want me. It can't be. Ah'll work 'ard nex' week. Hard. Ah'll show them what Ah can do."

In the gloom of his tiny two-roomed cottage he applied matches with a shaky hand to a candle. Then he sat on the edge of his bed, thinking-thinking. He did not feel hungry. There was fear in his heart. If he was "sacked" he would not be able to pay his rent when his savings were gone. They would throw him out. He shivered. He felt weak and lonely. He ached for companionship. Big tears rolled down parched cheeks. He went into the other room to fetch a cup of water. On a wall was a faded photograph of a girl in a country frock. A merry girl, with a head of luxuriant hair.

Wicke smiled through his tears.

"You wos beautiful," he said. "Ah wonder if you'll ever come back?"

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There was a wild undercurrent of hope in his muttered words. He had hoped all those years. He had even oftentimes stood at the little white gate staring up the road that had carried her away, and with her his baby daughter, those many years ago.



"'But—b—but Ah don't want to tak' ma ease'"—p. 977

She would never return. Long since she had crossed the Barrier into the unfathomable depths beyond. But Wicke did not know. He still hoped. One day, perhaps, she would come along that road. She would be old, of course. But he would know her. He would run out to meet her at the gate. Bless her, he had forgiven. Forgiven long since.

II

THE *Maids and Money* party had reached a final triumph in a successful provincial tour. The last performance had been staged and the members of the caste were being

paid off. In the thick atmosphere of a cheap lodging-house Gertie, the fascinating girl who loomed largely in the public eye, sat on a bed watching Billie pack her trunk. Billie, gifted with a voice of merit, with charm and with a soft beauty of feature, had not attained to the level she had aspired. Her success was meagre; but then her heart was not in it!

"Going back to Town, Billie?" Gertie idly toyed with a huge box of chocolates—a happy echo of the night before.

"N-no. Well, I don't know." Billie coloured. "I've been thinking that I would like a rest in the country. You know, *real* country. Flowers, cows, cream, little streams." A dreamy whimsicality in her tone caused the other girl to pause in lifting a chocolate to red lips.

"W-h-a-t! The country! Ugh! Bulls, and pigs, and smells, and prickles. Absolutely nothing to do. You'd hate it. I know I should."

"I'm a little tired of long rehearsals, long tours. No settled life. Besides,

I've not come in for much of the applause, have I?"

"You have a lovely voice, Billie. If only you were not so beastly straitlaced. Anyway, you'll be absolutely fed up with staying in the mouldy country. It's awful. Now, listen. My ma was brought up in a town, but she married a countryman. And, what's more, they lived in a place near this very town. Some ten miles or so west. A village called Wavening. His name was Wicke. He was older than my ma. He was one of those big brown farming chaps. I've often heard ma say that he had wonderful prospects and that his employer thought no end of him. Well, ma couldn't stick

OLD WICKE OF WAVENING

this love in a cottage business. Think of it! They never went anywhere. My dad was working all he could to get the appointment of manager of a branch farm. Ma never went out. She hated it. After two years she met a singer from one of those travelling troupes. She went away with him. And she took me."

"Yes?"

"I was quite tiny. The singer fellow deserted ma at a time when I was just old enough to remember him. Then we had news that my dad had taken to drink. We never heard the truth; but he never seemed to work the same. The last we heard was that he was doing the work of just an ordinary farm hand."

"Poor old chap! That was your mother's fault."

"Humph! How can you prove that? Ma worked up a little connexion for herself in vaudeville. That's how I was brought up to it. But right up to her death she always warned me to leave the country alone. She always regretted marrying my dad. She said she was often so lonely in that cottage that she used to cry herself to sleep."

"And you say that she lived near here?"

"Yes, I don't know 'zactly where. Wicke our name was. He lived in a cottage outside of Wavening. You'd never stick a day in the place."

"Have you ever been there since?"

"No. Of course not. Dad must have been dead for years. He was years older than ma. Why, he must be getting on for eighty. I'm nearer thirty than twenty. Look, Billie, next month I'm going over to 'l'l' o' Noo York with Teddie Royal's party in *Janet Was Folly*. Let me put in a word for you. There might be room in the chorus."

"Thanks all the same, Gee. I want to rest in the real, green country. I've saved a little, and I never had a chance whilst my poor old mother was alive. Now I'm alone I would like to see what the country really is like. Oh, I've thought of this many times. I may find quiet work among the flowers. A permanent job. I'm sick of all this—sick of it." She pointed at the untidy heap of brightly coloured stage frocks.

"You'll soon be sick of the dreary country."

"Perhaps. I think I'll take a peep at this—Wavening, isn't it? If I come across your dad, will I tell him your address?"

"Great Scott, no! Besides, I'll soon be in America. He *must* be dead by now. The last we heard was that he was just struggling along as a common worker on the land. No ambitions—nothing."

"No," hotly, "your mother destroyed his spirit. Perhaps he loved her."

"Oh, give it a rest, Billie! *Loved her!* What tomfool rot you do talk when you are wound up. Here, shut up, and have a chockie."



Mrs. Midges beamed from behind the counter of the Wavening Stores.

"Yes, miss. That'll be orright. The Summerses will 'ave room for you, an' my 'usband will run your trunks up." She was piqued with curiosity that so spectacular a personage should grace the village with her charming and fashionable figure. Billie chatted pleasantly for a few minutes; explained she wished to have a long rest in the country. Mrs. Midges beamed again.

"You'll find the real country 'ere," she said; "real milk an' cream, and not watery stuff like you get across the border in th' other county."

"Good!" Billie laughed aloud. "Now, tell me, didn't a Mr. Wicke live near here?"

"Yes. He's still yere. Dear old man. Ruined by marryin' a woman from a city. He should ha' married a honest country lass. Ah, well, ther' it wos. He wos a fine lad. Allus smilin' and 'appy. A clever feller with th' cattle, too. He knew how to breed 'em, he did. He knew wot wos prize-winnin' stuff an' wot wasn't. He'd ha' made a name, only his wife left 'im. And she took their baby. It broke up pore old Ben Wicke. For he wos older than his wife. Broke him up proper. He ran wild for a bit. Lorst all interest in things. He's bin workin' for years and years now as a farm hand. Cor lumme, to think of it! And only last week they gave 'im notice to quit his job."

"How awful. I'd like to see him."

"You'll find 'is cottage by followin' this road. You might call in at the Summerses' on the way. My 'usband will see to your traps."

Billie passed out into the village street. Haze of evening caressed the land. Here and there faint wisps of smoke curled away from squat chimneys perched above thatched roofs. The girl smiled delightedly. She could hear the excited shouts of village

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boys playing cricket in a field; the tinkle of running waters, lowing of cattle, merry evensong of birds. She called on the Summerses and explained her needs. Then she followed her inclination and walked happily through the fragrant dusk. Drifted across fields until heavy dew penetrated her fashionable stockings, soaked her high-heeled shoes. She returned along the roadway and found the cottage she was seeking. At the gate of it she saw an old man leaning on a stick, gazing intently towards the village. "Gertie's father," she thought. She saw he was very old and worn from the battle of life. Her pity was stirred by the sight of silvery-white hair falling about his lined face. She stopped and said "Good evening." He did not stir. He was deep in his dreams. Then he saw her. His eyes widened.

"Ah beg your pardon," he said. "Have you come to tak' a look at the flowers in ma garden?"

Billie admired them. She was conscious of a generous impulse to bring some cheer into the life of this likeable old man.

"If you are Mr. Benjamin Wicke," she said, "then perhaps I have a little good news for you." She had not meant to say quite as much as that. Wicke straightened himself with a start, came nearer and peered into her eyes. He trembled. The hands that held his stick shook.

"Have—have you come from M-Mary?" he asked. The pitiful tremor in his voice tugged at her heart. For one brief moment she was tempted to lie to him, to paint a wonderful picture that would bring joy to his eyes. No one would ever know. He was old. She paused; then, after a struggle with herself, shook her head.

"Not—not exactly; only—"

"Come in—come in," he said, and walked shakily into the cottage, lit a candle, dusted a chair and tenderly removed a photograph from the wall. He looked old, very old; but he even smiled slightly when he asked his fateful question.

"Tell me quick, miss"—his voice broke—"is—is it that God has been so good as to spare 'er to me?" Billie stumbled over her words. Again she resisted the impulse to cheer him with pretence. She shook her head. He fell limply back into a cheap wooden chair, a glory of white hair falling about his face.

"Day by day Ah've waited. Ah've prayed to the good Lord. Ah've stood out there by the gate. Ah've kept th' flowers bright in

th' garden to welcome her. Perhaps He knew best." He was crying, and his old body shook. He rested his arms upon the table, buried his head upon them. Generosity of a warm heart stirred the girl to movement. She ran to him, stood behind his chair and placed her slim, beautiful arms around his shoulders. She patted him softly and waited until he had regained his composure. His sobs quietened.

"Tell me, tell me *all* about 'er," he asked, smiling wanly and wiping his wet cheeks with a red handkerchief. Billie coloured.

"She died some years ago, Mr. Wicke; but I knew her daughter very well."

"Yes, yes. But ma wife. Wos she happy? Tell me—*tell me!*" His poignant eagerness drew a tiny sob of compunction from the girl's lips. She did not know how to answer.

"I don't think she was—not *quite* happy."

"Poor lass! Poor lass! It wanna' her fault. It was only her prettiness. But if she wosn't appy, w'y didn't she come back to me?"

"Perhaps—perhaps she was afraid."

"Afraid! W'y, Ah would ha' run out into th' road to meet her with ma arms wide open. Wos—wos *he* good to 'er?"

"Was who— Oh, yes, I see. Well, now, do you know"—a note of triumph crept into the girl's voice and found a reflection in the old man's smile—"she did not live with him."

"Ah told ye—Ah told ye." In his excitement Wicke thumped upon the table. "Ah told ye she wos a good woman." He was smiling in great glee. He thought for a few minutes, then added: "Did you know Mary well?"

"Not—not very well. You see, she died some years ago."

"She wos a wunnerful woman. Lovely eyes wot wos allus smilin' at you. And she used ter sing. Cor! 'ow she used ter sing! We wos happy in them days." Again he paused before adding: "And you knew ma darter?"

"Yes. She is ever so pretty. She can sing, too, for her voice is exceptionally good. She is in America now."

"Right away in 'Merica?" He was profoundly disappointed.

"Yes." Billie eyed him nervously. "But she may return to you."

"And did ma darter ever talk about me?"

"Why," Billie avoided the direct question, "just before I came on here your daughter

OLD WICKE OF WAVENING

and I were talking about you and the village and your wife for quite a long time. She might have even come down here, if she had time; but when she is next in England we will have to make arrangements for her to come and see you."

"Yes, lass, Ah know." The happiness in his voice vibrated through the small room. He was quiet for a few moments, thinking. Then he questioned her afresh. Minutes sped into hours.

She found it was impossible to leave him until he was physically weary. She explained that they would be waiting for her at the farm. He let her go at last. She reached the cool night, sighed with relief, and his parting words floated from the door:

"Ah'll be looking out for you to-morrow."

It was after nine. For a moment panic seized her. She ached to run away; but there was no train, no taxi. She walked nervously over to the Summerses'. A buxom, jolly woman answered her knock.

"I heard where you were from Mrs. Midges," she said, "and I've got your room ready for you. It's a nice room. We let it in th' summer to visitors . . . wen any come down this way . . ."

III

In the early morn Wicke walked the four dusty miles to the farm near the blue mountains. His heart sang with the early sun. He carried his ancient hat in one hand. His white hair nodded to and fro in the light breeze in accompaniment with each step forward, and sometimes he smiled gleefully to himself. He wrote his name on the checking-sheet and then climbed up to the high field on the southern slope. He was engaged in moving stones. The soil was good, fit to plough, but the stones ruined it. He worked long until a sun high in the heavens scorched the back of his neck.

His mind was lost in a whirl of conflicting thoughts. He was deep in far-away memories, deep in little incidents of laughter and tears that caught at his heart.

His back ached. There was a burning pain in his head and he oft-times felt dizzy. His hat fell off and he did not replace it. The sun was hot. It burned and blistered. He would rest a moment. Slid forward on his face and did not move. He lay there almost motionless during the long hours of the burning day.

Billie wandered along the mossy bank of the stream. High above her she heard the vibrant cry of the skylark's call. It touched a string in her heart. She rested where the burbling waters played above a row of stones and watched the tiny white ripples. She dozed and dreamed she heard the rattle of a curtain, hushed chatter of big audiences, rustle of programmes; the jollity of clashing music from an orchestra creating a fanfare of jazz. Blinding glare of lime-light, exacting demands of the dance, whirling patter of aching feet. Her head buzzed. The air was humid, hot; she felt sick. Through it all leered the handsome faces of elderly men. Sleek, polished, debonair. She shuddered and awakened . . . but the brook was still hurrying by. Above, the skylarks sang lightly, gaily. She could hear a wind rustling gently in the fields of golden corn. A dog barked in the grassy meadow.

She strolled to the fields where cows were grazing. Walked into cool stables, patted shiny horses when they were led to drinking troughs. She wandered through the dairy, watched the women milk, frolicked with great, playful dogs. They ran into the stream to retrieve sticks for her, and shook the water from their backs upon her smart frock.

She helped to feed the fowls, the ducks, the growing chickens. She played with the children on the swing, ran races across the green sward. The children showed her nests with feathery morsels opening wide jaws. They showed her magpies, ravens, linnets, starlings on the wing. They showed her wild flowers, detailed them to her. Took her to the pond and trapped tadpoles in a bottle. She thought they were little fishes, but they told her they were "baby frogs," and they showed her a whitish jelly mass which they said were eggs. She marvelled that children could know so much. . . .

In the gloaming she returned. There was an ache in her heart. She was twenty-six and in those years she had missed *all this!*

She found an excited group of people awaiting her in the farm-yard. A tall man, brown-featured, his long legs encased in rough riding breeches, approached her and raised a wide-brimmed hat. His short hair curled pleasingly over his forehead. Beneath the seriousness of his face she saw a laughing mouth.

"My name's Tom Weber," he said awkwardly. "I'm the foreman up th' big farm

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yon. Where old Ben, er, Mr. Wicke works."

"Yes." She clenched her hands in sudden fear.

"He didn't come down this evenin' and I went up to see if 'e, er, he was all right. I found 'im, *him*, lying on the ground. He was pretty bad. I carried him down to the farm. We fetched the doctor. He's had a sort of stroke."

"Sunstroke?"

"I dunno exactly. Something like that. He only spoke a few words. About is, *his*, doctor at Summers's. He needs you bad."

"B-b-but I, I'm not his daughter." She was frightened. At a loss for words, a little incoherent. Tom shook his head.

"He was only raving, I imagine. But he thinks you are! Won't you come? Poor ole chap, life's been awful hard on 'im. Will you come to the cottage with me?"

Billie nodded. They did not converse on the way. A doctor was attending to the old man. He was lying on a bed, the glory of white hair falling luxuriantly over his pillow.

"He doesn't know what he is saying," the doctor said. But Wicke recognized the girl. He smiled weakly. She went to him. His lips framed words, but he could not speak. He could not move his head.

"He really should be moved to a hospital," the doctor said. "A thing like this takes time and costs money."

"Move 'im, doc, move 'im there at once." Tom pushed himself forward. "I'll pay up the hospital money." Billie turned and smiled gratefully on him. She touched the doctor with a light hand.

"Yes. Have him moved," she said. "I'll be responsible, too, for whatever has to be paid."

Wicke was removed in the doctor's car. Billie walked back to the farm with Weber.

"I'm the foreman," he said again, "over at th' big farm. But I hope to buy a farm soon."

"I've come down here to live on a farm," Billie explained, "and I think I'll stop."

"It's a fine life, miss. A little 'ard, *hard*, but think of the sun and the wind and the freedom of life."

"I'd like to keep chickens," said Billie. The man laughed.

"Ask Mrs. Summers for a job," he said lightly. They parted when stars were dancing in the purple pall. Weber thought of her all night.

Billie a week afterwards asked Mrs. Sum-

mers for a job amongst the poultry for a small salary. She was put a week on trial. That week nearly broke her back. But she got the job.

She had a lot to learn. Weber came over from the farm near the blue mountains to give her tips. She was very grateful. He bought a cycle so that he could cover the four miles more easily. Later he showed her the little farm he was going to buy when he had saved enough money—and found a good wife to work it with him. Billie blushed.

He drove her in a high-wheeled, slow horse trap to the neighbouring town to visit the old man. For a long time Wicke did not recognize them. His grip on life was not strong. Sometimes the doctors were hopeful, sometimes they shook their heads.

And after each visit Tom proudly escorted Billie into the town's biggest tea shop. They sat long over their teas. He discoursed learnedly about the prospects of farming in general and one little farm in particular. Billie spoke not very learnedly about the comparative egg productive values of Runner ducks and Leghorn pullets.

She went into the same town with the Summerses on market days. She met farmers, their wives and their daughters from all over the county. She was nimble of mind. She grasped how much she could say and criticize with safety. She was instructed in the preparing of cattle for the shows, and she was elated and excited at the two firsts in the progeny class that were awarded to the Summerses. The fever of the country was in her blood. She longed to have cows, bulls, heifers of her own to win prizes. To have the press photographers asking amusing questions about *her own* prize cattle.

And Tom whispered many insidious things into her ear. She took a greater interest in the little farm he wanted to buy. She began to take notice of Tom himself. He was a great muscular fellow. She had seen him throw a bull by its neck. She noticed that the daughters of wealthy farmers were eager to meet Tom on those market days. She understood that they had money . . . with that money Tom could buy his farm.

June merged into July, July to August, August to September. In the mellow days of rosy-brown harmony on tree and field Tom borrowed the key of the empty farmhouse. Billie accompanied him on a tour



"'My name's Tom Weber,' he said awkwardly,
"I'm the foreman up th' big farm yon'" — p. 981

Drawn by
Lea Bates

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of inspection. The house was old, low, with shiny oak ceilings. The windows were fashioned in tiny panes, dying flowers reclined against the porch, and hurrying waters murmured in a winding brook.

They stood together in the doorway looking out across the brown lands. Tom kissed her on the mouth. She turned startled eyes upon him.

"You mustn't do, do th-that," she cried breathlessly. He did it again.

"I want this farm," he whispered, "for you. All for you. But I want you—all for myself."



Benjamin Wicke was liberated from hospital. He had regained his strength. Only his mind played a queer hallucination upon him. He persistently repeated an incoherent demand for "ma dörter." The village smiled. He was old and they forgave him. Peters, in recognition of his service on the farm, paid his hospital expenses, provided him with a pension and found him a home in the village. His "dörter" visited him every week.

"I've eard all about your young man," he whispered one Sunday. "Wy don't you bring 'im along?"

Tom came. He was morose. Disappointed. His estimated price of the farm had been £200 below the minimum figure.

"Six 'undred Greig wanted," he said moodily. "I can't raise more than four. It means that by th' time I've saved the rest th' farm will have been sold. It will take me years."

Fear gripped at Billie's heart. The Summers could not employ her indefinitely. As it was, the small pay she received did not pay for her dress. She had had to steadily draw small sums from her savings.

"I've got about forty pounds, Tom-boy," she said. He smiled and shook his head. The miserable pain in her heart grew stronger. Old Wicke was smiling from his toothless mouth. Then he laughed aloud and thumped the table with his old hands.

"Well, now," he said, "since ma dörter's going to wed you, Tom, Ah don' see w'y Ah shouldn't have a share in th' farm. Get ma big black tin. Not there, na, from ma bedroom. That's th' one, lad. Take this key. Go, go on"—he stamped his foot petulantly when Tom hesitated—"open it, lad."

They crowded round. Wicke tenderly

removed a lock of hair, a few faded letters, a sheet of paper with figures sprawling over it.

"Count them figgers up," he said sadly, his fingers clutching the wad of letters.

"A 'undred and twelve pou'ms," Tom said.

"Yes. It's a little more'n that. You'll find th' money in th' bottom draw of th' box. Take it all out an' count it. That's going to be ma share in th' farm. One sixth. An' you're going to give me a job w'en you've bought it. It ain't right that a 'ale and hearty man like me should be out of a job."

Billie expostulated with him. She explained that they could not possibly use his money. He grew angry. So angry that they feared for him. Then he cried pitifully and begged them to let him have his share. He was like a child. Tom sighed wearily.

"Even with this," he whispered to Billie, "I can't buy the farm. They want cash down. Besides, how on earth am I going to explain you are not his daughter?"

"I—I don't know." Billie fought down a lump in her throat. Golden opportunity was taking wings. She drew the old man aside and talked long with him. She tried to explain. It was impossible. His mind was permeated with that one dominating thought. She was his daughter. Why, he remembered how she came to him! He could not reason logically. His aged mind wandered. He gradually grew exhausted. He reiterated, until tears fell down his old cheeks, that he wanted his share in the farm.

"Tom-boy," Billie crossed to Weber and whispered, "even if I am not his daughter, there is no one else who cares. And the money he put in the farm will bring him his own share of profit. Let me call on Greig and offer five hundred. The balance to be paid in instalments."

"He wants cash. I couldn't get any terms."

"Just let me try, Tom-boy. I'll fix him all right . . ."

And Billie did.

After the wedding they gave Wicke a simple job on the farm. He is still at it. He loves it. As he will tell you if you stop to pass the time of day, ". . . th' farm's payin' well. But then, Ah knows ma job. It 'ud be a crime if a 'ale an' hearty chap like me wasn't workin' on somethin' important like . . ."

Making a Fountain

By
Edward Hobbs

A FOUNTAIN with its cool splash of water is one of those features all too seldom found in the small garden. Yet is there anything more peaceful than the quiet burbling of the falling water heard at the close of a long day? At high noon the gleaming jet sparkling with a thousand changing tints wrought of sunlight and air speaks of the joy of life. At eventide the swaying jet rises with languid grace, and falling placidly into the pool, carries its own message of quietude to the weary. Truly a fountain is a thing greatly to be desired, but can be attained by those who will spend a little time and energy on its making.

Fortunately it is not by any means difficult to construct a simple fountain. The precise methods will necessarily have to be guided by circumstances, particularly as regards the water supply. Where this is obtained from a public service due regard must be paid to the regulations of the water supply company. Usually, however, there is no difficulty in arranging an independent or natural supply. A simple plan is to store rainwater in a butt or tank sunk into the ground located at a greater height than the level of the fountain.

Usually the fountain will only throw up water to a height of about one-third that of the water supply. That is to say, if the rainwater tank is, say, nine feet above the surface of the water in the fountain, the jet of water will be thrown up to a height of about three feet. This is only an average and varies with the size of the pipe, its length and slope, and of course only applies to water which reaches the fountain by gravity. If the water supply comes from a main, the height to which the jet will be



Photo: J. Hobbs

Fig. 1.—The completed garden fountain as described in this article
Note the tap at upper left-hand edge.

thrown will depend on the pressure in the pipes and also the size of the nozzle.

When the site is level and it is inconvenient to arrange for a rainwater tank to feed the fountain in this way it is generally practicable to fix a rainwater tank in the roof of an outbuilding or some other convenient place where it will be sufficiently above the level of the garden. A pipe is taken from this tank to the fountain and should be provided with a tap to enable the water to be turned on or off at will.

It is generally possible, however, to find a sloping site somewhere in the garden and utilize it for making up a fountain such as that illustrated in Fig. 1. In this case the end of the garden slopes upwards steeply and is ideal for the purpose; but where this is not possible another way is to make an artificial mound somewhere and locate the tank on the top of it. This mound is easily converted into a thing of beauty either by transforming it into a rock garden or by planting it thickly with flowering shrubs.

Having obtained the supply of water, the

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next thing to do is to provide a bowl or basin for the fountain. A practical arrangement, and one that is pleasing on account of its simplicity, is to embed half a barrel into the ground with its top edge flush with the surface. This may be an ordinary oil barrel of about 50 to 100 gallons capacity, and should be sawn asunder at its largest diameter. The barrel should be thoroughly well coated with Solignum or other wood preservative stain, or the interior may be tarred, some shavings thrown into it, and the interior set alight and allowed to burn until all the tar has been consumed. This chars the surface of the wood and makes it extremely durable. It should subsequently be tarred inside and out and then inserted into its place.

Some method of disposing of the surplus water is essential. The simplest plan is to excavate a hole to a depth of two to three feet below the bottom of the barrel and almost fill the hole with broken brick or hard core, lumps of chalk or the like, so as to form a deep soak-away. A convenient position for this hole is directly beneath the barrel. The barrel is set in place on the top of the hard core and well embedded by ramming the earth around its sides. A hole about half an inch in diameter is drilled towards one side of the bottom of the barrel and provided with a cork or other plug, which should be removed when the fountain is playing or when the water is to be changed.

The pipe connecting to the tank or supply main is preferably of galvanized iron of the size known as $\frac{3}{4}$ in., which actually measures a little over 1 in. in outside diameter. The joints in this pipe are simply made with screwed collars rendered watertight with a paste of red-lead paint. The pipe is laid in a narrow trench dug in the ground, and should be embedded at least six inches below the surface of the ground to protect it from frost in winter.

At a convenient distance from the fountain, say

three to four feet, the galvanized pipe should terminate with a brass tap, which may be housed in a cavity visible in Fig. 1 and covered with a stone slab. From this tap a connexion is made to a small-bore brass pipe somewhere about $\frac{3}{8}$ in. in diameter, which may be bent to follow the contours of the ground until it reaches the fountain. It is then bent over the edge of the butt, down towards the bottom thereof, and then again bent upwards so that the end projects above the surface of the water in the centre of the butt. The projecting end should be provided with a small brass nozzle, which can be obtained at any ironmonger's, as supplied for attaching to flexible rubber piping on gas fittings. This is shown in Fig. 3 and makes an admirable nozzle.

The brass pipe can be bent while it is cold if the pipe is first made dull red-hot over a gas stove and then allowed to cool slowly. The metal will then be found to bend quite easily with the hands alone, but care should be taken to avoid kinks or abrupt changes of form. The end of the pipe should be screwed to fit the tap at one end and the nozzle at the other. The tap should preferably be fitted with a union connexion so that the brass tube can easily be detached from it at any time should it be desired.

At this stage test the pipes to ascertain if there are any leakages, and that the water flows freely, also to ensure that the jet is correctly placed and the water throws up sufficiently, any defects being remedied as necessary. The pipe is then embedded in the earth and the turf replaced, and the surroundings of the fountain completed in any desired manner.

There are a variety of ways in which this may be done.

An effective and pretty arrangement, shown in Fig. 1, is to obtain some small pieces of broken York stone and build this in mortar around the rim of the butt, raising them on the high side of the



Fig. 2.—The tub buried and the water supply pipe and trench

MAKING A FOUNTAIN

sloping site and leaving cavities between some of the stones which can be filled in with good light soil to receive rock or other plants.

The upper stones, which are not set in mortar, must be thoroughly bedded in the soil so that there are no air gaps between the stones, otherwise the plants will not thrive.

The surroundings can be dealt with by planting a few suitable shrubs, flowering plants, or whatever fancy may dictate. In the case of a fountain in a rectangular pool, formed with brick sides and stone coping, the same method may be followed, but in the event of the pond being of any size, say eight or nine feet in length and five or six feet in width, it should be provided with a proper overflow discharging into a drain or large soak-away which should be placed in some part of the garden where the moisture will not be troublesome.



Fig. 3.—Shape of the small pipe—and also showing nozzle

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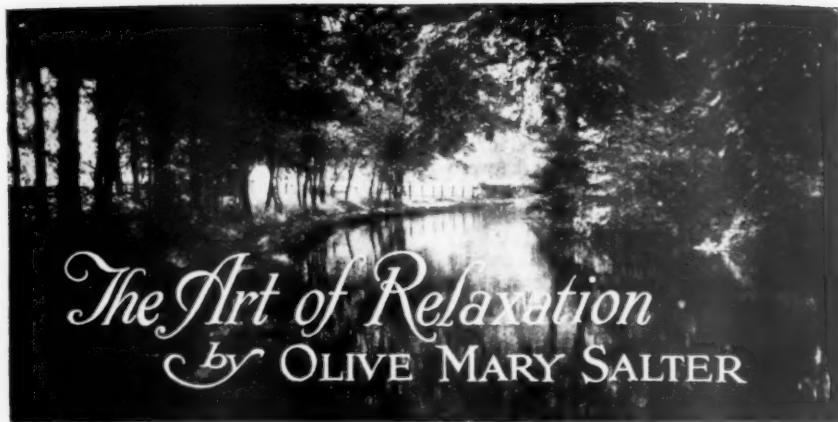
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The Art of Relaxation

by OLIVE MARY SALTER

Photo : E. W. Shattock

THE gentleman who must have spent an honourable lifetime compiling my dictionary is, as a rule, inclined rather to an airy brevity than to the pernicketyness one might expect of him. But now and then within this monument to his memory there occurs a word which evidently meant something more to him than the common, and upon it he has really let himself go. One of these favourites of his is the pleasant verb "to relax."

"To Relax"

He lingers over its definition with winsome pertinacity. At first he is sternly academic with it; austere conscientious. "To relax : to loosen one thing away from another : to slacken : to make less close," says he, very uncompromising. But a good dinner must have had a mellowing effect upon him, for a further meaning of the verb "to relax" suddenly occurs to him. "To make less severe," amplifies he gaily, "to relieve from attention or effort; to divert." The after-dinner coffee is doing its work. "To make languid" is the next effort, and there he nearly stops altogether, but an excellent cigar has shown him the delightful elastic verb in its intransitive light : "to become less close, to become less severe," runs on his pen, humouring him; and finally, "to attend less," and at that point I see his head falling forward, and my lexicographer is asleep on page number four hundred and twenty-six, in the blissful consciousness of having compiled such an exhaustive definition of the verb "to relax" as has never before been attained.

All honour to his painstaking memory, for it is indeed an important word, and one of which our restless generation has perhaps lost something of the true significance.

"All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy"

—a proverb which we all take pleasure in remembering. The lifelong plea of Herbert Spencer was for more relaxation in the life of the English people, and it would seem on the surface of affairs that this generation is doing its best to act upon his counsel. We do, in fact, make quite a business of seeing that we get our proper amount of the accepted forms of recreation. We take time off, lots of it, and are careful not to over-work ourselves when we are on duty. Looking impartially into the results of this national policy of diversion, however, one sometimes feels moved to ask the question: Is this really the kind of relaxation that Spencer asked for? Is it true relaxation at all, in the widest sense of the word? Manufactured recreations certainly play a very necessary part in the great business of taking us out of our limited or unsatisfactory selves. It is good to dance, to go to the play, to listen-in.

Theory and Practice

Our theory of diversion is wise, but when we come to practice we are inclined to let it run away with us. The Englishman not only takes his pleasures sadly; he makes a business of them. Strain and tension are inseparably associated with our modern forms of entertainment. They are either so complicated, like dancing, or so ex-

THE ART OF RELAXATION

pensive, like bridge, or so nerve-racking, like Grand Guignol, or so dangerous, like motoring, or so hurried, like getting out of town for the week-end and back again, that only a giant of health and tenacity is really fitted to play at them. In a word, the only rest we get from our pastimes is our business, and this is perhaps the less strenuous of the two.

Burning the Candle at Both Ends

The fate of those who burn the human candle at both ends in this way is constantly before us, and seems to point to the truth that relaxation should not connote merely a change of occupation, but that the innate power to relax lies much deeper, and is not so easily got at, like all things very much worth having in this world. All living creatures are governed by two great agencies, known to science as force and energy; the first may be described as a *contracting* force inwards, the second as a *relaxing* force outwards. Within each one of us is the need to retire in upon ourselves and the need to expand out from ourselves. In order that we should be healthy and happy it is necessary that these forces should be equally balanced, these two needs equally satisfied. If we had all force acting upon us we should be compressed and lifeless, like blocks of wood; if we had all energy we should fly into an infinite number of atoms and cease to exist in any concrete form at all.

The tendency of war, however, is always an over-contracting tendency; it engenders fear, which makes us all suspicious of one another, and disposes us to shrink in upon ourselves for protection, like snails into their shells. Our civilization, based upon commerce, which is another form of war, has a similar effect. The life of the average Englishman or Englishwoman in our crowded, noisy towns is a series of involuntary nervous shrankings from outside elements or events. A sort of perpetual wince is inscribed upon our souls and reflected in our faces. We are always in a hurry, always vainly trying to make ourselves heard above the din, always liable to be run over the instant we leave the pavement; somebody might at any moment pick our pockets, burgle our houses, give us the wrong change, do us down in business, run away with our wives, forge our signatures, and so on. We seem to live at the mercy of a rapacious and exacting society, and unconsciously we shrink from it, mentally or in actuality. Highly sensitive persons are reduced by such

a strain to the state of tension which results in crime, in lunacy, in despair. Others among us, less susceptible, express our fears in various ways. We have our own particular little "complexes"; such and such a thing throws us into a state; or we contract physically, our muscles sag, our faces grow lined and pinched, our hair lies flat upon our weary heads.

Against this growing tendency towards over-contraction of the human creature into itself, I plead for the cultivation of an art of relaxation. In metaphysical terms, it is clear that we need to oppose more energy to the element of force which is acting upon us with a crushing and burdensome effect; and we can only do this by making a path through ourselves, as it were, along which the great life-giving power, energy, can travel, just as electric current travels along a wire to do its work. The art of relaxation, then, is primarily the effort of the mind to open itself to outside influences in opposition to the natural tendency of minds to close in upon themselves. Paradoxical as it sounds, we have first and foremost to make a great effort to let ourselves go, to put ourselves entirely at the mercy of all the powers outside ourselves.

Fall Limply

The great rule governing the "stage fall" in the theatre is that the body must be allowed to go quite limp when the fall takes place, or bruises will result. All acrobats, in fact, do their work in a state of confidence, almost of abandonment, which leaves the muscles of the body mobile and elastic. If they went about their work stiffly they would break bones. This perfect physical relaxation is only attained by a patient, arduous training of the body. Children, on the other hand, have it naturally. Their bodies seem to be of a rubbery quality, and tumble about like ninepins without coming to any great hurt; their minds are similarly resilient to the knocks and lapses of fate. Grown men and women, living under the conditions of perpetual tension which govern the majority of adults to-day, have neither time nor opportunity to practise the tumbler's art; but in the effortless, unpractised repose of children we have an example which we can all follow. The child is exposed to the same worldly conditions, though on a smaller scale, as those which confront ourselves. He is compounded of the same chemical elements, and they are undergoing the usual pitched battle with other chemical

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elements. Yet he is, generally speaking, physically perfect and mentally serene. He has neither wrinkles nor twitches, does not know what the blues mean, and continually performs astounding feats without showing any signs of distress. Where does he get his equanimity; his balance; his repose?

All these originate in the child's confidence in his world. He has no fear—that is, no shrinking; that is, no tension. All his organs and muscles are in a state of relaxation, like those of the practised acrobat; but they are held so *without* practice, simply by the reposeful mentality within. He lives his mental life blithely, without strain, and this state is automatically reflected in his physical being. The frightful and terrifying things of life are there, all about him, but he does not see them; they are obscured behind the broad back of his parent, his nurse, or of his simple image of God. He "lets himself go" utterly, and in so doing is preserved from all harm.

Serenity

We need to learn to live serenity very much as the child lives it, simply by letting ourselves go, trusting to Providence to see us through. No art is easy of fulfilment, and the art of relaxation is no exception to the rule. Grown up people find it as difficult to remember not to be worried, not to be tense, not to be distrustful, as children find it to remember about not picking flowers in the park or scribbling on the nursery wallpaper.

Over and over again it is necessary to unbend the mind to the idea of good, good in ourselves, in our neighbours, in the events which have befallen us and which may befall us yet, in the ultimate fate of humankind at large. Furthermore, our art needs to be cultivated like any other. Faith in well-being is somewhat of a nightingale caged in the heart; it is in the mood to sing, but cannot do so all the time without being fed. Most people tend to feed their faith upon a sour diet, and the poor thing literally starves or gets poisoned. The initial effort of moral repose is to put the mind into a calmly receptive condition; but if one wishes, as is the natural habit of mankind, to receive into it the best that's going, one must exert oneself to find and attain the best. The art of relaxation is also the art of suitable and gentle exertion; as the body cannot sleep without a certain amount of healthy exercise, so the spirit is

no exception to this rule. Good friends, good books, good music, these conduce excellently to our moral tranquillity. Good conversation is another pleasant form of mental laxative of which we very seldom avail ourselves.

Absolute Relaxation

Swedish drill—"physical jerks"—have been much in favour of recent years, but I should prescribe as even more important for many of us a course of doing absolutely nothing for at least ten minutes in every day. By this I mean not merely sitting still in a tense attitude, with one's eyes on the clock and one's mind wandering in pursuit of all the unsettling impressions which happen to have passed through it during the day. Every limb, every muscle, must be absolutely relaxed, not forgetting the facial muscles, which lapse most easily of all into their habitual tenseness as soon as the attention is withdrawn from the expression. It is significant that the newest training in voice production directs the pupil to drop the jaw into a lax position almost like that of an idiot. Only by attaining this over-exaggerated supineness can the singer support the strain of the high or resonant notes expected of her. Most important of all, thought must be trained to "let go" of all things worrying, all things frightening, all things aggravating; that is to say, it must be trained to yield itself outwards and to rest with confidence wherever it may happen to alight. There is a phrase of Count Tolstoy's which, I think, contains the Alpha and Omega of this life-giving science of mind repose. He describes his own attitude towards men and things at one happy period of his life as "seeing through with love." To see through with love means, surely, to be able to yield oneself up to life, with certainty of the balance being on the side of good. In this there is a thought to give us relaxation at any moment and under whatever conditions of tension we may find ourselves. I should like to be sufficiently mistress of my thoughts to take that one permanently into my service, so that in all the trying circumstances of life, in the dentist's waiting-room, at a charity bazaar, at the snuffly stage of influenza, in a traffic holdup, confronted by a dishonoured cheque, confronted by Bolshevism, in a London mud-puddle and at my own funeral, I might still be able to "see through with love."



THE COUNTRY'S SIMPLE TASKS AND SUNNY WAYS

The Child and Nature

FROEBEL lived over a century ago. He taught his children to study Nature. Pestalozzi lived years before him. He took his pupils into the fields to work and led them to observe the beauties around them. And to-day great teachers the world over—Madame Montessori in Italy, Professor Dewey in America, Miss Margaret Macmillan in the slums of Deptford, and others of their ilk—still insist that every young child have the opportunity to tend his own plants and animals and to see the wonders of Nature. Educationists are divided in many questions, but not in this—no one denies the importance and value of Nature study in early education.

Interest Early Awakened

The child's interest in Nature awakens very early. "Look, mummy," cried a little girl of three as she was being dressed one morning. "The trees are all undressed." In her reaction to such a remark as this lies the opportunity of the modern mother. From now on the child can be led to appreciate the wonders of trees and birds and flowers, to observe the seasons, to take an interest in all living things. From now on the baby will begin to form his own philosophy of life, to discover that everything in the whole world obeys the big laws of living as he himself must do if he is to make a success of life. "Nature," says Froebel, "is a manifestation, a revelation of God." From studying the everyday animals and plants—the starling, the sparrow, the snail, the snowdrop—the child learns to reverence life, to understand his kinship with the rest of Nature, to shrink from inflicting pain. "Look, daddy, at this *delightful* worm," said the little daughter of Charles Kingsley as she laid it carefully on a garden bed where it would be safe from harm.

Most parents of to-day think seriously about the sex-education of their children, recognizing that the view which children take of natural processes is tremendously important. More use might be made of Nature study in this connexion. The child

Training the Young Mind
By
Muriel Wrinch

of four who has seen the tiny birds shielded by the leaf stalks of the plane tree, who has seen the tiny green seeds tucked away in the protecting seed-box, who has seen the mother bird brooding in her nest—this is the child who can accept naturally and happily when the time comes the relation between the human mother and baby. For him parenthood is not shrouded with unwholesome mystery. Rather he sees the matter in its correct relation to the whole of life, rejoicing in the closeness of the bond that binds him to his parents.

If only all parents of to-day would help their children to find out, as their interests develop, the beautiful and wonderful things of Nature, we would see in the next generation the beginnings of a new heaven and a new earth. We should see people living with a conception of what life really means, finding joy in the elementary things of life, finding happiness in everyday surroundings instead of searching for it in outside entertainment. We should see people with a healthy and reverent respect for all the wonderful and beautiful processes connected with sex, with motherhood and with fatherhood.

Worth While

It is worth while to work for this ideal. And it is possible for everyone. Even the parent who has no book knowledge of zoology and botany can help his children by working *with* them and discovering with them. And even if the child who lives among bricks and mortar seems to lack the opportunities of the country child, there are yet the animals in the parks to watch, the dogs and cats and horses in the street to observe, window-boxes to cultivate if there is no garden.

The great principle to remember when we help the child to learn about Nature is that we must follow his interests.

Playing with Chestnuts

First, the very young child will be interested only in isolated natural objects—glossy chestnuts, big red apples, acorns.

THE CHILD AND NATURE

These things he will collect and play with by the hour together if he is not spoiled by being given too many elaborate playthings. At this stage he will take a great interest in animals—rabbits and guinea-pigs, cats, kittens, dogs, birds. All parents who can possibly manage it should give their children as soon as they can toddle some pet or other to help to tend and feed. In the very early stages the mother will take the baby with her to feed the hens or rabbits or any other animals. Thus the child begins to realize that he and his family is not the centre of the universe—in the garden the flowers need water to drink just as much as he does; the rabbit needs his dinner just as mother or Peter does. As soon as is possible, the child should go alone to feed his pets, and he should not be reminded of his responsibilities until his mother is quite sure he has forgotten them. It is a valuable stimulus to development for the child to feel that some living thing is depending upon him for the necessities of life.

There comes a day when the child who has previously noticed only isolated objects in the natural world begins to see their connexion with other objects. He may show an interest in the gardener's work or in the plants growing in the garden. This is the moment to suggest planting acorns or chestnuts, or any other big seeds in the child's own garden or in pots on the nursery windowsill. Acorns can also be grown in "acorn glasses," and the child can then watch the whole process of development, the growth of root as well as shoot. Mustard and cress grown on flannel is also very satisfactory because the seeds germinate quickly. From this it is an easy step on to watch the growth of hyacinths and other bulbs, grown outdoors or in as the season renders necessary.

For Nursery Use

In the spring the twigs of horse chestnuts, sycamore, ash and beech trees may be cut and placed in the nursery. The baby can watch the furry blanket leaves unfurl beneath the tight, brown, sticky scales of the horse chestnut buds. Then he sees the fresh green young leaves appearing—"they are much later than the others," Peter, aged four, explains, "because, you see, the mummy leaves fold round them to keep them warm."

Peter is also extremely interested in his aquarium which stands in his nursery. It cost five shillings to equip, but the know-

ledge and understanding he has gained could not be bought for as many pounds. The aquarium is merely a large glass cover, similar to those used by confectioners to put over cakes, inverted with the knob fitted into a wooden stand. Peter and his nurse went specially to a pond near by to obtain pond-mud to form a layer at the bottom of the water. This ensures that there will be some natural food, in the shape of eggs and tiny insects, upon which the inmates of the aquarium may feed. On the next excursion Peter gathered some water weeds. These are planted in the mud and help to aerate the water. A few handfuls of duckweed, floating on the top of the water, makes the aquarium, as Peter says, "quite like the 'riginal pond." The sides of the aquarium are blackened so that the light can come from the top to the water creatures as under natural conditions, and a few pebbles are placed so that shyer animals can hide if they wish. Then everything is ready for the inmates.

Tadpoles

Tadpoles, collected either in the very early stages or as eggs in February, caddis-worms, water mussels, pond snails, water spiders, and minnows all live very happily together. The water is kept fresh by changing the water weeds frequently. These weeds contain the food of the fish, and with a few ants' eggs and a little ground rice given once a day enough food is provided for all.

There are some animals which must not be kept with the others—sticklebacks, water scorpions and beetles ought all to have separate jars to themselves. Sticklebacks in particular are well worth keeping. They may even build their nest and lay their eggs before the children's delighted eyes.

I heard the other day of a small boy who has labelled certain shelves in his nursery, "Caterpillar Zoo and Cocoonery." This represents another big interest. Provide a child with a few cardboard boxes and turn him loose in even a tiny suburban garden, and he will soon have quite a large "caterpillar zoo." Cocoons can be found in many warm nooks in walls and outhouses during the autumn and winter months.

In the course of his work amongst animals and plants the child sees many instances of mother-love and mother-care. He sees these not as isolated examples, but as part of life; and through Nature-study he learns much about motherhood, with very little definite teaching from grown-ups. When the mother

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has brought her child close to Nature, trained him to use his eyes and hands to discover the secrets of field and garden, all she has to do is to follow the child's developing interests, and to help the child to answer his own questions about the origin of life as they arise in his mind.

Even when he is only two, the child loves dogs and cats and horses, the lambs in the fields gambolling round the more sedate sheep, the goats and kids; he even loves earthworms and frogs and insects, if he has not been prejudiced against them by grown-ups who dislike "creeping crawlies." When he is three, as a rule, he begins to realize that the animals he watches with so much joy stand in the relation of parents and children. It is usually when he is three also that the child first notices the multiplications of the numbers of animals. And when in spring the new kittens and young kids, the lambs, puppies and foals make their appearance, it is almost inevitable that Three-Years-Old begins to wonder *where* they come from. Then it is that he becomes very much interested in maternity and birth.

"Where does the kittens come from?" "Where was baby before he came here?" "Where did I come from?" These are questions which must be met fairly and answered truthfully and simply. It is only possible to provide an answer which is absolutely truthful and yet simple enough for the child's understanding if the mother looks at the question *from the child's point of view*, and seeks to answer the *child's* question, not her own grown-up interpretation of the question.

When the child of three asks, "Where do babies—or puppies—or kittens—or lambs—come from?" he means neither more nor less than what he says. He is not asking for information as to physical details of motherhood, nor is he asking for the facts of sex. He simply wants to know where the animals or babies come from, and very often he will be quite satisfied with the answer, "God gives them to their mummies."

When the child is a little older, five or six perhaps, and asks, "How do babies come?" he is asking a different question. Now, obviously, he wants to know some physical details, and if he has been taught Nature-study properly he will be in a position to understand the beauty and fitness of these physical details. Every child knows that young birds come from eggs, and that they can only be born if the mother keeps them warm and safe, taking care of them

nearly all day and all night. Every child knows that eggs are easily broken. What could be more natural than that God arranged that instead of being laid early and exposed to many dangers, the eggs of the mother rabbit or the mother guinea-pig should be kept warm and safe inside her body, and the babies should only enter the great world when it is possible for them to live in comparative safety. Nor, as the child will see, is it only animal mothers who protect their children. Flower mothers also take care of the tiny green seeds until they grow large enough to be planted and to start life on their own.

When the child realizes these things life will seem more wonderful to him than ever before. He will see how much the human mother loves her children, how happy she is to be able to take care of her babies during the months they are preparing to enter the world. This is one of the greatest functions of Nature-study in the education of the child. He learns early to see the beauty of that side of life which is too often wrapped in mystery and secrecy.

For all but the very tiniest children it is a good thing to start a Nature diary in connexion with the observations made every day. This may consist merely of a large sheet of paper with a square ruled for each day, pinned up on the nursery wall. Everyone in the house—father, mother, nurse, baby—should be free to contribute to this, recording small facts noticed; the appearance of the first aconite, the bursting of the first buds of the horse chestnut, a snow-storm, the finding of a frog in the garden, and so on. The youngest child who cannot write can draw little pictures to illustrate his observation—a little man with an umbrella represents a rainy day, a bright yellow sun a day of sunshine, and so on. Thus the child in his earliest years begins his career as scientist, observing and recording facts.

Habit-formation

All this is a question not so much of time as of habit-formation. It seems strenuous work at first to carry on an intelligent scheme of Nature work with the young child—there are so many other things that must be done for him—but soon it becomes second nature both to mother and child to notice what is going on around them. The benefit to the child cannot be overestimated, whereas from the mother's point of view the dignity of her work is increased.

A Traveller's ABC

Legal Hints for Holiday Makers

IT is extraordinary how ignorant the majority of travellers are of the odds and ends of law affecting them on their journeys. And on no subject are they more ill-informed than on lost luggage. The ordinary person will tell you without a shadow of doubt that once your luggage is labelled you need have no further anxiety, for if it is lost or damaged the railway company will have to pay up. Thousands of anxious ladies travel annually in peace and happiness, sustained by this belief. And yet, if they only knew it, their pathway is strewn with danger.

Let me ask your attention to the following list of things, and as you read it will you just make a mental note of how often you travel with any of the items I mention?

"Gold or silver coin, gold or silver in a manufactured or unmanufactured state, precious stones, jewellery, watches, clocks or timepieces, trinkets, bills, bank-notes, orders, notes or securities for payment of money, stamps, maps, writings, title deeds, paintings, engravings, pictures, gold or silver plate or plated articles, glass, china, silks, manufactured or unmanufactured, whether wrought up with other materials or not, furs and lace."

What You Cannot Recover

Now, if you have in your trunk when you go by train any one or more of these things, and the value of them all taken together exceeds a ten-pound note, you will not be able to recover a penny-piece from the railway company in respect of them if they are lost or damaged on the journey, unless before you started you went to the proper place—generally the parcels office—at the station and made a declaration as to the value of these "exceptionally valuable" goods you were carrying, and paid an increased charge as a sort of insurance premium.

It really is rather a startling proposition for you if you have never heard of it before. You cannot—if of the gentler sex—take much with you for a week-end visit in the way of jewellery, plated brushes, silks,

lace or fur without exceeding ten pounds, and yet there the law remains—if you take them and do not declare them, there will be no one to dry your tears if they are lost.

But apart from these "exceptionals," the usual rule is that the company is responsible for loss or damage to anything in your trunk if you deliver it to a porter within a reasonable time before the train starts, and are ready to receive it on the platform a reasonable time after the train arrives at your destination.

Nothing for the "Exceptionals"

And suppose you have your trunk partly filled with "exceptionals" and partly with ordinary things, like boots and shoes and tailor-made clothes, and the trunk gets lost, you will be able to recover for the ordinary things, but you will get nothing for the vanished exceptionals.

Hand baggage, which you take with you into the carriage, is an entirely different matter. You may take it as a good working rule that the responsibility in regard to it is entirely yours, and that the railway does not care whether you lose it or not. It is wise, therefore, to exercise considerable care over it, especially in view of the prevalence at the moment of some very expert bands of "luggage-snatching crooks." The greatest difficulty arises when you want to go to lunch or dine in the restaurant car. It is an intolerable nuisance to have to "cart" a lot of heavy stuff about with you; on the other hand, it is risky to leave it behind unattended. Personally, I always put everything I can in the van, and only leave myself encumbered by the lightest paraphernalia if I contemplate a restaurant-car meal while on my journey.

A "Reasonable Time"

You will remember that I said above that the company were responsible for "ordinary" luggage if delivered to a porter within a reasonable time of the departure of the train. Of course, what a "reasonable time" is depends very much on circumstances. The bigger the station the greater

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the length of time allowed. But if you get there far too early, you must put your baggage in the cloak-room. Have you, by the way, ever read the conditions on the back of a cloak-room ticket? If not, you will find them rather illuminating. And, moreover, you will be bound by them. You will usually find that the company makes it a condition of the deposit that they will not be liable for more than a fixed sum (generally £10 or £20) in respect of any one package. Sometimes they allow you, if you pay more than the customary 3d., to insure for a greater amount. It would be a sad comedown to have a trunk full of pretty things vanish from the cloak-room, only to be met with the statement that £10 was the outside you had any right to hope for. Of course, the risk is not great provided you do not lose your cloak-room ticket; but if you do that, and some dishonest person finds it, he may attend at the station and carry off your things, and you will be left disconsolate save in so far as £10 can cheer you.

If You Lose Your Ticket

There is one "tip" I must not forget to give you, for it may save you endless annoyance and inconvenience. If ever you should chance to lose your ticket while on a journey, and the inspector comes to demand its production, the only thing which he can compel you to do is to give your name and address. He has no right whatever to make you pay again. He will try, of course—they always do—and the little receipt-book will be produced to convince you of the inevitability of a second payment; but if you quietly produce your card or give him your name and address, while firmly refusing to pay, the inspector will fade from your sight.

Later on you will get a letter from the company, calling your attention to the incident, and you will then either have to satisfy them that you did, in fact, purchase a ticket, or you will have to pay the fare. But that is a very different thing from having to find ready money in the middle of a long railway journey.

You must keep your temper when trains are unpunctual, and it is no good trying to make the company pay you damages if you miss a good business deal or fail to appear on a concert platform in time because the train was late. Most of the companies have given notice stating that their tickets are issued on the condition that they shall be under no liability for loss, inconvenience or injury caused to passengers by unpunctuality.

One Bright Spot

There is one "bright spot" about this for the traveller—and only one. If a railway company is not merely late, but fails to get you to your destination at all within a reasonable time, then you may do for yourself in a reasonable and unextravagant way what the company undertook to do for you, and charge the company. For instance, if they have booked you through to a station you ought to reach the same night, and owing to lateness you lose the connexion and are hopelessly stranded, you may go to an hotel, and the company must pay. Or if they book you to A, which is five miles farther on than the junction B, and when you get to B very late you find the last train has gone to A, you may charter a taxi to take you to A and send in the bill to the railway.

Luggage

One last word as to luggage. The only luggage you can take with you free of charge is "personal" luggage. Several judges have tried to find an exact definition of the word, but it has been very difficult. Anyway, it does not include a bicycle for yourself or a rocking-horse for your children. Nor does it include things carried for purposes of trade or business. And though probably you might take with you a violin or a typewriter free of charge if they were for your personal amusement, it is open to question whether the company could not charge you for them if you were a professional violinist or a paid stenographer.





When Baby comes —

Nature has provided one ideal food for baby—maternal milk. The baby which is breast-fed from birth enjoys a tremendous advantage over those nourished artificially. Maternal milk is germ-free, of correct composition and protects the child from serious diseases of nutrition, such as rickets, etc.

"Ovaltine" makes breast feeding possible for every mother. This delicious beverage is made from rich creamy milk, fresh eggs, ripe barley malt and is flavoured with cocoa. It contains all the nutriment of these natural tonic foods in a highly concentrated and easily digested form.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage until baby is weaned. Better still if you commence a month or two prior to the birth. It will ensure an ample supply of rich milk during the nursing period and will materially aid your own quick return to normal health and strength.

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Problem Pages

What is a "Lady"?

DEAR BARBARA DANE (writes
"Helen"),

"When I read the problem pages of the dear old *QUIVER* I think the way you appear to smooth out life's little problems for your readers is so nice. I have no problem, but I shall be really grateful if you would patiently explain something to me.

"I am frankly puzzled as to what is the modern conception of a lady. I have always considered that a woman of good education, a love of refinement, with a charm of manner, and a strong desire to avoid hurting others' feelings is just one of nature's ladies, unless she possesses good birth. Now please tell me, what is good birth? Surely, if one's parents engage in trade and not a profession this cannot make any difference, for titled people now engage in business.

"I cannot think that wealth or lack of wealth makes any difference either. But does it? Here is a little instance which will, perhaps, make clear to you what I mean. I go to stay with Mrs. A., and there meet Mrs. B., to whom I feel greatly attracted, and seem to see in her an ideal 'lady.' After she has gone, and I express my admiration, I am told laughingly, 'Oh, my dear, she's very nice, but she's not a lady, you know. She is Dr. ——'s housekeeper.' On the other hand, I meet a Mrs. C., for whom I do not care. Perhaps I feel that she snubs me, as I am dowdy, but I am told of her, 'Yes, she is a bit eccentric, but she is a lady.' Now I think I ought to see this difference, but I never do. Perhaps you will think that I must be a snob, but what I find is that though these things do not matter to me they do matter to people with whom I come in contact."

This is not an easy letter to answer. People who move much about the world know instinctively what is meant when a woman is referred to as a lady. I do not agree necessarily that the definition is always, even frequently, correct. But the word, I take it, implies a tradition. It is often a tradition of family public service, such as is given to the country by doctors, clergymen, soldiers and sailors, landed proprietors; it implies anyway, I think, that a woman has from birth been brought up in an atmosphere—at home, in the school, in social life—in which good breeding counts above all things.

It implies, it seems to me, an attitude of mind which is not the result of individual decision, but rather something that has been

A Country Inn—Your Daughter's Friends—Flat-hunting

By Barbara Dane

imbibed through the very air which one breathes.

I think that to assume that only those who from birth have been accustomed to subordinate their private emotions to the rules of good breeding are ladies is quite mistaken. Any woman who is thoughtful of others can be a lady in the best meaning of the word, but if she has not been brought up in an atmosphere of good breeding little delicacies of conduct and of speech may escape her, and it is perhaps this "difference" of which people are sometimes aware in comparing "ladies" by birth with "ladies" by character.

At the same time, very many women who belong to aristocratic families do not by any means behave as if they were ladies. Perhaps the most that one can say is that where you get a woman who belongs to an old family who have always treasured the laws of good breeding, and who herself desires to observe them not as mere rules of etiquette, but because their observance does make life more pleasant for others, you get the perfect example of a "lady." I am afraid I am not as clear as I should like to be, and probably many of my readers differ from me. But this is how I see the matter personally, without in any way feeling inclined to give to the subject that exaggerated importance placed on it by those to whom pedigree is of more importance than character.

From a Country Inn

A Devonshire woman, who keeps a little country inn, writes:

"I am badly wanting advice, and should so much like to know what you think of my position. I am a working man's wife, always used to business, and I keep a country inn, but situated where there is no attraction for visitors; hence the inn does not provide a living for a delicate husband and invalid daughter. Having had much sickness and losses in business, I find myself without any capital, and only about £40. I realize that if I stay here I shall be still further compelled to spend my little bit to enable me to pay my way. What do you advise me to do? I fear I cannot get another inn for that capital; also we are 45 years of

THE QUIVER

age, and have no relatives to help us. We live very meagrely, but by the time we have paid for rent, taxes, licence, medicines and doctors we have nothing left for food and clothes."

I wish my correspondent had given me a little information so that I could the better be able to help her. She does not say whether she has any rooms she can let. Even in a place where there are few "attractions" for visitors people are sometimes glad to stay for the sake of country air if they can be sure of good food and kindly interest in their welfare. Some inns have built up such a reputation for their generous, thoughtful hospitality that they are visited by people who perhaps in an ordinary way would feel no attraction towards the district itself. But if there are bedrooms to be let, but no room in which meals can be served, the problem is difficult. I know how hard it is in days when the country is losing so many of its own people to make a small inn pay.

If my correspondent is a good manager, perhaps she might—if her husband is able to give her any sort of help—get a position in one of those hotels managed by companies who own several, and who are sometimes glad to find an experienced husband and wife to take charge. It seems, however, that in this case, with two delicate people to maintain, that it would be better for my correspondent to stay where she is, and if she has any rooms she can let to advertise her inn in local papers, and so improve her chances of making it pay. I am so sorry that without further information it is impossible for me to give any more definite advice, but if my correspondent cares to give me her address I will write to her privately.

Pessimism

It is not often that I get a really pessimistic letter. Most of my correspondents shoulder their troubles so gallantly that they give me courage to get through my own. But I received a few days ago a letter from a woman who writes despairingly; who says that she feels that she "cannot go on," that there is nothing left in life to interest her or to give her joy. I should like to say to her that once one has left the days of childhood behind life consists, or should consist, mainly in living for other people. And even if the person for whom we have lived, on whom we have centred all our love, and all our hope, and all our care, ceases to be the object of our devotion, there is always someone else in everyone's life to live for.

And one must go on, thinking always of how to serve, looking for the fragments of

beauty which exist in people as well as in things. Complete desolation rarely comes except when one has ceased to make any effort. That is the real "giving in." And to give in never brought relief or comfort or happiness to anyone. However unhappy a life may be, however broken, however much of an apparent failure, if it can be said that through all the years there was no deliberate "giving in," I think that such a life can truly be described as a great and a glorious success.

Your Daughter's Friends

I think, Mrs. M., that you should encourage your daughter to bring home her men friends. Do not assume that any particular friendship is going to develop into something deeper. If the development comes, watch it sympathetically, by all means. But do let your daughter feel that she can ask her friends freely to the house, that you will welcome them in a matter-of-fact pleasant way, and that you will not mis-interpret what is probably good comradeship into something else. Many an unhappy marriage has been made because parents did not give their children the opportunity to meet their friends in the natural, unaffected atmosphere of home life.

Let everything be conducted quite naturally and happily in the open. If out of one of these very modern, jolly friendships something more permanent arises you will be glad to know that a great romance had its beginnings in the home, and if there is no such result you will be glad, too, I think, to feel that you gave your girl every chance of enjoying her friendships in the finest possible way. So many girls, in order to earn their living, have to be away from home, that it always strikes me as very pitiful if girls who are able to live at home should not be able to enjoy all the freedom and the happiness that it can give.

Flat-hunting

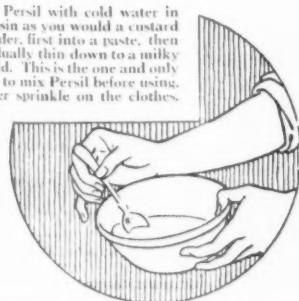
An Anglo-Indian woman asks me to help her to find a flat in London. She wants "a nice airy upper part or flat, with two bedrooms, a kitchen and all modern conveniences at about £80 a year, with no premium to pay or fittings to buy." Well, she is probably one of tens of thousands of men and women who are looking for exactly the same thing. It is true that some women are living in London on these lines, but they are women who secured long leases before the acute shortage arose, and who, if they were

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Mix Persil with cold water in a basin as you would a custard powder, mix into a paste, then gradually thin down to a milky liquid. This is the one and only way to mix Persil before using. Never sprinkle on the clothes.



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has done
away with
wash-day**



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Persil—a basin—a spoon—mix to a thin paste with cold water. Fill copper with cold water. Add the mixed Persil—stir to dissolve properly. Everything is now ready for the quickest washing you ever knew. At most, half-an-hour's boiling with Persil, that's all.

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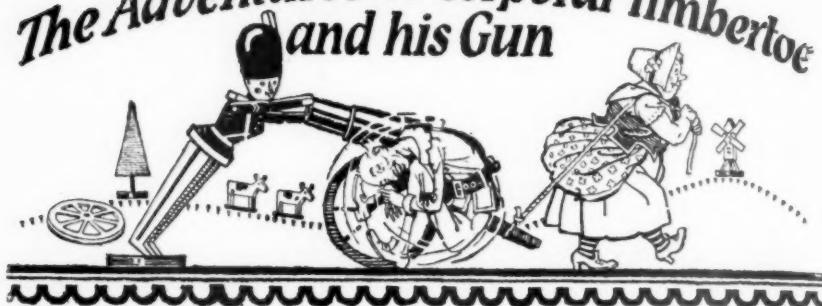
Wonderful results

When you see the wonderful results you will realize that the clothes benefit as well as you. They are beautifully clean and fresh, and not a stitch is worn by rubbing and scrubbing. That is why thousands of women every week are giving up the old soap washing days and becoming Persil enthusiasts.

Persil

JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD. WARRINGTON

The Adventures of Corporal Timbertoe and his Gun



*The Corporal's gun it has lost a wheel.
Corporal Timbertoe's shedding a tear.
Thin Jack Spratt, with his wife so fat,
Cries "Stop that! Don't worry. We're here.
Now, I never walk down the road, like you,
I roll myself up like a hoop, I do.
(I can roll a whole mile in a minute or two).
So I'll be the wheel. Your gun's good as new!
You pull, while he pushes, my dear."
The Corporal thanks them, and says "Mrs. Spratt
For tea we'll have hot sally-lunns;
But for supper we'll have something nicer than that:
That's the food that's shot from Guns."*

The story of how these Foods are shot from guns is told fully on the packets.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice offer you two things which ordinary wheat and rice cannot give. First of all, the wonderful puffing process—we shoot the wheat and rice from guns to do it—breaks up every food cell for easy and quick digestion. Secondly, this explosion-cooking brings out a flavour you would

never think wheat or rice could have. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice need no cooking. Serve them as they are with sugar and cream or fresh fruit. Either is ideal for breakfast when the body needs nourishment at once, or for supper if sleep is to be untroubled by digestion. Get a packet of each to-day and see which you prefer.

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Your Grocer sells both kinds.



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PROBLEM PAGES

obliged to seek other quarters, would find it almost impossible to get them at anything like the same rent.

I feel immensely sorry for women who, having lived very many years out of England, return to find conditions so greatly changed. But in fairness I must tell my correspondent that she will not find it easy to get a flat at the rent she wants to pay. She will find that for the smallest flat she will be asked anything from £100 a year upwards, and she will be expected either to pay a premium or to buy fittings. Life in London becomes more expensive and more difficult every day, and is, I think, the last place in England in which Anglo-Indians of limited means should think of retiring.

The Unromantic Man

"Penelope" writes to me about the man she loves. "He is such a dear," she says, "but he disappoints me so often because he is so very matter of fact. He is quite unable to make any response to any romantic suggestion, and he is so intensely reserved that I often feel rather rebuffed when I am a little demonstrative, and I get no response. Do you think that these things matter?"

Well, my dear, you must be the judge of that. But if you love the man, what else matters? You love him in spite of what he is not as well as because of what he is. Even love will change the whole trend of a man's character. Made in a certain way, the man must show his affection for you in his own way, not in yours. It would be as sensible—or may I say as silly—of him to expect you to restrain your ardent spirits as it is of you to expect him to change his reserve of nature. Sometimes marriages between people of extremely opposed characteristics are the happiest, provided that each accepts the other's differences and demands no drastic and impossible change.

Mistakes in Dress

I think that mistakes in dress come usually from impatient buying, "Elsie." The great thing, however, is to realize that you do make mistakes, and then to take your shopping very quietly and patiently. Many women who spend a good deal on their clothes look badly dressed because they look "patchy." It requires a very sure dress instinct and a very good knowledge of colour harmonies to look attractive in hats, dresses and stockings of different hues. If you keep to one colour, with variations of it, you will at least avoid the "patchy" look, for

your things will harmonize, and you will not find yourself wondering why you do not look nice in a red hat, a brown frock, a navy blue coat, and black silk stockings.

Also, I think that once having a frock that really does suit you should keep it as a model, and get your dresses, all of them, made in much the same style. You will never feel tired of the style once you know that it becomes you. This applies also to hats. Suppose that you found in Paris a hat that suited you to perfection. It becomes un-wearable through old age. Do not say to yourself that you will never get another like it, and buy something that does not suit you, but take the old hat to a milliner and get her to copy it.

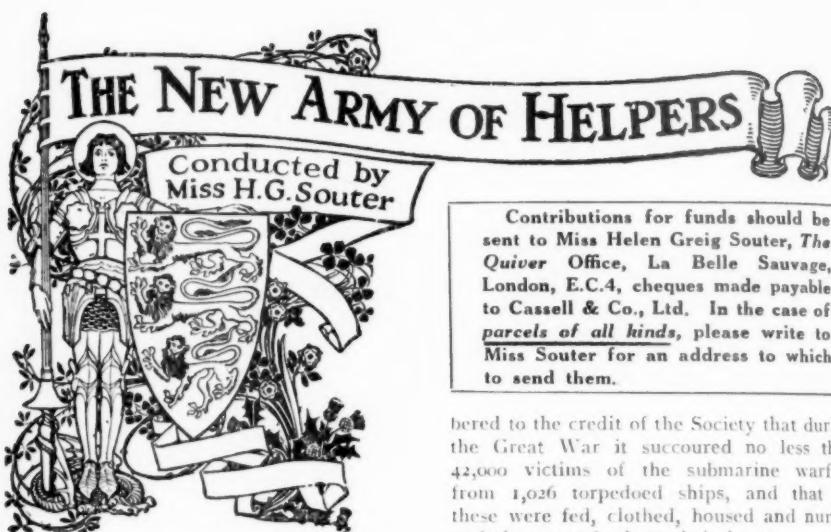
Harmony is the great secret of dressing well, and, believe me, it can be achieved by the girl who can only spend a few pounds a year on her dress. It is often the plenitude of money rather than the lack of it which causes women to look badly dressed. If I were you I should scrap all the clothes in the wardrobe which do not suit you and begin all over again, buying very carefully and thoughtfully and keeping always to the plan with which you set out. If you do this you will always look well dressed.

Amusing Children

"A Grandmother" writes :

"I am going to take my three grandchildren to the seaside for a month in September, and feel rather nervous. I am so anxious that they should have a good time, as their mother is unable to be with them for domestic reasons. I am afraid that they will find it rather dull being with an old woman like myself, and I wish you would be kind enough to give me some suggestions for keeping them happy and interested."

I do not think you have any need to be anxious. I think you will find that a normal child, given the freedom of the sea and the beach, needs no amusing. You will find that the children will love to have "Granny" there, but that they will be perfectly happy and interested in doing all those wonderful things that children find to do at the seaside. But see, in case the weather is wet, that the children have the chance to follow the hobbies in which they are usually interested. It is irritating to children (and irritating to adults, too) to find themselves in a boarding-house or in apartments without any of their games, their books, or their little hobbies. Get their mother to pack up a "play-box" for them which can be kept in reserve for those rainy days when outside pleasures are impossible.



"For the bread that you eat and the biscuits
you nibble,
The sweets that you suck and the joints
that you carve,
They are brought to you daily by all us big
steamers,
And if anyone hinders our coming, you'll
starve." — KIRLING.

MY DEAR READERS.—It is the proud boast of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society that the sun never sets on its work, and when it is remembered that it was started in 1818, three years after the Battle of Waterloo, and has been actively engaged in furthering the best and highest interests of those who "go down to the sea in ships" for 107 years, then it must be recognized as of national importance and worthy of all the assistance and encouragement possible.

Its aim and object is to encircle the seafaring man or boy with an atmosphere of Christian charity and helpfulness, and to this end it provides in nearly a hundred of the principal ports of the world, from Aberdeen to Adelaid, and from Barry Dock to Buenos Ayres, homes and hostels where comfortable accommodation with good food, a kindly welcome, congenial companion-ship, and the services of chaplain or missionary are obtainable. These amenities are appreciated by most travellers far from home, but they make a special appeal to Jack, whose good nature, generosity and guilelessness often are the cause of trouble when he falls a prey to the sharks of both sexes which haunt these shipping centres. It should also be remem-

bered to the credit of the Society that during the Great War it succoured no less than 42,000 victims of the submarine warfare from 1,026 torpedoed ships, and that all these were fed, clothed, housed and nursed and then sent back to their homes.

In addition, regular parcels of food and clothing were sent to 1,000 sailor prisoners of war in Germany, the total value of which was £52,000.

The Prince of Wales Appeals

The work has grown and developed so in recent years that a great forward movement is on foot and a special appeal for 100,000 guineas has been launched by a committee of which Mrs. Marjorie Verden is the organizer. The Prince of Wales has closely identified himself with this appeal, which he warmly supports in the following sentences:

"It gives me great pleasure to commend the work of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, which for over a century has been doing such splendid work in the interests of sailors and their dependents. I do hope that the appeal which the Society is now making will meet with a hearty response not only in this country, but all over the world."

One of the most valued auxiliaries of the Society is the Ladies' Guild, under the presidentship of the Dowager Lady Dimsdale, O.B.E., with Miss Gibbons as organizing secretary. Realizing the fact that the Boys' Sea Training Department must make direct appeal to the women, and especially the mothers of the Empire, they are urging the members of their 120 branches throughout the country to redouble their efforts in order to assist in the raising of this big sum. They hold themselves responsible for the supply of all the warm clothing and comforts supplied to shipwrecked and other sea-



Make it a "Kodak" holiday

Haven't you often said that the greatest pleasure of a holiday lies in looking forward to it? And that is probably how you feel about it, if you have never tried a "Kodak" holiday. Just try one this year. You get all the pleasure of looking forward to it; you thoroughly enjoy it while it lasts—but the great advantage of a "Kodak" holiday is that you save the fun and happiness in jolly little "Kodak" pictures, and then you have the real pleasure of looking back upon it for the rest of your life. Get your "Kodak" now.

The holiday that lasts is the holiday with a "Kodak"

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They seem such simple things, these tablets—just smooth creamy cream inside good plain chocolate—yet only Fry's know how to make them so exactly the ideal chocolate cream.

Buy some Fry's Chocolate Cream Tablets to-day. They are delicious in flavour, perfect in purity, and altogether wholesome.

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1d. & 2d.
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1. Publication of the Holy Scriptures in Embossed Type.



There are two embossed types for the blind—Braille and Moon. The Bible is published by the Institute in both of these types, and the illustrations are in relief. The "Bible in the Blind," with its 1,200 pages occupies twelve volumes. Bibles are either given away or sold at a 50 per cent reduction of cost price.

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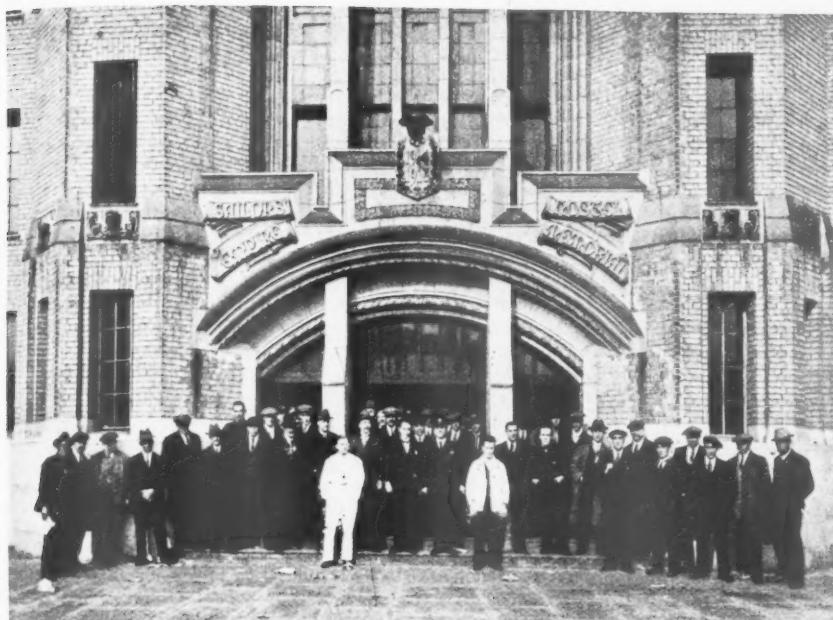
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Write for Booklet—FREE.

THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS



A View of the front of the Empire Memorial Hostel

men befriended by the Society, but the permanent monument of their sympathy and devotion is the Memorial Hostel at Limehouse, which cost £80,000.

It appears that it owes its inception to the Dowager Lady Dimsdale, who first mooted the matter at a drawing-room meeting at 10 Downing Street, during the premiership of Mr. Lloyd George. Naturally the scheme took a few years to materialize, but in November last it was formally opened by Princess Marie Louise.

The large and handsome building, dubbed by the neighbourhood "Jack's Castle," ere its doors were opened, occupies a prominent position in the heart of Dockland, and very near to some of the riverside haunts immortalized by Dickens in several of his books. It stands directly opposite Limehouse Town Hall and the picturesque Church of St. Anne's set in its tree-enclosed churchyard. Close by is the Prince of Wales Training School for Boys, once the property of Lord Nelson's family. It is singularly appropriate that the hostel should contain the actual piece of wood taken from H.M.S. *Victory*, against which the great admiral was leaning when he died. It was presented to the Society by the Lords of the Admiralty in

May, 1904, and bears the inscription, "Here Nelson died."

A little farther on is the parent building with its administrative and other offices, which has afforded shelter for marine officers fully thirty years.

Knowing something of the district, I got off the tram at Salmon's Lane (so-called because a salmon was caught at Limehouse in 1829) and found myself in front of the hostel. It took some courage on my part to invade such a typically masculine abode, with a crowd of sailors chatting and smoking in the doorway, but once inside, the welcome of Mr. H. Jones, the Superintendent, relieved my nervousness. When he learned that I came from THE QUIVER he was greatly interested and suggested that I must see straightaway the three cabins subscribed for by our readers.

The Cosy Cabins

Accordingly the lift, large enough to hold an ambulance when the need arises, shot us upstairs to the second floor, where the long alleyways, not unlike those of a liner, stretched from end to end. On either side were ranged the 220 cabins, which secure the utmost privacy for their occu-

THE QUIVER

pants. They are small but comfortable, and afford about three times the space to which the men are accustomed at sea. They are all exactly alike and contain a bed with a blue and white quilt, a chair, a mirror, and a few pegs for clothes. On each door appears a small metal plate on which is engraved the name of the donors, private individuals or public societies. These range from Hampstead to Winnipeg and from Torquay to India. Two have been gifted in memory of a dearly loved mother, and this kindly touch links the residents with kindly sympathizers in all parts of the Empire.

The cabins are all centrally heated in winter and well ventilated. The air which blows in from the river is surprisingly sweet and fresh, even on a hot summer afternoon. We stepped out on the flat roof, and from this vantage point enjoyed a wonderful panorama of East London, much less grim and sordid than one imagines, inasmuch as the drab streets are diversified here and there by clumps of trees, all "dressed in living green." Mr. Jones, amongst other castles in the air, looks forward to the time when a roof garden may be added to the attractions of the hostel. He is anxious to install a wireless set and has part of the amount in hand.

Making our way downstairs, we peeped into the spacious billiard-room, with its four tables, where a number of men were engaged in a game, and into the lounge which serves as a rest-, smoking- and writing-room, and where services are held on Sunday afternoons. Its green colour scheme is very artistic and restful, and there is no lack of comfy chairs and tables. The low brick fireplace, with its oaken paneling and its inviting cosy corner, a favourite place for forty winks, is one feature of the apartment, and the other is the impressive marble tablet, flanked by a couple of Union Jacks, recording the fact that the building was the gift of the women of the Empire.

Several really good pictures adorn the walls, and amongst them an illuminated scroll caught my eyes. It runs thus:

* But when the One Great Scorer comes to write
your name—
Not that you won or lost, but how you played
the game."

The dining-room adjoining is a very cheerful place with an array of small friendly looking tables decked with flowers and suggestive of endless and fascinating yarns. Here excellent meals, with such dainties as home-made bread and cakes, are

attractively served by the one-armed chef, whose culinary skill is worthy a West-End hotel. The menus are nicely varied and most economical, for a substantial meal can be had for 1s. 4d., since soup costs 2d., roast beef with Yorkshire 7d., vegetables 2d., sweets 3d. or 4d., and cups of tea or coffee 1½d.

The charge for the cabins is only 1s. 6d. a night or 8s. a week, so that it is possible for the men to live very cheaply indeed.

Mr. Jones acts as guide, philosopher, friend and banker to the seamen, who show their appreciation in various ways. One man recently handed him a £10 note and other smaller sums have been given as thankofferings. A sailor who had just left that afternoon to join his ship gave him his new gold watch and chain to keep against his return, and others consign their War Certificates and savings to the safe.

It goes without saying that there were many pessimistic critics who argued that such a hostel was quite unnecessary and doomed to failure, but the reverse has been the case, for already between fifty and sixty common lodging-houses have been shut down with their miserable accommodation and their inevitable accompaniment of crimps and crooks. The following figures for the first six months are eloquent of the good work being done.

90,000 have used the hostel.
30,363 beds have been occupied.
4,854 free meals have been served.
630 free beds.
461 situations found for seamen.

Individual Cases

The humane work, however, is not confined to the hostel, for the officials of the Society, including Mr. Herbert E. Barker, the General Secretary, are always holding out helping hands to men down and out. A pavement artist not long ago was noticed, and a placard stated that he was a seaman out of work. Inquiries were made, the statement was found to be true, and in a very short time a situation was got for the man, and he was put in the way of earning an honest living and restored to self-respect and decency. A boy whose father was in prison was sent to the workhouse with his mother and the younger children, and later on was received into the Boys' Training Home, and thus very probably saved from moral disaster.

A black man called at the hostel one day —a pitiful object since his nose had been

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"THANKS so much — that was a ripping game! But the exciting play and the glare of the sun have given me a splitting Headache."

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Remember, too, that Genasprin is guaranteed to be absolutely pure and does not cause any of the "after-effects" which so frequently accompany the use of ordinary brands of aspirin.

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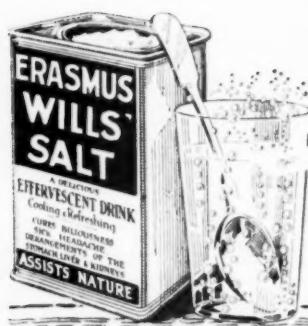
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BRANCHES EVERYWHERE.



THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

bitten off by "another coloured gentleman." No one would employ him in that condition, so he was taken to a surgeon who grafted a new nose on his face and made him so presentable that he immediately obtained employment.

Some time ago 100 coloured seamen were found stranded and almost starving in a common lodging-house. They told pathetic tales of others in similar plight in different seaports, with the result that the Society rounded up no less than 3,000, who were repatriated at a cost of £30,000 to the India Office, which but for the far-reaching machinery of the Society would have been sadly handicapped, if not helpless, in the matter.

Ocean Libraries

If there is one thing more than another which the men of the merchant service value it is a stock of good reading. The library at the hostel is much used, but it gets sorely depleted at times as regards magazines, since almost every man who leaves the building pleads for something to read. Many of my readers who appreciate the joy of reading may be moved to help in this way by sending books and papers, etc., there.

Big bound volumes of magazines thirty and forty years old are not welcomed, as the seaman of to-day is very different from his predecessor, and likes up-to-date matter, as is abundantly evident by the literature which is in demand from the Society, which furnishes ocean libraries enclosed in special cabinets. These are famous throughout the service, and some idea of this section of the work may be gleaned from the fact that last year 628 were issued, and nearly a thousand volumes were exchanged at the London depot alone. The men of the lonely coastguard stations, along with the fishermen in the North Sea, benefit also from this valuable scheme.

Visitors are warmly welcomed to the hostel, which is easily accessible from Aldgate. Sir Philip Gibbs recently inquired his way of a tram conductor, who answered, "It's a fine building with a flag flying. When I was a nipper I was afraid of walking Limehouse way because of the drunken Jacks. Now it's as good as the Strand, if you're not asking for trouble."

Since we owe not only our Empire, but our trade, our safety, our food and many another unthought-of blessing to the noble men who, taking their life in their hand,



Empire Memorial Hostel. Scene in the Billiard Room

THE QUIVER

sail the seas in our interest, surely the least return we can make them is to send our mite to the Appeal Fund, knowing well that every penny will be well and wisely spent on those unsung heroes who, in the dark days of the war, by their patriotism and bravery saved our land from invasion and ourselves from starvation and death.

S O S Funds

I have been immensely cheered and encouraged lately by the extreme kindness of several very considerate Helpers. On the very day when the funds were at their lowest ebb—in fact, were overdrawn slightly at the bank—there came a handsome cheque for £10 from a generous giver who has very frequently helped before. The only stipulation which she made was that it should be expended on private cases, especially among the New Poor, and as there is quite a number of these on my books it was the easiest thing in the world to acquiesce.

Another Helper sent £5 to be applied equally between the Children's Holiday Fund and holidays for poor spinsters. Wasn't it a kindly thought? Already through this means I have been enabled to pay the fares to the seaside of one or two invalids sadly in need of a change.

A Surtout

Usually there are any number of claimants for clothes, but a Helper has offered a surtout in good condition which belonged to her father, and which she thinks might be suitable for an elderly clergyman or layman. Any requests? First come, first served.

A Few Wants and Wishes

The needs of the helped are not quite so clamant naturally at this season of the year, but unfortunately poverty and want never take a holiday or entirely lift their shadow from some lives. May I plead for a widow in very reduced circumstances, suffering from a weak heart and oppressed by worry since her only support is a young son who is earning the merest pittance. Her surroundings are very different from those to which she has been accustomed all her life, and naturally she feels the pinch very much, although she is very brave and uncomplaining. I should be very grateful for

some financial assistance or for clothes for herself and son.

Gifts of Clothing, Books, Magazines and Letters

Will the following Helpers and readers accept my warmest thanks for all their kind helpfulness to our invalids and others?

Miss Crowther, Mrs. F. F. Bennett, Miss C. Heald, Mrs. J. B. Robertson, Mrs. Frew, Mrs. White, Miss Dorothy Jobson, Mrs. Weston, Mrs. Nicholson, Miss Fawkes, Miss G. King, Mrs. Bolton, Mrs. Toplis, Mrs. Cooper, Miss F. Gregory, Miss Kerr, Miss McClelland, Mrs. Ferens, Miss Adie, Mrs. Knapp, Mrs. Booth, Miss M. Smith, Mrs. Gristwood, Miss W. How, Miss Preson, Miss Howson, Mrs. Ashton, Mrs. Baker, Miss G. Harris, Miss Brett, the Misses Peddie, Miss K. Taylor, Miss Fry, Miss D. Hicks, Miss C. C. Shaw, Miss R. J. Crittle, Mrs. L. L. Crouch, Miss Griffin, Miss K. Cook, Mrs. Walden, Miss Dalziel, Miss Hammonde, Miss Calvert, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Marsh, Mrs. Thrusfield, Miss Tyers, Miss E. Wharton, Mrs. Hincks, Miss L. M. Martin, Mrs. Andrews, Mrs. Taylor, Mr. Peacock, Miss Warren and Miss Powell.

Donations for the Sale of Work for the Home for Incurables, Streatham, were gratefully received from Miss Dalziel, "E. S." and others. Miss A. A. H. desires me to thank the sender of the parcel of magazines, which were very much appreciated.

S O S Fund.—Miss L. Brandram, 5s.; Anon., £1; Miss Brown, £1; A Reader, £1; L. F., 2s. 6d.; K. R., 10s.; Miss K. E. Taylor, £1; Miss B. Taylor, 5s.; Mrs. Johnston, 5s.; N. N., 2s. 6d.; Miss M. Carson, 2s. 6d.; "A Friend," Olton, 5s.; Miss M. B. Statter, 10s.; "H." 10s.; Miss D. A. Jobson, £2 10s.; "White in Green," 12s.; C. P. F., £9; Miss A. J. Swinger, £1; Miss S. A. Lecke, 10s.

Waifs and Strays.—Anon., £1.

Children's Country Holiday Fund.—Miss D. A. Jobson, £2 10s.

Dr. Grenfell's Mission.—"White in Green," 3s.

St. Dunstan's.—C. F. P., 10s.

Dr. Barnardo's.—"White in Green," 2s.

Sunshine House.—C. F. P., 10s.
British Home for Incurables.—"White in Green," 2s.

Infants' Hospital.—"A." £1 5s.; "White in Green," 1s.; A Reader, £1; Miss O. G. Coupe, 2s. 6d.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgement?

Yours sincerely,
HELEN G. SOUTER.

1,000 NEW SUPPORTERS WANTED

THE 'Arethusa' Training Ship and the Shaftesbury Homes URGENTLY NEED £11,000

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The Children's Holiday

When all around you resounds to the merry laugh and chatter of happy children, will you not give a thought to those whose holidays mean only added misery—whose CHILDHOOD is BLASTED by harsh cruelty and neglect?

The NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

accomplished very much towards removing the evils which surrounded child-life in the past. Donations are urgently needed to enable this beneficent work to be continued.

PLEASE RESPOND TO-DAY to—
ROBT. J. PARR, O.B.E., Director,
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£7,000

IN
WONDERFUL
PRESENTS

The *Daily Graphic* is organizing a great Children's Birthday Club, and is giving away to its members beautiful boxes of Cadbury's choicest Chocolates, and famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pens with a 14-carat gold nib. There are no entrance fees and no irksome conditions. Every boy and girl can participate. Read the simple conditions on coupon below—and join at once.

Besides the wonderful birthday presents there will be other privileges later on for members.

**YOU CAN USE
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IMPORTANT. This coupon may be used to start your collection of 50, but the other 49 coupons must be cut from the

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**25,000
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**DATE OF
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TO BECOME A MEMBER.

Collect 50 of these coupons (one appears every day), as quickly as you like, and send them to Children's Birthday Club, "Daily Graphic," Tally Stret, London, E.C.4. Your name will then be entered in "Uncle Jack's" Giant Birthday Book. You will receive your Membership Badge at once and on your birthday a wonderful present of the famous "Blackbird" Fountain Pen or a handsome box of Cadbury's Chocolates. With the 49 coupons you must send, on a separate piece of paper exactly the same size as this coupon, the names and addresses of two friends who have promised you to become members in the same way.

Cut coupon neatly round the line.

Lady Pamela's Letter

DEAR COUSIN DELIA.—It is very interesting to study and compare the failings and strong points of different nations. By so doing, and by noting in what way we as a nation fall short of other nations, we set our feet in the path of progress. It is not patriotic to blindly and unreasonably claim that our nation possesses no faults; and it is almost, if not quite, as bad to find flaws and faults in our country and its inhabitants. Faults, and many of them, we know we have; the enlightened way of dealing with them is to really discover what they are by comparing ourselves with others.

I am inclined to think that there is a lamentable need for thrift among us as a nation. We speak of the Continental nations as being light-hearted, frivolous and irresponsible; but in paying attention and giving thought to the needs of the future the Britisher is often woefully negligent.

The mistake begins as a rule in youth. Indulgent and foolish parents gratify a child's every whim. When at school pocket money *ad lib.* is always forthcoming, and when the child grows old enough to earn himself he is not taught to be careful and to spend wisely and save for the rainy day.

It is not a very easy matter to teach a child the value of money, but it can and should be done. The child should be encouraged to save, not to hoard, and to save in order to give generously when it is right to do so. Many parents give a regular sum as pocket money, but when collections are made for charitable purposes the children are never asked to contribute. This is a mistake, for to regard the pocket money as only to be spent on pleasures and sweets is to sow the seeds of self-indulgence.

Then when Christmas and birthdays come round, the child should save and spend from his savings. Thus he will know the real joy of giving, for a small gift bought out of a slender and carefully hoarded sum will be to him a better and more interesting gift than a big one bought with cash from his parents' purse.

Then provident ways should be taught from the time the young worker controls his own budget. Insurance, particularly the kind that provides for old age, thrift generally, and careful and restrained spending on pleasures and luxuries, these all leave their mark on character, and produce a strong, self-reliant and unselfish character. The young earner who feels that most of what he makes can be spent on himself quickly gets selfish and self-indulgent, and it is

by early inculcation of habits of thrift that freedom from financial worry in later life is to a certain extent secured. Of course, there are always ups and downs, but there will not be the strain that is the inevitable result of financial imprudence and lack of foresight.

Ever yours,
PAMELA.

Answers to Correspondents.

Lady Pamela hopes that readers of THE QUIVER will write to her, and she will have much pleasure in answering their letters in this column.

HOLIDAY ENGAGEMENT. D. E. N. (Hunts).—Long before you see this you will have received an answer by post. If you adopt the plan I suggest of advertising in suitable papers I think you should have no difficulty in finding a post of the kind. So many mothers of large families would welcome the help of a nice girl who would make herself useful with the children in return for a seaside holiday.

AN ADMIRABLE FOOD FOR BABY. Worried Incz (Morpeth).—I think you are worrying yourself quite unduly, and you must remember that that is extremely bad for you. Modern scientific research has solved the problem satisfactorily of feeding an infant deprived of its natural nourishment. Mellin's Food has a wonderful record, and its excellence is endorsed by doctors, nurses and mothers. This food, prepared as directed, satisfies all requirements of a perfect infants' food. It is easy of digestion and forms firm flesh, and babies thrive on it so well that teething becomes easy, and a happy, healthy, well-nourished baby develops normally and without those tiresome childish ailments fostered by faulty feeding. Lay in a supply of Mellin's and study the directions carefully, and you will then have in readiness the best possible infants' food if it proves desirable to bring your baby up by hand.

PICNIC SANDWICHES. Robinetta (Weybridge).—Here is a very nice recipe for sandwiches for the picnic: First spread some slices of thin bread-and-butter (white or brown) and some plain unsweetened biscuits. Prepare the devilled butter thus: Take 2 oz., a good pinch each of cayenne pepper and curry powder, and a smaller pinch of black pepper and ground ginger. Work all these ingredients into the butter, and then spread it on the bread-and-butter and between the biscuits to form sandwiches. A new idea is to use white and brown slices in the same sandwich, but that is a matter of opinion. These sandwiches are

THE QUIVER

very piquant, and are, of course, only meant for the delectation of the grown-ups. Children always enjoy chocolate sandwiches. The grated chocolate is sprinkled over the bread-and-butter, and over this is spread a little whipped cream, sweetened and slightly flavoured with vanilla. A second slice of bread-and-butter covers this, and the slices are cut into neat fingers.

OUTFIT FOR A NURSE. Lorna Doone (Pagnon).—You write a very sensible letter, and I quite agree that it is desirable to wear a trim and practical uniform. I am glad you wrote, for I can give you the address of a first-rate firm supplying everything for uniforms, caps, aprons, dresses, collars, cuffs, etc. If you write to Messrs. E. and R. Garrould, 150 to 162 Edgware Road, London, W.2, and mention this magazine they will send you post free a catalogue containing some fifty illustrations. This will, I am sure, help you to make a wise choice.

A BACKWARD BABY. Constant Reader (Earlsfield).—I do not think your baby is really backward, but only appears so when compared with your sister's little boy, who is evidently very advanced for his age. There is nothing to be gained from this very early development, and very often it is a disadvantage. A bright and intelligent baby is often foolishly excited by a fond parent who likes him to show off, and this has a very bad effect on his nervous system. So I hope you will set your mind at rest. A contented child that eats and sleeps well is probably in perfectly normal good health.

NOURISHING BREAD. A. L. (Leicester).—Yes, I read the discussion you mention. It amounts to this, that ordinary white bread is often robbed of much of its nutriment by the refining processes it undergoes before being baked into bread. That is why Hovis is so invaluable. It contains that vital "germ" which is the most nourishing part of wheat. Hovis bread is baked by all bakers, and is so delicious that it is always a welcome item at any meal. You should make a point of letting the children have it for their tea, and it should never be absent from the family breakfast table.

WORM-EATEN FURNITURE. Daphne L. (Crowsborough).—What a calamity! You must certainly at once try to stop the destruction of the wood by worms. A good and simple remedy is to dissolve a small block of camphor in paraffin, and then use the liquid to saturate the wood. Use a small paintbrush, and paint the holes with the liquid. Repeat this treatment twice a month for some time. Then prepare a parchment size and paint this over two or three times. It will soak into the wood and harden it again. You prepare the parchment size by dissolving parchment clippings in boiling water. If there are any large worm holes, fill them up with a mixture of three parts of resin to one of beeswax.

TEMPTING COLD SWEETS. Evadne (Rochester).—Variety is so important to make meals appetizing. It is a good idea to have a book in which you write the menus for each day. This acts as a reference book, and will serve as a reminder of nice dishes when you are cudgelling your brains for an appetizing menu. Among cold sweets,

jellies rank high, especially when made of Chivers' Jellies. These are flavoured with ripe fruit juices, and are so wholesome and refreshing that it is not surprising that grown-ups and children alike enjoy them. They are quite easy to prepare, and all high-class grocers stock them.

TO CLEAN WHITE CANVAS SHOES. Dodo (Redhill).—Yes, you can wash them. In fact, it is the only thing to do if they are very dirty, for if you only apply a cleaning paste, leaving the dirt underneath, they will acquire a greyish tint. First stuff them tight with balls of white tissue paper, and then scrub them well with soap and water, using first a hard brush and then a flannel dipped in clear warm water. Leave the paper inside and set the shoes to dry. Put them in a place where there is a draught, and not in very hot sunshine or too near a fire. Let them dry thoroughly, and then clean in the ordinary way, applying loofah clay mixed to form a paste. They should look like new when dry.

AN ETIQUETTE PROBLEM SOLVED. Doreen (Ipswich).—It is customary to offer coffee after lunch as well as after dinner. You would use small cups, and if you have only one or two friends to luncheon you could let the maid set the tray in front of you, and you would then pour out just as you would at tea-time, consulting your guests as to whether they take sugar, milk, etc. I strongly recommend you to have the coffee made with the delicious French Red, White and Blue Coffee. It is very economical, for it is stronger than ordinary makes, and it has a most delicious flavour.

A COOKING PROBLEM SOLVED. Aurora (Midhurst).—With a little practice I see no reason why you should not make cakes that turn out well. The attempt you mention was certainly a failure, but I think the mixture was too moist. If you add too much milk or milk and water the mixture becomes too pasty, and, when it begins to cook, all the fruit sinks through it to the bottom of the tin. Of course, you know that you must light the gas at least fifteen minutes before you want to put in the cake, and when you want to see how it is getting on open and shut the oven door very gently and not wider than is absolutely necessary.

TO CLEAN OAK FURNITURE. M. L. M. (Weston-super-Mare).—It is not advisable to wash it, but you could take a little beer, make it warm, and use it to moisten the wood and clean it. Rub well and leave to dry. When dry, polish with an ordinary beeswax and turpentine polish.

A COOKING HINT. Rosebud (Hindhead).—I think your troubles are largely due to using inferior ingredients. I do not know the preparation you mention, but I do recommend you to try Cox's instant powdered gelatine. It has the great advantage that it requires no soaking, and dissolves instantly in warm water. This saves time and trouble. The gelatine is used in making dainty jellies, creams, blancmanges, in rich soups and for glazing cold meats. As you have not tried it yet you could send 3d. for a free sample to Messrs. J. and G. Cox, Limited (Dept. 1), Gorgie Mills, Edinburgh. Once you try it, you will never be without it again.

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Mother—the health doctor



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Lifebuoy Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection, against the dangers of dirt.

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Lifebuoy Soap
for HEALTH

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OUR bodies were meant to be healthy, but we never understand what health means until disease robs us of it. A healthy body fights disease, but the danger of infection is always present. There comes a time when resistance weakens—when the children are "off colour," or you yourself get run down. Then the germs strike.

Science has given us an everyday protection—thorough cleanliness with Lifebuoy Soap. A well-known health authority has said that if everyone cleansed the hands thoroughly two or three times a day, the danger of epidemics would be considerably lessened.

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No one can see the germs of disease with the naked eye. Yet you touch things

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A clear duty

Mothers, the family health doctors, know all this. In the bathroom, at every wash-basin, they set a tablet of Lifebuoy to be used regularly by everybody—old and young. Their home cleaning is done with Lifebuoy, too.

Buy Lifebuoy in the new pack, two large cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

BIRD'S CUSTARD



ISN'T this the quaintest of all quaint birds? He brings good luck and delight to everybody. He comes to tell mothers and fathers, and boys and girls, that fruit is never so nice as when served with delicious Bird's Custard.

In Summer days the secret of good health is found in freely eating fresh fruit. But you should always cook your fruit, to avoid risk. Then serve it with Bird's Custard, for the good reason that Bird's supplies the nourishment which is lacking in the fruit itself.

Nature provides the fruit — Bird's Custard provides the nutriment.

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